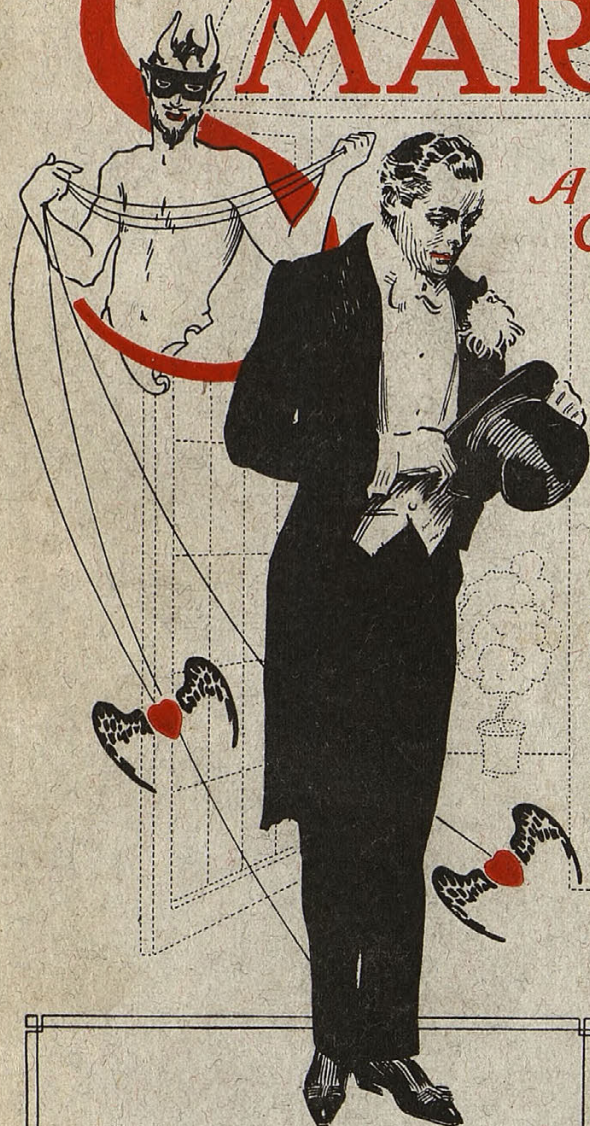


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The SMART SET

*A Magazine of
Cleverness*



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237 East 23d Street, New York City

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF
CLEVERNESS

Manuscripts must be addressed, "Editors of THE SMART SET"

CONTENTS

AH, CHE LA MORTE!	Raoul Della Torre	1
THE REWARDS OF SCIENCE	R. B. McLoughlin	3
THE STAR'S PROTEST	Lee Wilson Dodd	4
D. S. W.	George Jean Nathan	7
FABLES OF THE FUTURE	Harold Stuart Eyre	17
THOUGHTS ON MORTALITY	William Fink	19
WHY?	Baroness von Hutton	22
THE ETERNAL WAY	C. E. Ramon	24
BARBARA ON THE BEACH	Edna St. Vincent Millay	26
THE BARBAROUS BRADLEY (a Novelette)	H. L. Mencken	31
THE HAIR OF MADAME DUVERGNIER	Achmed Abdullah	47
THE BEST DINNER IN NEW YORK	Melville Chater	50
MADAMOISELLE	Walter E. Grogan	54
A DEAL IN HEARTS	Courtney Fowler	62
IRIS	Bliss Carman	66
EPITHALAMUM	Francis Clegg Thompson	68
THE CITY OF SEVEN SUNDAYS	Owen Hatteras	71
TABLOID FICTION	James L. Ford	79
PIETRO GALLI—SCAVENGER	Charles C. Dobie	87
A SOUL CRIES OUT	Edward R. Schauffler	99
RUM	Frank R. Adams	101
"UNDER THEIR SKINS"	George Allan England	107
THE INEVITABLE HOUR	Elsbeth Murphy	114
DAWN (a One-act Play)	Percival Wilde	115
FIFTH AVENUE	Adriana Spadoni	124
THE BATHERS	Jack McKinney	126
THE RETURN OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN	Ronald V. Cross	130
IN THE CASE OF LOU TERRY	Thyra Samter Winslow	131
MAY LOVE PERISH?	Richard Lee	140
THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME SPINE	George Jean Nathan	143
CRITICS OF MORE OR LESS BADNESS	H. L. Mencken	150
IN THE SHOPS OF THE SMART SET		157

And a hundred Short Burlesques, Satires, Epigrams, Poems, et cetera

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On This Page

From month to month will grow a directory of the smartest, the most exclusive, and the most *civilized* shops in New York City.—Dear reader, be assured that when you seek out any of the shops listed here you will invariably find people who smile, offerings that please, and prices that are as low as *real value* will permit. Should any circumstance of distance or inconvenience hinder you from personally visiting these shops,

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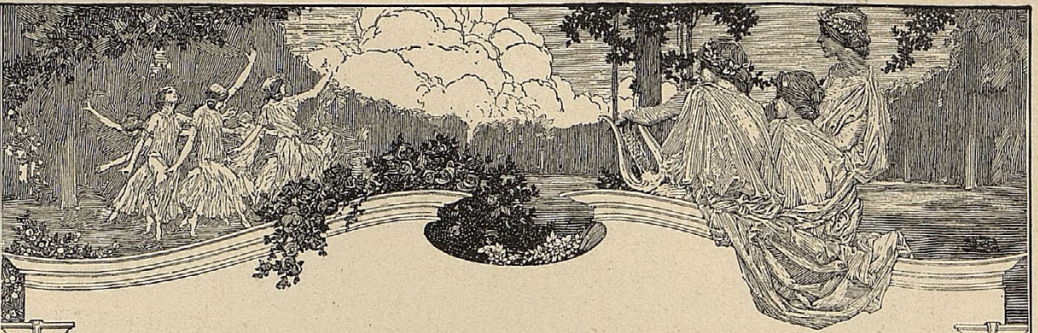
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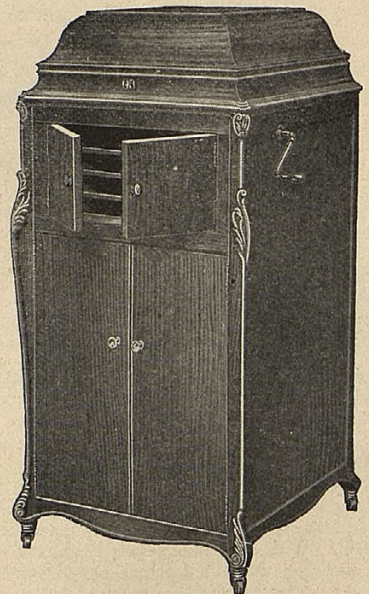
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THE SMART SET

If a story is so bad that it needs worse pictures to help it out, THE SMART SET doesn't want it.

AH, CHE LA MORTE!

By Raoul Della Torre

What They Sing.

Leonora.

Quel suon, quelle preci solenni, funeste,
Riempion, quest' aere di cupo ter-
rore! . . .

Contende l' ambascia che tutta m'in-
veste,

Al labbro il respiro, i palpit al core!—
Sull' orrida torre, ah! pa che la morte
Con l' ali si tenebre librando si va!
Ahi! forse dischiuse gli fian queste
porte

Sol quando cadavere già freddo ei
sarà!

(Overcome by her emotions, she
sinks to the ground. She is aroused by
the voice of Manrico, coming from the
tower).

Manrico.

(*in the tower*)

Ah, che la morte ognora
E tarda nel venir
A chi desià morir?—
Addio, Leonora!

Leonora.

Oh ciel! . . . sento mancarmi!

Voice of the Nuns.

(*within*)

Ah, pietade d'un'alma già vicina
Alla partenza che non ha ritorno!
Ah pietade di lei che s' avvicina
Allo splendor del' immortal soggi-
orno!

What It Means.

Leonora.

Well, then; now for an evening's
bout with our fat friend! There he goes
up the ladder. How he grunts and
wheezes! Some night the platform's
going to give way under him, and he'll
break his neck . . . Of course, it'll
be on a night when I'm in good voice,
and making a hit! Trust a tenor for
that! . . . I wonder how I look from
behind. This old black stain is posi-
tively ghastly. And the wig! What
a make-up for a woman of any looks!
. . . Verdi must have written the scene
for one of his frumps. They say he
liked—Oh, those composers!

Manrico.

(*holding on with both hands*)

Damn the carpenter that made this
platform! If I go down with it, I
only hope I land on him. And there
is little Bright Eyes—singing sharp,
as usual. God, what a wig!

Leonora.

Flat! Always flat! Who ever heard
of a tenor who could sing on the key?
. . . I can feel something giving away!
That's for having a maid in love with
a *concertmeister*! What can it be? I'll
have to turn around! . . . Let me get
my hands in the hussy's hair!

Manrico.

(from the window)

Sconto col sangue mio

L' amor che posi in te! . . .

Non ti scordar di me,

Leonora, addio!

Leonora.

Di te, di te scordarmi!

Tu vedrai che amore in terra

Mai non fu del mio più forte;

Vinsè il fato in aspra guerra,

Vincerà la stessa morte—

O col prazzo pi mia vita

La tua vita io salverò,

O con te per sempre unita

Nella tomba io scenderò!

Manrico.

Turning her back on me? What is this? I'll complain to Gatti! God help the audience; it's getting her braying straight in the face! . . . What's that? Something white! . . . Her—!

Leonora.

Whatever it is, they can't see it now. Two minutes to the curtain. . . . There! He's starting down the ladder! Now's the time for it to break! . . . But the worst is yet to come. Ah, that last act! That awful caterwauling! That garlic blown in my face! . . . The life of an artist!



THE PURLING OF THE PLATITUDINARIANS

ANY man who sells at cost is beckoning for the commissioner in bankruptcy.
—*Elbert Hubbard.*

A mental position often seems incredible when looked back to from some new standpoint.—*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.*

The people of the United States are drawn from many nations.—*Dr. Woodrow Wilson.*

There is quite a difference in the adverbs "shall" and "may."—*The Rev. Charles Stelzle.*

The real power behind government in these days is what is called public opinion.—*Dr. Charles W. Eliot.*

Now that we are at war, it is as well that we should know what the war is about.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

Booze fighters, gamblers and corner loafers aren't tolerated long in well-conducted establishments.—*Herbert Kaufman.*



CLUBS

By W. L. D. Bell

WOMAN'S CLUB—An organization of women who are sorry that they are not men.

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THE REWARDS OF SCIENCE

By R. B. McLoughlin

ONCE upon a time there was a surgeon who spent seven years perfecting an extraordinarily delicate and laborious operation for the cure of a rare and fatal disease. In the process he wore out \$260 worth of knives and saws, and used up \$7,000 worth of ether, splints, guinea pigs, dachshunds, aseptic cotton, normal salt solution, silver sutures, rubber gloves and bichloride of mercury. His board and lodging during the seven years came to \$2,843, with \$216 extra for laundry. He worked his way through eleven suits of clothes, valued at \$162, and through \$406 worth of shirts, collars, hats, neckties, socks and underwear. Finally he got a patient and performed the operation. It took eight hours and cost him \$17 more than his fee of \$30. But it was a great success, and snatched a human being from the tomb.

One day, two months after the patient had been discharged as cured, the surgeon stopped in his afternoon walk to observe a street parade. It was the annual turnout of Free Will Lodge, No. 64, of the Patriotic Order of American

Rosicrucians. In the lead marched a band of fifty pieces, playing "Nearer, My God, To Thee" as a march, and after it came a string of night hacks with their tops thrown back. In them rode the grand officers and dignitaries of the order, and chief among them was the Supreme Worthy Archon. He wore a lavender baldrick, a pea-green sash, an aluminum helmet and scarlet gauntlets. He carried an ormolu sword and a large American flag, and from the stern of his night hack flew the blue polka-dot flag of a rear-admiral. The blackamoor on the box wore the uniform of an ambassador at the court of St. James.

The surgeon was arrested by something familiar. It was a face: to wit, the face of the Supreme Worthy Archon. Thinking a moment, the surgeon recognized it. It was the face of his late patient, the face of the man he had snatched from the tomb.

With a low cry the surgeon sprang before the blind hearse-horses of the night hack and was ground to a pulp beneath their hoofs.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MADAME LEANDRE

By Helen Woljeska

WE do not mourn our lovers—but our love for them.

If a lover lets himself lose his hold upon our imagination he commits the one unpardonable sin.

The more earthly a man, the nearer angels does he want his wife.

Marriage without love is almost as dangerous as love without marriage.

Never love a man—unless you can do without him.

Our spirits are shy, wild things. They are not as easily mated as our bodies.

The episodes of your past, dearest, do not interest me—except for the qualities they called out in you, the characteristics they shaped for you.

THE STAR'S PROTEST

By Lee Wilson Dodd

I AM a creature of impulse. And the impulse has come upon me to set down for the benefit of the young dramatic writers of this country a true story, a story which should, I think, prove instructive to them in many ways. It should teach them above all that they are their own worst enemies; a lesson, alas, they are doubtless too proud and stubborn to get by heart! Indeed, I should not attempt to instruct these young egotists did I not have the good of our American theater constantly in mind. I think about it day and night. Where, I ask myself, where are we—the *stars* of the American stage—to find parts worthy of us, worthy of the artistic ability which has caused our names to be outlined from Maine to California in letters of fire—where, I repeat, are we to find such parts if not in the scripts of the coming generation? And yet . . .

But let the little story I am about to tell (suppressing my own name, lest this be thought a device of my press agent) illustrate the one overshadowing danger of the theater today—I mean the unwillingness of our younger playwrights to realize that in every great play there should be one preëminent part, upon which the entire sympathy of the audience should be concentrated. Until our younger playwrights do realize this important truth, there can be no future whatever for American drama.

About six months ago I received a letter signed "Elwin Adair" (such a sweet name, I think!), sketching a very strong dramatic situation, and suggesting that his play, embodying the situation, contained a part he thought might appeal to me. I admit I was charmed

by the tone of Mr. Adair's letter. Moreover, I thought I saw a chance in the situation outlined to build up something really big, something worthy of my powers, which have too often been wasted on inferior roles. So I wrote at once to Mr. Adair an informal little note, asking him to call the next afternoon at four. I should be pleased, I added, to glance at his play. By using the word "glance" I hoped to convey the impression that, after all, it was not a matter of supreme importance to me; nor was it.

I had, of course, no notion what sort of creature this Elwin Adair might be, but there was about his letter a certain aroma of youth. I am very sensitive to these cosmic effluences. In fact, the great Cheiro once pointed out to me the strangely *psychic* quality of my nature. He said it was this that made my acting a thing apart.

So I was not unprepared to find Mr. Adair a young man, though I confess I was somewhat surprised when a white-faced youngster (he could not have been more than twenty-five) came hesitatingly into my music room (I had been thrumming Liszt and was still at the piano) and bowed with the awkward shyness of one unused to meeting celebrities. He was tall, thin, rather ungainly, with veiled blue eyes and a rough shock of sandy hair. It was a cruel disappointment. I had pictured a more sympathetic figure. I rose, however, very graciously, to put him at his ease, and it wasn't until then that I noticed the unfashionable cut and threadbare condition of his clothes. At once I realized how very much more this interview must mean to him than I had at first suspected. How much

it meant was revealed by the nervous intensity with which he hugged his precious script to him, as if fearing it might escape and fly away.

I could not help pitying the boy. After all, I thought, talent is not a question of appearances. Let us see.

When I had induced him to sit down on my most comfortable divan, I offered him a cigarette. He refused it with a sad little smile. "I don't permit myself any luxuries," he said; "they interfere with my work." I am bound to say that his manners were almost those of a gentleman.

As for myself, I've never found that luxuries distract me. They form a necessary *milieu* for the expansion of my powers. My nature is opulent.

When my own cigarette was lighted and I had settled back cozily among the cushions, I began to talk to Mr. Adair about his play. I told him frankly that he had an idea that interested me. "And," I added, "I am not an easy woman to interest. You ought to be very proud of your success."

He did not even thank me. His reply, in fact, was unexpected.

"It isn't so much," he said, "the *idea* of which I'm proud. It's the closely studied humanity through which I've expressed it." And he proceeded to lay open his script.

I was rather piqued by all this. "One moment, Mr. Adair," I exclaimed. "We're not quite ready yet for an author's reading! You see, I don't feel at all sure the play as you've written it is the sort of thing I'm looking for. I want"—and here I spread my hands to indicate the vagueness of my desire—"something *big*! Something personal to *me*! Something—" Here I dropped my hands to my lap with a little sigh. "You've no notion," I continued, "how difficult it is nowadays for an artist of my standing to find really worth-while parts!" And I put on a little worried look for a moment, following it up with a questioning smile.

It never pays to condescend too easily. This was my return!

"You'll find the part I'm offering you very much worth while," said Mr.

Adair, "if you'll take the pains to understand it." His impudence was so amazing I couldn't believe my ears! I bent upon him a glare of tragic scorn. But this was a momentary passion. There was something in his innocent, startled eyes which, by a swift intuition, made me realize he did not understand the enormity of his offense. I am nothing if not generous in my judgment of others, and I instantly forgave him. But for the good of his youthful soul, I decided forthwith to read him a lesson.

"Since you seem to question my understanding," I replied, "perhaps we'd better drop the subject of your play altogether." My words—I let them fall one by one, clearly, like pearls into a pool—had their due effect. I could see the poor boy's lips tremble. It was a gratification, and yet—I pitied him. Quite without reason, and for the last time—as I shall now explain.

It was some moments before he mastered his voice. Then he asked, not without dignity I admit: "You don't care to read my play?"

"Oh, I didn't say that," I replied. "I do care to read it—if you think me worthy of the honor." His eyes flickered across mine, and he saw I was not hopelessly offended. He smiled. It was the first time he had smiled.

Naturally, I thought he was about to take advantage of the cue I'd given him and make handsome amends for his former rudeness. What then was my surprise when he asked, quite irrelevantly: "Do you worship Galsworthy as I do?"

The question annoyed me. I pride myself on the extent of my theatrical information, but I had never heard of Galsworthy. Still, I thought it best to—well, we are all human—to hedge a little.

"Galsworthy?" I queried. "You mean the—"

My harmless little ruse succeeded. "Yes—the author of 'Justice'! Oh," exclaimed Mr. Adair, "that is a play!"

"Wonderful!" I chimed. It hardly seemed worth while to continue the subject, but Mr. Adair rushed on. "I'm so glad you appreciate it! It proves at once that you prefer character and

truth to cheap theatrical trickery. I feel almost certain now," he added, "that you'll like my play!" And he opened his script again, as if eager to begin on it at once.

Again I checked him. "Mr. Adair," I said, "it's quite impossible for me to listen to your play this afternoon. I've a date with my manicure at five. Leave your script with me, and I'll glance through it at my leisure. And I promise you," I assured him graciously, "that if I see *any* chance in it *at all* to build up something *big*—something suited to my personality—I will drop you a line."

To my astonishment, he looked positively disappointed; two little red spots appeared in his pasty white cheeks, and two sharp little wrinkles deepened between his eyes.

"I'm not offering you a scenario," he almost snapped, "something to tinker with and arrange yourself. I'm offering you a *play*."

This was too much. My temperament is imperious; I am an artiste. For thirty seconds I transfixed this young whippersnapper with a look like a sharp sword. Then I spoke slowly, employing my deepest chest tones and opening my eyes as wide as possible: "I am amazed, Mr. Adair, at your unparalleled impertinence!"

His glance fell before mine; he got loutishly to his feet (his presence was really very bad) and started without a word for the door.

I realize now that I ought to have let him creep from my presence like a scolded lap dog. Had I done so, I might have saved myself further humiliation. But the truth is, I was dreadfully in need of a good part, and there had been in the situation outlined in Mr. Adair's letter a certain something—which I still felt *might* be developed so as to give me just the chance I require. You can understand, then, my natural reluctance . . .

"Mr. Adair," I called, as he reached the door, "for the second time I'm ready to forgive you if you'll be a good boy and listen to reason." He turned uncertainly and came back toward me, an ugly little smile on his lips—quite a

different smile from the one that had impressed me so favorably.

"Listen to reason? Well?" he said.

I subdued my indignation. "Never in my life before," said I, "have I been so treated! The leading American authors have one and all been glad to submit scenarios for my approval, and to alter them in any way I might suggest. They've been glad to consider *me* as their collaborator, and as a result I have brought them success and fortune. You are very young," I went on; "you've a great deal to learn yet about dramatic construction. If I were not beyond petty resentment, I wouldn't take the trouble to tell you this. But I should like to see you make good, Mr. Adair, and reap the rewards of success. In short," I concluded, with a burst of generosity, "if you'll put yourself in my hands, we'll take the central situation from your play and build it up together into something tremendous! That's the way *big successes* are written, I assure you!"

The little fool still stood awkwardly looking down at me with his ugly smile. I presume he meant it to be sarcastic. "Big successes, no doubt," he responded—"big successes by leading American authors! But that isn't the way to write *plays*—not real plays about real people. Good heavens!" he then exclaimed wildly. "What do your big successes amount to? Expensive puppet shows for the parietic!" And before I could leap to my feet and wither him, he had walked from the room. I heard a door slam down the corridor.

Well, that's my little story. I need hardly comment on it. It carries its own lesson—a lesson, I trust, our younger dramatists will make haste to get by heart. Pride goes before a fall, as Shakespeare says.

Let me add, in conclusion, that I've since obtained and glanced through Mr. Galsworthy's play called "Justice"—but in justice to Mr. Galsworthy I refrain from setting down here my true opinion of that impossible piece. Really, I don't know what the theater is coming to nowadays!

D. S. W.*

By George Jean Nathan

THE city of New York, glancing through its newspapers on the morning of March 2, 1914, found its eyes deflected from the usual story of the railroad accident near Sandusky, Ohio, the usual story of the Yale student who had been disowned for marrying a pretty New Haven waitress and the usual cable report of the excitement caused in Rouen, France, at the sight of a strange airship (believed to be German) which had passed over the city at midnight, by a white half page in the center of which were merely the three letters:

D. S. W.

The city of New York, however, somewhat used to analogous stratagems on the part of cunning advertisers, proceeded immediately to turn the page to the usual political cartoon with the shadow of Abraham Lincoln in the background: dismissing the three letters as representing some presently-to-be-announced nostrum which, if taken regularly, would be guaranteed to add thirty-nine pounds to one's weight, or take it off, or some new brand of corset which would *positively* make Marie Dressler look every bit as thin as Mrs. Castle. The following morning, divulging the three more or less mysterious symbols anew, again failed to wean the metropolis from its assiduous perusal of the ante-season condition of Mr. Rube Marquard's ingrowing toenail and John D. Rockefeller's advice to newsboys—as did the morning fol-

lowing that. But when, on the fourth morning, the city of New York saw in the same space from which the three letters had stared during the last few days the words for which the letters stood, the city of New York—and more particularly Jackson Drake—suffered a look of mingled surprise and shock to transverse its—and his—visage and proceeded to indulge in an amount of speculation the like of which had not been incited since that day, many years ago, when a New York policeman had died and left his widow something less than \$100,000. For the advertisement that greeted the city, and Jackson Drake, on the morning in point read:

Doctor of the Science of Wooring

But still New York refused to be interested too greatly. Might it not be a hoax—the name of some new musical comedy, the title of some new novel, something of the sort? Very probably. And so New York—and Jackson Drake—turned the page again and buried its joint nose in the usual account of the iniquity of Charles Mellen, the usual recital of the woes of Ida Von Clausen, the usual story of Pavlowa's fight with her dancing partner and the usual "human interest" story about the dog that barked and saved six families from being burned to death in a tenement fire in East Houston Street. When the next morning came, however, and with it the papers, the recalcitrant city—and Jackson Drake—were con-

*Being an attempt to prove that fiction is stranger than fact.

founded afresh, for there, from the page in front of them, looked out these words:

GREGORY B. SHERRIN
Doctor of the Science of Wooing
 67th Street and Central Park, West
Results Guaranteed
 Terms Moderate Office hours, 2 to 4 P. M.

In a day, this advertisement, printed as it was in every morning newspaper, became the talk of the town. And Jackson Drake, ever with an ear poised to catch the sound or suspicion of fakirs, became convinced that here was something that demanded immediate investigation on the part of himself and the police. For Jackson Drake, in his fifty-ninth year, married and with a daughter twenty-one years old, had become, as the head officer of numerous societies whose self-imposed mission it was to safeguard the morals of the community, probably the most active bloodhound in the East in the matter of smelling out, tracking down and bringing to the magistrate's desk such individuals as, in his mind, were a menace to the moral welfare of the commonwealth. "Aha," thought Drake, "here is a new edition of the Swami industry, a new species of Yogi, a 'reader of men's thoughts,' a 'seer,' an 'adviser in all matters pertaining to love and business!'" And so thinking, Drake—he who had saved from eternal damnation the soul of the city on various occasions by suppressing lithographic reproductions of celebrated paintings in the Luxembourg and Louvre, Richard Strauss' music, Balzac's work in the original French, terpsichorean artists who declined to do the classic dances in overcoats, and dramas in which everybody concerned did not get properly married at eleven o'clock—proceeded, in the unseemly argot of the highway, to "get busy."

Promptly at two o'clock of this day

of cogitation, he presented himself at the apartment building in which the "Doctor of the Science of Wooing" had taken up his office, rang the bell of Apartment No. 1 on the ground floor, was admitted by a tidy colored maid and found himself face to face with a big, rugged, bewhiskered man of about fifty-six, with an amiable sunshine playing across his features and with the general look of some well-known personage whom Drake's mind quickly photographed for his eyes but failed to designate for his lips. Drake tried to place the resemblance—came near it for an instant—then failed—then came near it once more—and then failed again.

"What can I do for you, sir?" interrupted the man.

"You are—"

"Gregory B. Sherrin, D. S. W., at your service," nodded the other.

Drake fidgeted a little. He had somehow expected to encounter a quite dissimilar fellow; indeed, had he been a man of waver which, heaven forbid, he was not, he would willingly have offered to bet that Sherrin would have turned out to be a brunette foreigner in purple pajamas, with a green turban wound around his head, a glass ball in his left hand and one of those mosquito-cure joss sticks in his right. It came, therefore, as something of a shock to him to observe that Sherrin looked more like the genial, well-fed, perfect-smoking father of some beefy college left tackle than the exotic, olive crystal peeper he had anticipated.

"May I inquire into the character of your—your profession?" advanced Drake, a bit humbled and dumfounded.

Sherrin spoke quickly with the substantial, matter-of-fact, staccato air of a Chicago salesman seeking to sell an order of fancy corn razors or a complete set of O. Henry.

"I am what I advertise myself to be: a doctor of the science of wooing. I have studied love in all of its thousands of forms and aspects as a surgeon studies the human body, as a horticulturist studies flowers, as a mechan-

ical engineer studies the scientific intricacies of mechanical engineering. Not from theatrical plays or popular novels, mind you well, sir, but from life. And the theory I have deduced is this: that almost every one of the so-called 'disappointments in love' might have been and might be eliminated, and the world made the happier, if the persons thus disappointed, the rejected ones, the losers, would have had then or would have now a sort of authentic physician-philosopher-scientist to consult as to the proper course to pursue. For love is not an inspiration so often as the world thinks; it is just as often a science. And wooing is always a science."

"Mr. Sherrin," exclaimed Drake, his voice lifting, "I charge you with being a fraud, an impostor, a charlatan, an empiric and a quack!"

Sherrin smiled agreeably. "Yes?" and his eyebrows curved higher. "Yes? And pray why?"

"Because," ejaculated the now wrathful Drake, "you have convicted yourself with your own words. Love a science! Wooing a science! Rot! Rubbish! Balderdash! And flap-doodle!"

"I have no wish to argue with you, sir," returned Sherrin with complete good nature, "and for two reasons. First, because you have not yet had the politeness to pay me my modest initial consultation fee of twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents and second, because you are already married."

"How do you know?" snapped Drake, with the deer-eared air of one surprised in the act of reading another's letters.

"Men may be divided into three classes," went on Sherrin; "men in love, men not in love, and married men. The first class never doubts me because, like a drowning person, it is willing and happy to reach for any floating straw that may assist it in getting safely to its goal, in this case—the shore of engagements. I am, to them, that straw. The second class, having no use for me, leaves me strictly alone. It cares not what I am nor what I do. A well man

does not visit a physician. But the third class, which includes such men as yourself, immediately doubts me. You see, my dear sir, a married man is generally so self-satisfied that he blindly retains the opinion that his wife married *him* instead of, as was actually the case, merely *love* of him. A very different thing, I assure you! A woman only once in fifty times marries the *man* she marries—ah, no, I am no mere idle epigram maker, my dear sir!—she marries her *thought* of the man she marries. Not her ideal, as is so often contended, not the hero, the god, she sees in the man does she marry, but her *love* for him; Let me prove this to you. A woman is disappointed in love. The man she loves marries another. In time, the woman, having, as she believes, forgotten her old lover, marries another man. At least so the world phrases it: 'marries another man.' What that woman *really* does, however, is subconsciously marry the love her first lover awakened in her."

"You are one of those smart-alecks," observed Drake, with that tone of finality ever employed in such crises by modern admirers of the philosophies of Jane Austen, Frances Hodgson Burnett and other antiquarians. "You talk like—"

Sherrin interrupted him. "Although, to repeat, you have not yet had the politeness to pay me my modest initial consultation fee of twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents, I find you so extremely in need of enlightenment and consequent common sense that I shall, out of pure charity, endeavor to tell you a few things. You argue in your peasant-like American stupidity and impenetrable bull-headedness that love is just—love. I do not mean to insult you. There are hundreds of thousands of benighted jackasses just like you. They go to a doctor when they catch an insignificant little cold or to a chiropodist when they acquire an insignificant little ingrowing toe-nail, but when they catch the all-significant, life-making, or life-blasting, thing which they dismiss with the soft-

sounding word 'love' they treat it with complete negligence, let it practically run along of its own accord and take blind chances on its turning in their favor. What the result? Love-lorn young men frequently find that the object of their affection marries elsewhere—and vice versa. Love is a science, like surgery; a disease of the heart, like the other 'heart disease' people talk about. It needs a physician—and I, sir, am that man!"

"You are one of those smart-alecks!" repeated Drake, simply, dismissingly, grandly.

"Then," returned Sherrin, stroking his whiskers with an air of considerable affection, "Sir Almroth Wright, the celebrated British physician, who has called love 'the disease of abstinence,' Paul Bourget and Balzac, Dr. Lehmann and Georg Mehlis, von Hardtmann and Nolken, all of whom have treated love as a psycho-physiological problem in multicellular organisms rather than as a sentimental accident, Dr. A. Conan Doyle who has regarded love as a compound of chemicals, the Greeks who realized the necessity of putting their young in training, so to speak, during the period of courtship, then these and many others were and are smart-alecks. They, I will grant you, have been, with the exception of the Greeks, indefinite and not very practical analysts of love; but *I* am a *practical* doctor of love. It is my profession to work in its behalf not with phrases, epigrams, abstract diagnoses and the like, but with a concrete, practical and result-getting psychology."

"And it is *my* profession," interposed Jackson Drake, "to prosecute all such mountebanks as you!"

"One moment, my good man," put in Sherrin pleasantly. "Have you one wish in the world above every other wish?"

"Although it is absolutely none of your damned business, I have," replied Drake.

"And that wish is?" came the interrogation.

"Although it is absolutely none of

your damned business," repeated Drake, "it is that my daughter shall be happily married to the man of her choice."

"Although it is absolutely none of my damned business," said Sherrin, now fondling that portion of his whiskers which embellished his chin, "will you tell me why it is that you fear—for your very fact of wishing implies you fear—that your wish may not come true?"

Drake was beginning to fumble the ball. He felt absolutely that this man was a suave fakir, a greasy impostor, but somehow he couldn't resist him. Indeed, Drake's attitude toward Sherrin was much like that of the yokel who, with a huge sign warning him to beware of the shell game at the county fair, is still so fascinated by the game itself that he cannot repress the temptation to see if *he* cannot find the little pea, where others have failed. And, fumbling thus in spite of himself, he proceeded to narrate the case to the ever-smiling doctor. His daughter had her heart set upon young Hal Rivney, they were close friends, Dranna was awfully in love with him, but for some reason or other Rivney kept himself from proposing. It seemed simply a case of his liking Dranna a great deal, probably more than any of the other three or four girls upon whom he spent his time, but not thinking of marriage. Hal, in short, was the typical bachelor of today. It would take a mighty good argument to show him, however much he liked a girl, how marriage would recompense him for the loss of his manifold bachelor comforts and pleasures, laissez-faires and fair lessees. Wherefore:

"Send Miss Dranna to me tomorrow at this time," said Sherrin, "and you shall have your wish."

"What will be the nature of 'the mighty good argument' you will put up to this backward and somewhat selfish bachelor?" stammered Drake, now completely under the Masonic hypnosis of the doctor's smile.

He waited for his answer.

"Well?" said he after a few mo-

ments of silence, with a trace of impatience.

But the only answer he received was a continuance of the little twinkle twinkle in Sherrin's gray eyes.

* * * *

"My dear Miss Drake," Sherrin was saying, "the progress of love and the cardiac relationship of man and woman may be summed up about as follows: In 1600, a fellow spent months with a guitar under a girl's window trying to meet her. In 1700, having met her, he kissed the hem of her garment. In 1800, he kissed her hand. In 1900, he kissed her mouth. And today, he runs away from her. Consequently, about the only place where you can find old-fashioned romance nowadays is at Brentano's. It's a practical, analytic, rather selfish age, my dear young woman. Cinderella wouldn't have stood much of a chance in these days. The Prince would nail her slipper up over his dresser for a souvenir, as a sort of devilish little fillip to the decorations of his apartment, and would call the very next evening on the rich stepdaughter. Look at the Golden Horseshoe at the Opera, look at the young couples there—and contradict me!"

A tiny tear seemed to pearl out in the corner of the girl's eye.

"But don't despair, young woman. The fact that you are—well, if not exactly poor, then scarcely rich, will not matter in the least after I have outlined for you a campaign against this wary bachelor's heart. It is necessary, however, before I give you my prescription, to let you see how the case stands. You must not think you can pursue him! I used to believe that the woman could pursue the man and win him inevitably, against his will. But I've changed my mind on that score, that is, unless the woman works with much more tact and shrewdness and with a much greater arch strategy than I once deemed essential. Pursuing a man is all right so far as a 'date' for the theater or dinner goes, but marriage? It won't work once in a thousand times—plain, frank, obvious pursuit, that is! The case is

this: Formerly man elaborately awakened love for himself in woman; to-day, woman must elaborately awaken love for herself in man. The bachelor in these days, with his snug and conveniently 'privileged' quarters, his golf, his hotel valet service, his clubs, his oft-sought-for presence at suppers, dances and what not, his chorus girl friends, his little parties—all such things—is a wary bird. With the introduction of holeproof socks marriage got a big wallop. Furthermore, to speak in another direction, where a man used to marry a good cook, he nowadays simply becomes friendly with the headwaiter—and he is just as well off so far as his stomach goes. Also, he saves money. Therefore—"

"Therefore?" sobbed Dranna, for whom the world was beginning to be devoid of all gay Belasco lighting and suffused instead with a darkening Klaw & Erlanger blue.

"Therefore, young woman," continued Doctor Sherrin, "the girl must fight for love, for her love against the man's bachelor apartment, against the love of other girls (the competition is strong in these times) for the same arrogant, self-loving male. And she must fight not with the weapon of romance—the bachelor is 'on to' that, he knows there is nothing in it—but with concrete elements—only she must not let him see through her scheming; she must take him off his guard. A girl's future happiness must depend on her *present* ability to woo. But very few girls know how to woo. Hence—"

And Doctor Sherrin bowed elaborately before Miss Dranna.

"You'll help me?" begged that young lady.

"I'll help you," said the doctor; "but first you must answer my questions as to the nature of this beast who thus far has declined to propose to you. And, as you answer these questions and several related to them, I will give you my prescriptions for 'treating' successfully the case of Mr.—"

"Hal Rivney," finished Dranna.

"Now then," proceeded the doctor,

"we are ready, Mrs. Rivney-to-be. And we must constantly bear in mind from this moment on, Mrs. Rivney, that 'love,' so-called, is not exactly what you thought it was before you entered my office. As my dear friend Doctor Conan Doyle has frequently repeated to me, love has been taken away from the poets and has been brought within the domain of true science. It may prove to be one of the great cosmic elementary forces. When the atom of hydrogen draws the atom of chlorine towards it to form the perfect molecule of hydrochloric acid, the force which it exerts may be intrinsically similar to that which draws a man to a woman. But, enough of the abstract. Let us get down to business."

"I have been ready for the last half hour," said Miss Dranna, and her gentle irony was not lost on Sherrin. But Sherrin's motto was this: "If you have something to say, say it. And, having said it, repeat it. This effectually prevents your auditor who has nothing to say from saying that nothing as if it were something."

"First," demanded Doctor Sherrin, "how often does young Rivney call on you?"

"About once a week," answered Dranna.

"What is the nature of the lighting in the room where you receive him?"

"It is lighted by two table lamps with amber-colored shades."

"Have those shades changed for shades of a soft rose color. You are a brunette. The amber light spoils your beauty. Amber is for blondes. What is the color of the dresses you have worn during the last few months when Rivney has called?"

"I have two dresses, one purple, the other a greenish black."

"Give them away. Such colors are for older women. They tend to ruin your youthful looks, to show you up to poor advantage. Choose something light, something in the pastel shades. How does your dressmaker cut your dresses?"

"My dresses are generally over-

skirted—in three skirt divisions, that is."

"Is Rivney tall?"

"Yes, quite tall."

"He likes tall, slender women?"

"Yes,"—sadly—"he does."

"And you, excuse me, my dear Mrs. Rivney-to-be, you are somewhat inclined to be pudgy and not tall. Therefore, to make yourself approach to Mr. Rivney's ideal, have your dresses draped low. This will make you seem thinner and taller. The dresses you have been wearing in Rivney's presence have had just the opposite effect. What is the color of the portières in the room?"

"They are blue."

"Have them changed to red. 'Accidentally' pose against them once in a while. The picture will be a good one. Rivney will notice."

"But," pouted Miss Dranna, "I have done just that. I *have* slyly posed against the portières."

"But the portières were blue—a blonde's color. You only looked ridiculous."

There was a slight pause. "Don't be offended," said Doctor Sherrin. "If you desire to be Mrs. Rivney you have got to know the truth. Tell me, do you use cosmetics?"

"Yes," answered the girl, rather bravely.

"What sort?"

"Oh, I use a very white powder and cream to make my complexion look pale. I—I washed it off before I came to see you."

"Which was a good thing. Keep it washed off. Your face is very thin. Such a combination always makes a thin face look thinner—*scrawny* thin, in fact. Also it makes your eyes look big. And your eyes are a little too big for the tout ensemble of your prettiness as it is. No wonder Rivney has not been properly impressed!"

"But," objected the girl, "is this all the sort of advice you are going to give me? This doesn't seem important—or so awfully new!"

"It isn't so awfully new, as you put it; yet it is important in the strategic

game of wooing. But, naturally, there are other things much more significant and important. I was merely beginning at the beginning. Each case is different. Not that each case is not typical, however. You play any musical instrument?"

"The piano. I have studied music for six years."

"Play for Rivney?"

"Often."

"What do you play?"

"Oh—let me see—well, such melodies—favorites of Hal's—as 'Abscheulicher!' from Beethoven's opera 'Fidelio,' as the 'Alla Pompa' from Verdi's 'Aida,' or as the 'fickle woman' song from 'Rigoletto.'"

"Play such things no more for Rivney. They will never cause him to think of love when he is near you. Music is a wonderful assistant, a wonderful stimulant, to love. Play Rivney into a 'sad' mood. 'The Fidelio' song provokes a feeling of horror in the auditor, the 'Aida' melody you play for your young man is altogether too gay and your selection from 'Rigoletto' too spirited, too reckless. Play only vague, sentiment-breathing melodies. This is a principle, tested and found true, in practical psychology. Remember the effect for years in the theater of 'quivery' music. If you must play something out of such operas as 'Aida' and 'Rigoletto' to cater to Rivney's whim, select something from them containing the quasi-tear-note—say, the 'Oh Azure Skies' song from the former or the 'E Il Sol Dell' Anima' song from the latter. But I give you a safer prescription. Play such substantial heart-getters as the 'Evening Star' song from 'Tannhäuser' or the nocturnes of Chopin or the celebrated far-away-and-sad melody from 'Samson and Delilah' or the tried-and-true-tear wooers from 'Tristan and Isolde'—'Liebestod' will do—or attack his sentiment with almost anything out of Charpentier's 'Louise.'"

"Ragtime?" inquired Dranna.

"If you wish to send him out into the company of restaurant-dancing

chorus girls—yes," replied the doctor. "No young man has ever proposed to a girl, has ever thought of marriage, while he was feeling gay, lively or—this is no paradox—happy! You've got to make a man feel 'sad.' * * * Are you familiar with Rivney, or do you, so to speak, coquette with him, keep him at a distance?"

"I believe in keeping a man at a distance, 'coquetting' with him as you call it," replied the girl with a positive air.

"I don't," returned the doctor emphatically—"that is, with proper limitations. The girl who pouts at the way a man has tied his tie and then sidles up to him and shows him how to tie it (in such a way that her hair brushes his cheek) gains a month in the love campaign over the girl who flirts with him over a fan. * * * Does Rivney ever send you any little gifts?"

"Flowers once in a while—sometimes candy," answered Dranna.

"Ever send him anything in return?"

"Certainly not. Why should I? It isn't a girl's place to."

"Maybe not—but *you* send him something!"

"At Christmas, you mean?"

"No—not at Christmas—or, at least, not only at Christmas. All his girl friends probably do that. And he probably doesn't notice the attention a second time. Let me see—is he ever ill?"

"No, he's pretty strong. But—but (this a bit bashfully) he told me the other day he'd been suffering lately from bad attacks of stomach-ache at night."

"Good! When you leave here, stop and buy him a hot water bag and send it up to him. He'll appreciate that hot water bag and the 'wifey' spirit back of it more than all the expensive Christmas presents he ever received. Also, some day next week send him a little boy-doll."

"A doll!" exclaimed Dranna, with the same combination of horror and surprise that might be exhibited at the suggestion to send the family butcher

a bottle of Mary Garden perfume as a birthday gift.

"A doll," repeated the doctor. "Rivney will think it is about the most foolish thing in the world to have sent him and very probably he'll think you're crazy—at first. But gradually—it may take weeks or months—after you and he in your many intervening times together have given the little boy-doll a name—'Hal' maybe—gradually the toy will begin to seem a bit real to him and he'll begin to look at it once in a while at night before he goes to bed (you must see to it that he puts it on his dresser or some other conspicuous place) and gradually 'little Hal' may make him think of an honest-to-goodness little Hal and the doll won't seem so silly, so atrociously effeminate as once it did and—

Dranna was blushing.

"You needn't blush, my dear," argued the doctor, giving the girl a paternal pat on her head. "The original idea of dolls as you probably know, was to awaken, albeit from a great distance of time, the spirit of little wives and little home-builders and little mothers in the little girls of Germany. And while, of course, if you sent a doll to a boy he would be grievously insulted and forthwith throw it out of the window, if you send one to a man of thirty, like Rivney, it may awaken in him the 'father' spirit just as, from far-off, in the imaginations of children, a doll becomes a very real human being. Does Rivney smoke?"

"Yes—a great deal."

"In your home?"

"Yes."

"You solicitously put an ash tray near him on such occasions?"

"Yes, I like to make him feel I am looking out for his comfort."

"Comfort, fiddlesticks! You are really making him feel uncomfortable. He overlooks the fact that you place the ash tray near him in a kindly spirit and regards you, even if only subconsciously, as a sort of busy-body fearful of the possibility of his dropping ashes on the carpet. He probably never has

an ash tray right at hand in his own quarters—few men ever have. And when you give him the tray, it puts him on his guard, makes him self-conscious, conscious of his surroundings. No man ever proposed in that condition. Let him either find his own ash tray or drop the ashes on the carpet. They won't hurt it."

"These all seem little things to me," said Dranna. "I thought you were going to tell me one big startling sensational way to get Hal."

"The impulse to marry is provoked and encouraged and nurtured in a young man by just such 'little things,' as you still see fit to name them. Wooing is a tricky and gentle skirmish, not a football game. You can't beat the man over the head with a club and drag him to the altar. It's all a case of circumstances; circumstances—altar cases!"

"A pun!" grunted Dranna.

"A truth nonetheless," observed the doctor.

"You use perfumes?" inquired Sherrin.

Dranna nodded.

"Don't," commanded her adviser. "They are too obvious. The original mission of perfumes was to woo the nostril of man and through the nostril his senses. But the over-use of perfumes has had the effect of a Keeley Cure, it has made his nostril recoil from the erstwhile fragrances. Use a faint sachet—not on yourself, mind you this well!—but on the back of the chair in which he sits when he comes to call on you. *There* it will do its share of the work! He will come to find for himself that you do not use perfumes—that would be objectionable to him even though he himself failed to realize the fact—but the sweet, soft, intangible perfume of the sachet will, so-to-speak, exert its effect on him *in absentia*, as it were. And he will not realize it for what it is, not knowing whence the fragrance comes, and will be thus sentimentalized through the nose. This is a now-forgotten trick of the young women of Egypt of centuries ago, the

courting of the nostril from a distance. And history proves to us its subtle efficacy. There now," finished Sherrin, "what I have suggested to you up to this point is, *in toto*, the groundwork of the strategic encounter with the heart of your young man."

"Is *that* all?" asked the girl, disappointed.

Again the doctor smiled his old smile. "Do as I have told you for two months—maybe three—and then report to me and I'll tell you the rest," he told her.

* * * *

Two months and six days later, Doctor Gregory B. Sherrin, D. S. W., received an announcement of the engagement of Miss Dranna Helen Drake and Mr. Harold Taxor Rivney.

* * * *

The day after the receipt of the announcement, Doctor Gregory B. Sherrin was again faced by Jackson Drake.

Drake made as if to speak.

Sherrin interrupted him.

"Don't thank me," he said.

"Thank you!" protested Drake, "I wasn't going to thank you! There's nothing to thank you *for*! You're not *exactly* a fakir, but all I can see you've done is to collect a whole lot of little things, perfectly obvious and somewhat commonplace in themselves, and then group them together in a sort of fireworks philosophy, a sort of pop-gun spectacularity."

"Granted," smiled Doctor Gregory B. Sherrin, "but they hit the mark nevertheless, do they not?"

Jackson Drake cleared his throat before hazarding a reply—and then, as is the case with most men who are in the custom of clearing their throats before hazarding a reply, Jackson Drake's reply was no reply at all.

He said, "Piffle!" Nothing more, nothing less. Just "Piffle!" And the retort pleased him immensely. Indeed, he was at times not inwardly averse to considering himself quite a fellow at stinging repartee.

"As you please, sir, 'piffle,'" observed Sherrin graciously. "But do not neglect to call on me at any future time

when I may perchance be of service to you. My fee in the present instance—I note that you have accidentally overlooked my fee—being forty pounds—er—I should say two hundred dollars."

"Mountebank!" grunted Drake, counting out the bills.

* * * *

How time flies!* It seemed only a few months later—it really was a year and a half—that Jackson Drake again confronted the doctor.

"You are surprised to see me again?" questioned Drake.

"Not at all," returned the doctor.

"Not at all?" exploded Drake. "And pray, why not?"

"My reason for the moment must remain within me," smiled the doctor. That eternal smile seemed to hit Drake across the face; he hated it; it stung; yet what was there in it to which he could in any way object? Nothing. But still he resented it. Do we not all of us resent the smile of a person whom we know (though we refuse to admit) to be our superior? Or even of a person who merely considers himself our superior? Does not the smile of such an one break our self-confidence?

There ensued a brief pause. Pauses have a dramatic way of intruding themselves, even in real life.

Presently—"You may have read in the newspapers about a year ago that my beloved wife passed away," said Drake.

The Doctor nodded. And the heart in him banished the smile temporarily.

"And, more recently, in fact on Monday of this week—day before yesterday—you may have read in the newspapers that I have married again, a very dear and very sympathetic and all-understanding woman," Drake continued.

The doctor nodded.

"And you may have read in the newspaper accounts of our marriage, the sudden romance of the event—how I had met the lady only six weeks before our marriage took place, how I

*Regards to George Barr McCutcheon, Florence Barclay, et al.

had decided never to wed again after my first wife died, but how love came again into my life, love, relentless love, and claimed me for its own."

The doctor nodded.

"Well?" observed Drake at length, "why don't you say something?"

"But my dear sir," said the doctor, "what do you desire me to say? What is there for me to say, save to congratulate you, heartily?"

"There is *this* you can say," Drake went on. "There is *this* you can admit! Love can always take care of itself! Love will always find a way to draw two sympathetic souls together! Even where the two souls are not wholly sympathetic at the outset—as in this case—you must now admit that love will always be self-sufficient to gain its holy end, that it needs no assistance from such—from such—well, from such as you!"

Doctor Gregory B. Sherrin smiled.

"For Heaven's sake," roared Drake, "quit smiling. You drive me crazy with that infernal grin of yours! Besides, what is there to smile about, I'd like to know!"

"Nothing very much, I admit," said Sherrin, "save that Miss Treltair—"

Drake interrupted him with a show of annoyance.

"Miss Treltair! Remember, sir, you are speaking of the lady who is now my wife!"

"But also, sir," beamed the doctor, "of the lady who is one of my recent graduates."

* * * * *

Drake's gaze was fastened on Sherrin's face. His eyes traveled over the features, the gray shock of hair, the beard.

Presently—"I have it!" he cried.

"You have what, my dear sir?" asked the doctor.

"I have it!" repeated Drake. "I tried to make it out the first time I saw you, but couldn't. Now I know, now I know who it is you look like!"

"And who, pray?" begged Sherrin.

"George Bernard Shaw!" exclaimed Drake in a tone that was not without its soupçon of disgust.

"George Bernard Shaw?" mused the man, with just a suspicion of the old smile dancing around his mouth; "George Bernard Shaw? Never heard of the fellow! Who is he?"

* Indicating a lapse of several minutes.



A LITANY FOR WEEK-DAYS

By Owen Hatteras

FROM elderly ladies with sure cures for tooth-ache, corns and tonsilitis; and from boiled potatoes, poison ivy and the military "experts" of newspapers; and from all females more than 23 or less than 18 years old; and from persons who know the exact difference between "who" and "whom" and are willing to tell it; and from provincial paragraphers who imitate Franklin P. Adams; and from old and bad cocktails under new and seductive names; and from gilt chairs; and from the rev. clergy; and from dogs with loose hair—good Lord, deliver us!



VOX POPULI

By Sherrard Mullikin

IF you don't believe New York is full of boobs, just look at the crowds that goes to see them grand operas.

FABLES OF THE FUTURE

THE AWAKENING

By Harold Stuart Eyre

"**T**HEN you admit you are not happy?" she urged.

The young man sighed wearily. "Happy! I am bored to death."

"And your wife? Is she unkind to you?"

"I can hardly say that," he answered thoughtfully. "But the fact is, we have nothing in common. She is absorbed in business, and her sole object in life is to accumulate money and add to her already huge fortune. Utterly lacking in social aspirations, she despises society and boasts of the fact that she is a self-made woman. She is never tired of referring complacently to the poverty and hardships of her girlhood, and to the day when at the age of fourteen she left her mother's farm and arrived in New York with a clean collar, thirty-seven cents in cash and a plum cake which her father had baked in honor of the occasion."

"Surely that is to her credit."

"No doubt, but it seems to me snobbish to take such pride in one's humble origin. I could overlook that, however, if our tastes were congenial. But she dislikes classical music and disdains literature. Her idea of pleasure is an evening at the club over a game of poker. If she consents to accompany me to the theater, it must be to a musical comedy or a vaudeville performance. Not only that, but she has a mania for physical culture, and insists on my taking a daily walk for my complexion, no matter how inclement the weather."

"The tyrant!" exclaimed the young woman in indignation.

He shrugged his shoulders and made a brave attempt to smile philosophically.

"I suppose it is indiscreet of me to tell you all this," he continued wistfully. "But there are times when one longs to pour out his woes. And you have always seemed so kind and sympathetic."

"Believe me," declared the young woman with fervor. "I take the deepest interest in your welfare. You can trust me implicitly. But I have never been able to understand how you came to marry a woman of character and tastes so foreign to your own."

"That is easily explained. An imaginative, unsophisticated youth, just out of boarding school and full of romantic illusions, I knew nothing of the world and its ways. My father, a born match-maker, had set his heart upon a wealthy marriage for me, and to his ambition my happiness was sacrificed. Yet, to do my wife justice, she has sterling qualities, even a certain rugged, nobility of character. But, like most women who have devoted their lives to business, she does not understand men. So few of your sex do understand us. With our sensitive, high-strung nerves, our varying moods, our complex emotions and our occasional inconsistencies, small wonder that to the average woman we appear mysterious and incomprehensible. My wife believes that so long as she provides me with a luxurious home and a generous monthly allowance I should wish for nothing more. After all, perhaps I ought to be content. In this world one must not expect to be happy."

"You are wrong," insisted the young woman excitedly. "Happiness is your inherent right, as it is the right of every human being. But you cannot be happy

with your wife. She does not understand you as I do, I who have worshiped you for years and am ready to devote my life to the task of making your own worth while. Leave this monotonous, empty existence and fly with me to some distant land where under sunny skies—"

"Stop!" he cried indignantly. "How dare you insult me with such a proposition beneath my wife's roof—you who call yourself her friend?"

"I adore you," exclaimed the young woman passionately; "and in your presence I forget everything."

Before the young man had time to realize what was happening, he found himself enfolded in the woman's arms.

"Coward!" he gasped, struggling desperately. "To take advantage of your greater strength! I hate you! If my wife were here—"

As if in answer to his thought, the door opened and Mrs. Wadsworth appeared. For a moment she stood at the

threshold transfixed with astonishment. Then she rushed forward, and releasing her husband from the young woman's clasp, sent the latter to the floor with a powerful slap in the face.

"Go to your room, Horace," she commanded her trembling better half. "I have something to say to this woman in private."

Without a word the young man walked slowly and unsteadily across the room. His face was flushed; his heart beat wildly. At the door he turned. His eyes met those of his wife. In his gaze there was a strange admixture of appeal and triumph and of yet another emotion that he did not attempt to conceal. For in that brief, illuminating moment when his wife, throwing aside the mask of civilization and refinement, had revealed the primitive woman, resorting instinctively to brute strength to defend the honor of her home—in that moment her husband knew that for the first time he loved her.



EVERY failure teaches a man something. For example, that he will probably fail again next time.

Slaves believe in luck; their masters have it.

It costs as much to maintain ten vices as one virtue.

'Tis more blessed to give than receive—particularly black eyes and wedding presents.

A quack is a physician who has decided to admit it frankly.

Legend for the portrait of a Puritan: How proud of him the Master would be!

Fugue: one damned fiddle after another.

The European spends Sunday; the American keeps it.

The highest praise that one may give to an actor is to say that he doesn't act like an actor.

Conscience makes cowards of us all. Politeness is even worse. It makes actors of us.

Girls seldom marry the men they flirt with. But it is not the fault of the girls.

A Progressive is one who is willing to believe in anything to get the job.

The Constitution of the United States: the last refuge of scoundrels.

Puzzle for jurisconsults: Which is the greater handicap to a lawyer, to be tongue-tied or to have a conscience?

Even typhoid fever, it appears, has at least one virtue: it gives the man who has had it a chance to brag about how badly he had it.

THOUGHTS ON MORTALITY

By William Fink

THERE is only one way to get the better of advancing age, and that is to laugh at it. This involves no foolish denial of the truth about it, but merely a frank recognition of that truth. Old age, in fact, is essentially humorous, despite our sentimental inclination to make it tragic, and the proof thereof lies in our prompt and hearty appreciation of its humor in others. We do not pity a man with a bald head; we laugh at him. If we did anything else even the man himself would be astounded.

So thoroughly, indeed, is the concept of balditude wedded to the concept of the jocose that the combination has sufficed to scare off the doctors. By dint of hard and patient labor they have learned how to cure many diseases of the utmost virulence—for instance, diphtheria, malaria and hookworm—but the relatively mild and simple disease which causes the hair to fall out is still wholly incurable. The doctors have let it alone, just as they have let bunions alone, and for the same reason. Their professional prosperity depends very largely upon their ability to maintain a high degree of superficial dignity. It would be impossible to maintain that dignity while tracking down the furtive worms that scalp the decaying male.

No need to say, of course, that it is difficult for a weak mortal to laugh at his own afflictions, no matter how normal and natural they may be. The same fellow who wears out his midriff in laughing at his brother's bald head is often disinclined to loose a single snicker over his own chronic nephritis. But to say that it is difficult to do a thing is by no means to say that it is

impossible. Many things that are inordinately difficult and disagreeable are done by all of us every day. No sane man, I take it, ever got himself to the hymeneal altar without first overcoming a deep-seated and laudable aversion. A man has next to nothing to gain by marriage, and an enormous lot to lose. When he agrees to sacrifice himself it is no more than a sign that he has succumbed at last to the force of a hostile public opinion—that he has put aside his own inclinations and best interests in favor of the prejudices and pruderies of society. But despite the fact that the whole business is thus essentially pathetic in his sight, he commonly manages to approach it with a considerable show of good humor. In brief, he laughs at his plight, and is even willing to join in the laughter of his friends.

I have been, in my time, best man to six friends, and usher to perhaps a dozen others, and every one of them showed a certain gayety at the end. In most cases, of course, that gayety was helped out by alcoholic stimulation, but nevertheless I am convinced that there was genuineness at the bottom of it. Alcohol helps, but it cannot create. Even a drunken man will not kiss a cow. What he will actually kiss is a girl or a bartender, which is exactly what he would kiss, or, at least, try to kiss, if still more or less sober.

Thus it appears that even the most painful situations, by the sheer force of the human will, may be made to yield up their juices of humor. If man has taught himself to laugh at the loss of his hair and his liberty, why can't he teach himself to laugh at the loss of his teeth and his digestion? I think

that the thing is possible, and what is more, I think that it is coming to pass. Disease after disease, by the skill of the surgeons, is passing over from the domain of the grisly into the domain of the comic. In the pre-Pasteurian days, to be bitten by a mad dog was a tragedy to the man; now it is a joke on the dog. Twenty years ago a man who was told that he had to submit to laparotomy made his will; now his sole care is the selection of a nurse of agreeable appearance and attractive manners—in brief, one who will laugh at his wheezes and linger over the combing of his hair.

And as the inevitable decay of the body is thus robbed entirely of many of its old terrors, so those that remain are lessened in violence. The result is a growing disposition to view the whole process of dissolution (which begins, of course, the moment one is born) with less and less fear. On the one hand, the doctors have knocked out many diseases altogether, or, at any rate, diminished their ferocity, and on the other hand their solemn diligence has introduced a sort of sporting interest into the rest. No matter how terrifying the situation confronting them, then try their darndest to meet it. If, perchance, they succeed, then certainly there is nothing left to mourn over. And if, on the contrary, they fail, then the observant patient at least enjoys the last, humane boon of chuckling over the humorous disproportion between their efforts and the result. In either case, whether as winners or as losers, they afford a refined mixture of suspense and entertainment to their customers, and so convert the sick-room into a pleasing simulacrum of a gambling house.

The one thing that stands in the way of a complete abandonment of the old tragic view of natural decay is the fact that religion, as we know it in the West, is a very depressing thing. The moment a man sees Death afar off, his thoughts turn, of course, to the mysteries of the life beyond the grave, and so he renews his interest in that faith

which fills him, either in whole or in part. It is our misfortune, as I say, that all of the faiths of the West are essentially gloomy in character. Not only do they hold out vague and terrible threats of punishment in the life to come, but in addition they discountenance all forms of merriment in this life upon the earth. "Sorrow," saith the preacher, "is better than laughter." "Let your laughter," adds James, "be turned to mourning." "Woe unto you," warns Luke, "that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep." I do not presume to dispute the truth of these exhortations and warnings, but I *do* argue that their truth goes only half way. In the very same Book of Ecclesiastes from which I have quoted we are told that there is "a time to weep and a time to laugh." The trouble with us is that we have fallen into the error of supposing that the time to weep has the length of infinity and the time to laugh that of minus infinity.

In other words, we are always secretly ashamed of laughter. We enjoy it somewhat slyly and cautiously, as we enjoy the vices which make life one grand, sweet song. It rather astonishes us to find that it is not forbidden by any of the Commandments. We have even carried this notion so far as that we refuse to grant the Creator of the universe the one quality that would explain four-fifths of its mysteries—to wit, the quality of humor. Proceeding from the sound premise that the fall of a sparrow is noted in Heaven, we reach the ridiculously unwarranted conclusion that the fall of a Sunday-school superintendent causes a painful and prolonged sensation there. Nothing, I believe, could be more unlikely. On the contrary, it seems to me that the angels must be as much amused by such a public collapse of a fraud as we are ourselves, if not actually more so. If they have a keener sense of pity than we have, why shouldn't they have at least as keen a sense of humor? If they feel substantially as we do in one direction, why shouldn't they feel as we do in another direction?

I dwell upon the point simply because this single error of the theologians has probably cost the human race more suffering than all the rest of their innumerable stupidities combined. The natural tendency of man, as I have shown, is to take refuge in laughter from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, but against this wise and comforting tendency of the professional interpreters of the divine mysteries set their faces. The thing they try to do at a death-bed is to make it solemn, which means to make it gloomy, which means to make it painful, which is precisely what the patient and his doctor least desire. Imagine how they would be shocked by a dying man who insisted upon devising limericks upon his pangs, and upon making his farewell to the nurse, let us say, with a slapstick or a seltzer siphon! And yet, for all the grotesquerie of the example, that dying man would be one to be envied. He would be acquiescing with the serene confidence of a little child in the impenetrable mandate of omnipotence. He would be going to meet his Maker with a smile upon his face and gladness in his heart, like a bridegroom adorned for the wedding.

I see no impiety in such an attitude. On the contrary, it seems to me to be essentially reverent, in intent if not in detail. I cannot bring myself to believe that the Divine Intelligence which fashioned the world is, after all, less intelligent than certain men, and even women, that I know. And when I essay to analyze the intelligence of these men and women the one fact about it that it is the antithesis of credulity, of naïveté, of stupidity, of the inability to distinguish a thing from its appearance, the *Ding an sich* from the merely human, and hence fallible, perception of it—in brief, what I discover is that intelligence, as we know it, touches humor at a hundred places—that, in many of its phases, it and humor are wholly indistinguishable. An intelligent man is simply one who cannot be fooled. He is seldom laughed at; he

does all the laughing himself, even when he himself is the victim. A merely learned man, a vast *schwartenmagen* of knowledge, may be a very solemn man. But a truly intelligent man is always light-hearted. He looks at the world, and sees that it is a harmless fraud. He cannot bring himself to hate it and he cannot bring himself to weep over it.

Is it reasonable to suppose that the Creator lacks this sort of intelligence, that he has none of that fine sensitiveness to remote relationships and concealed implications which lies at the bottom of the sense of humor? I think not. And thinking not, I find that many of the eternal mysteries at once become intelligible, if not actually explicable. Why, for example, are the secret ambitions of all of us so often set at naught by fate? Why am I cursed with beauty, which is a useless expense to me, and deprived of opulence, which I would enjoy enormously? The orthodox explanation is that this is my share of the all-pervading sorrow, that thus I keep in tune with the sad, sad music of the spheres. But the explanation I favor myself is that, somewhere or other, in some high and merry heaven, there is an angel who diverts himself by chuckling over my puerile agonies, just as I myself, on my lower, lowlier plane, get a subtle joy out of the furious leapings and sweatings of a cockroach pursued by my bludgeon, of a vice crusader trying to repeal and re-enact with amendments the way of a man with a maid, of a bishop bursting with the notion that he is a gentleman of God.

Wherefor, beloved, I counsel you to face the onrushing years with eyes to the front, and with the spirit of mirth in your heart. Laugh, and even the streptococci may laugh with you. They may be, for all we know, comedians on their plane, just as we are on ours. They may love and venerate a hearty snicker, a loud laughter. Who knows? Arterio-sclerosis, in its essence, may be quite as waggish as the story of Ould Grouse in the gunroom.

WHY?

By the Baroness von Hutton

THE coffin stood by the fireplace, which was filled with expressionless, white chrysanthemums.

Through the open window came a warm, damp breeze, mingled with the smell of flowers; and the sunlight, filtering in through lace curtains, shivered in a fragile pattern across the polished floor and drew brightness out of the faded eastern rug.

He sat in a deep leather chair facing the fireplace. His face was white and bore a look of being too old for the years it had seen.

His hair, pushed back from the high, clever brow, was brown and of that silky fineness given chiefly to men with something of woman's softness in their nature.

In the coffin lay his wife.

He had loved her and once had thought that she, too, loved him. Then came The Other—a man vulgar, given to *extrait de violettes* and jeweled cravat pins; a man with thick lips, unmodeled in the corners, and long eyelashes.

But such as he was she had loved him, and for him the real nature of her had awakened; for him she had left the man she had married. She had broken her husband's heart, ruined his life, and now, after years of silent absence, had come back to him to die.

And he was wondering why she had come.

The sun faded away and rain fell gently, hushed by the tender young foliage.

He rose and stood by the coffin, looking down at her.

She was dead, gone, finished. He

believed in no epilogue to the bitter comedy of Life.

"*Ita est*," he said, aloud, smiling gently. Then he continued studying her face.

The rough curly hair, spiraling about her temples, was streaked with blue-gray. The closed eyes were a trifle sunken; but the greatest change of all was in her mouth.

It had been a fine, slight-lipped mouth, in other days, with deep-embedded corners and a curve outward from the chin.

Now it bore a new and inscrutable smile as he looked at her.

The lips were fuller and the corners relaxed. It had become a coarse mouth. "His influence!"

Then he bent closer. "And yet it is a happier mouth than she had with me—worse, but happier."

He remembered that that other mouth had rarely smiled and never laughed.

This one—he could almost see it stretch unrestrainedly in broad merriment; he could almost see the expressive, crooked, white teeth, framed in the curves.

He started; he seemed to hear the loud laugh.

Then the door opened, and The Other came in. "Hush!" he said, imperiously. "I've a right to come."

The husband looked at him, curiously. "I admit no right," he answered, "but I won't kick you out. And—you might tell me what your 'right' is?"

The face of The Other was coarser than it had been seven years ago.

His clothes were ill-brushed, and on one hand he wore a large diamond.

He stood in silence by the coffin for

a few minutes. Then he spoke. "Yes, I'll tell you my right. I stuck to her through it all."

"You stuck to her!"

"Yes. I know what you think of me, and you are nearer right than wrong, but I did my best. It's seven years now, and she—cared for me to the end. And I loved her just as long—as she was yours. Do you see?"

"I see. Then you didn't love her?" The rain came down harder! the husband shut the window gently.

"No. And—such an affair is a drag on a man. You didn't divorce her."

"No, I didn't divorce her."

There was a long pause. Then The Other went on harshly: "I stuck to her, in spite of everything; and you may not believe it, but she was happy with me."

"I do believe it; I see it in her face."

"Then—I wonder why she came back to you to die! I was to come home the next day, and yet, as soon as she knew, she came to you. She couldn't stand you while she lived."

The husband smiled. "I, too, have been wondering as to that."

"Well, it's no use wondering. I'll go now. Poor Jessie!"

The husband rose. "Let us shake hands," he said. "You have not been much, but I think that, on the whole, you have been the best of the three."

They shrook hands, and The Other went his way. The faces of both were grave with useless questioning.

But she in the coffin still smiled, as she had smiled before.



AS bad as we are we might be worse—if we didn't need some sleep.

IF you think before you speak you will probably make others think after you speak.



THE POINT OF VIEW

DRESS REFORM PEST to learned medico—What do you think of the corset, Doctor?

DOCTOR (candidly)—That I'd rather be on the outside looking in than the inside looking out.



ERINNERUNG

By Richard Oehler

Ich kehrte zurück zu meinem Heimatsort
Wo ich viel Glück und Schmerz durchkostet habe.
Was ich geliebt, was ich gehasst, war fort,
Und schauernd stand ich wie am eignen Grabe.
Bang durch die Lüfte klang es wie ein Schrei:
Was einst hier lebte, ist vorbei, vorbei—

THE ETERNAL WAY

By C. E. Ramon

EVE had been born with an instinct to tell the truth, which was a mean advantage to take of a helpless infant. Then Her Mother had rubbed it in by teaching her that it was wicked to tell lies, and that if she did it God wouldn't love her and the Devil would certainly get her. Eve believed it.

But when she was five years old Eve made the acquaintance of Consequences. One day she knocked a vase off the table and it broke. Her Mother came in and said: "Eve, did you do that?"

Eve looked straight into her Mother's eyes and said, "Yes, Mother."

Her Mother spanked her.

Eve cried a little, then, remembering that God loved her and the Devil wouldn't get her, she stopped.

One day she played with her Mother's tortoise-shell comb and broke it. Her Mother found it and asked: "Eve, did you do this?"

Eve's instinct was to say, "Yes," but she remembered the spanking, so she looked straight into her Mother's eyes and said, "No, Mother."

Her Mother believed her, because Eve had a good reputation. She had bought it with a spanking.

Then her Mother said it must have been the maid; so she dismissed the maid and gave Eve a piece of cake.

Eve ate the cake and reflected that it was also Consequences and didn't hurt when you sat down. She reflected, moreover, that the Devil was slow in arriving. She forgot that God didn't love her and nothing occurred to remind her. She gave the Devil a week and then decided that there had been a mistake somewhere. She also decided

that it would be wise in future to consider Consequences before speaking and speak accordingly. Which she did.

When Eve became a woman, a man—a Real Man, wanted to marry her.

Eve longed to answer: "I love you, I love you, I love you, and it does not matter if you are poor."

But she had by this time formed the habit of considering Consequences before speaking, so she replied instead: "I will be a sister to you, but I can never be your wife."

Another Man—an Imitation Man—asked Eve to marry him.

Her instinct was to say: "I don't love you and I don't respect you. I know you are weak, with many vices, and that you have lived a disreputable life. And though you are so very rich, I will not marry you."

After consideration of Consequences, however, she substituted: "I love you for yourself alone, and I will marry you because I know you are all that is good and noble."

Her Husband was just as good and noble as she had expected him to be—only more so. She didn't mind for the most part because she had a fine house, beautiful clothes and an automobile. But when he was drunker than usual he abused her before the servants, and the servants talked, so that all her friends knew just how good and noble her Husband really was. Which wasn't pleasant.

The Real Man heard of it and was very sorry for her, and tried in a nice way to show it. Melted by his sympathy, Eve wept a few instinctive tears, which hurt the Real Man and made him angry.

"Why don't you get a divorce?" he asked.

Eve wanted to say: "Because I don't know how much alimony I'd get." But she sobbed instead: "I must bear it for my child's sake."

The Real Man was greatly touched by her heroic self-sacrifice and loved her all the more.

Then her Husband got drunker than ever before and tried to kill her. Instinct and reason agreeing for once, she left him and consulted a lawyer about a divorce. The day before the papers were filed her Husband died in delirium tremens.

She hastened back to the conjugal roof and went to the funeral swathed in crape.

Her women friends wrote that their hearts bled for her and that they knew just how she felt.

They did indeed. They would have liked to write: "Congratulations! How much did he leave you?"

Eve replied, between the broadest of black margins, that the light of her life had gone out, but for her child's sake she would make an effort to go on liv-

ing. What she thought was: "Now, I'm going to live."

The Real Man waited a decent-interval, then offered his heart and hand.

Eve felt like saying flatly: "I'm a widow with money and without regret, and I would not marry the best man living."

But—she told him with gentle sadness that her heart was buried in her Husband's grave.

The Real Man said she was the most truly womanly woman he had ever known—and he never married.

Eve adored her child and brought her up in the way she should go. She taught her that it was wicked to tell lies, and that if she did it God wouldn't love her and the Devil would certainly get her.

The Child believed it.

One day the Child pulled a costly statuette off the drawing-room table and broke it. "Did you do that?" Eve asked her.

The Child looked straight into Eve's eyes and said: "Yes, Mother."

And Eve spanked her.

THE OLD TRAILS

By Harriet Morgan

AS a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place.—Proverbs, xxvii, 8.

Let us seek the old trails,

That led us years ago:

Rambling from the little hills to where we saw the sea;

Steep they were and bold trails,

And gleaming in the dawn,

And there, behind their furthest bend, was Home to you and me.

When we left the old trails

The world was all before:

Coasts that lured and promised us and stars that showed the way;

All the roads were gold trails,

And ev'ry shimmering shore

Called us—scarlet, wanton-eyed!—and who could disobey?

Now we seek the old trails,

Searching where they run:

Grass and weeds have swallowed them, and brick and stone in turn;

Lost they are and cold trails:

Time and wreck have won!

When the years have shut the book—then, at last, we learn!

BARBARA ON THE BEACH

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

I FOUND Barbara sitting on the beach, delectable in white icing, her quite unbelievable hair shining in the sun, and her rather sizable but very graceful feet crossed in front of her.

"Good morning, Barbara," said I, not throwing away my cigar. "Do you love me today, Barbara?"

"No, Peter," said the girl of my heart, "no, indeed, Peter. But I think you are very nice looking."

"H'm!" said I, "Well, now, you're not so bad yourself, you know. Would you be pleased if I should seat myself at your rather sizable but very graceful feet and sing to you?"

"You can sit down if you want to," said Barbara, which was not answering my question at all; "but you'll have to keep still because I'm thinking."

So I dropped down in Barbara's lee, and smoked, and watched her think.

This is the way she did it:

First she leaned back on both hands and frowned at the horizon. Then she raised her brows and pouted. After which she caught one corner of her under-lip crookedly between her teeth and squinted the opposite eye. Then she drew up her feet sidewise, leaned on the opposite hand, and looked at me with a cold, glassy stare. After which she shrugged, dropped her eyes to my collar, and smiled whimsically. Having done which she shrugged again, very crossly, scowled at the water, scowled at the sky, and looked back at me with an expression of acute distress.

It was very evidently a painful operation.

"Do you want me to hold your hand?" said I.

Barbara straightened out her face and smiled at me.

"No, you perfect dear," she said, "but I *should* like to have you lie up behind my back and be a dune. Would it be too much trouble?"

I know that's what she said, because I afterwards remembered having heard her say it. But at the time I didn't notice. I was too busy watching her smile.

You have never seen Barbara smile, which is a pity. But doubtless you know some nice girl whose smile you like to watch, so that you will understand what I am about to tell you. O yes, there are other nice girls, lots of 'em; though Barbara is the nicest. Barbara is so nice that she doesn't have to pretend to be a bit nicer than she is; wherefore she is a pleasant person to sit on the beach with.

But, as I was saying, Barbara smiled, and I watched her. Barbara can say more in a smile than most women can in an hour, and these are some of the things she said:

"Why, hello, Peter! I'd forgotten all about you. What an old dear you are, to be sure! We've been pals for a long time, haven't we, Peter? Ever since we were kiddies. You were an awful kid, Peter. Isn't it great that we always see the joke? And isn't it a great day, anyway?"

Those are just some of the things she smiled at me. And there was a dimple, too, not a big fat cupid dimple, but a—*a different* dimple, as you might say—a very small, very round, quite unexpected dimple at the left-hand corner of her mouth. It never shows unless she is really amused at something,

when it always comes out (what it actually does, I suppose, is *go in*) for a minute to see what the fun is all about. It is just about big enough to hold a poppy seed.

You will remember that Barbara had asked me a question. Doesn't it seem to you a long time since she asked it? Now, doubtless, that is just the way it seemed to her. But I didn't notice. I was thinking of something else. And when she spoke to me again I blushed. Sometimes I think Barbara knows I like that dimple.

"Well?" said Barbara.

"Er—I beg your pardon," said I.

"Aren't you going to?"

"Going to what?"

"Lie up behind my back and be a dune."

"Barbara," I said, for the goodness-knows-how-manyth time, "will you marry me?"

"Certainly not," said Barbara. "Why should I?"

So there now! Take that! "Certainly not. Why should I?"

Well, there was really no reason why she should. In fact, when you get right down to it, there were several perfectly good reasons why she should not. But they didn't make the thought of it any more pleasant. "Certainly not." O, well, she didn't have to, you know; etc., etc. "Why should I?" H'm! Some people had thought, etc., etc. And I guessed I could get along without her, anyhow, etc., etc., etc. "Certainly not. Why should I?" To the devil with the girl!

"Well," said Barbara, "aren't you going to?"

"No," I said, "I'll be darned if I do. You can lean on your elbow. I won't—I won't—er—lie doon—" Barbara groaned—"I won't lie doon," I went on with dignity, "and be leaned on by any girl except the girl I'm going to marry. It isn't seemly."

"Hmfthfh!" said Barbara, not without scorn.

And there was a heavy silence.

"O, Barbara," I said brightly, after several minutes had passed over our

heads with leaden feet, "I have an idea!"

Barbara looked incredulous.

"Let's go for a swim?"

"Dowanno," said Barbara.

Now wasn't that hateful of her? Such a good chance to be decent, too!

But there was a reason, and the reason—do you know Rolfe Alling, dammit!—well, he was the reason. It isn't only swims he's queered for me.

"Rolfe Alling is coming down tomorrow," said Barbara, "and I want my hair nice. Perhaps, after he's gone—but then, you'll be gone before he is."

I said nothing.

Barbara waited.

"What did you say?" asked Barbara.

I repeated.

"Speak!" said Barbara.

"Bow!" said I. Then I hugged my knees up under my chin and looked out at the homely green water, and the day was all clouded up and everything was spoiled.

After a minute Barbara began again, rather meekly, but choosing the wrong words.

"Rolfe Alling—"

"Damn him!" said I, and turned on her suddenly. "You can bet your life I'll be gone before he is. I'll go before he comes."

Whereupon I got to my feet and started off.

I was going, and Barbara knew it. And she didn't want me to go, and I knew it. So I kept on going.

"Peter!"

I didn't stop.

"Peter, aren't you going to say good-bye?"

"Yes," said I, "good-bye," and kept on going.

Barbara had to run to catch up with me, and when she had caught up with me she had to go some to keep up with me.

"Peter, I don't want you to go!"

I quickened my step.

"O, Peter, what makes you so *mee-an*?"

"Barbara," I said, and stopped so

suddenly that she had to turn around to answer me. "Will you marry me?"

This time she didn't say "Certainly not." She didn't even say "No." What she did say was, "O, Peter!"

I eyed her gloomily.

"Barbara," I said at last, "if you don't care anything about me, why do you care if I go?" Which was certainly a sensible question.

But Barbara was evasive.

"Why, Peter, I do care something about you. I think you are lovely."

"Hmfthfthf!" said I.

Barbara looked startled.

"Looker here," I went on, "if you think I'm going to stick around here and play obligato to that—that—to Mr. Alling, you've missed count. This beach isn't wide enough for us both. When he comes on I go off, or somebody's likely to get his feet wet. You can stay with him or come with me, but you can't bunch us."

Barbara was silent.

Things were getting stale again, and I played my last card.

"I shall be at Alison's if you should want me for anything. She's got a whole lot of folks over there."

"Who?" said Barbara. Aha!

"Oh, the Cutlers, and Dicky, and the Noyes girls, and Sue and John West, and Jane Crittenden, and—"

"Oh," said Barbara, "that crowd."

After a pause, "Which of the two Noyes girls do you think nicer?" asked Barbara.

"Neither," said I promptly, just as she had known I would do. She knew I disliked them both.

"I'm afraid you won't have an awfully good time," said Barbara; "that is, unless you like Jane Crittenden. Do you like Jane Crittenden?" Aha!

"Very much," said I fervently.

"Oh! perhaps you think her handsome?"

"Well, no, not handsome—but there's something about her, you know, something you can't explain—"

"Oh," said Barbara, "no, I didn't know. But it's all very interesting, I'm sure."

"Yes, isn't it?" I was enthusiastic. Barbara looked at me.

And there was another pause.

Then, "Are you sure Jane Crittenden is going to be there?" she asked.

"O, yes," I said, "or I should not—"

"Should not what?" Aha!

"Should not have told you so."

"Oh," said Barbara.

All at once she turned and started off up the beach. I was too astonished at first to move. She walked very fast and very straight, and I noticed that her head kept going higher and higher.

"Barbara!" I called, and started after her.

And just as I spoke her name, I saw her fall, quietly, softly, forward into the sand.

And I was on my knees beside her.

"Barbara!" I said sharply.

But she did not move. She was lying perfectly still.

What I went through in that instant it would be impossible to describe. It seemed a year ago that we had sat together back there on the beach. All the light words we had spoken became a mist in my mind, far away and unreal. And this moment, and Barbara and myself, and the water and sky, seemed somehow terribly detached from anything that had ever happened before or would ever happen again.

"Barbara," I said, "for God's sake, speak!"

"B-bow!" said Barbara quaveringly.

I started back as if I had been shot. And then I stared at her. Had she said that, or—but yes, that was certainly what she had said.

Just then I loved her so that it seemed to me I must die. But instead I laughed.

"Barbara," I said, "you only girl, what are you crying about?"

I tell you now that to this day I haven't the slightest idea what she *was* crying about, or why she turned and went just when she did.

But at that she began to cry in very earnest. And I knelt beside her; and

her sobs hurt my throat and her tears stung my eyes, but I did not touch her because I had not the right.

After a while she sat up shakily with her back to me and began fumbling at her belt. I put my handkerchief into her hand.

And in a little while she turned, with one arm over her face, and reached out gropingly with the other hand. It touched my sleeve, and I felt my face go white. But I did not move. I must remember that Barbara was not her-

self—I must remember—her hand went to my shoulder and I set my teeth, but I did not move. There must be no mistake about this—I had waited too long—there must be no mistake. I felt her arm go about my neck and tighten, and the sweat started out on my forehead, but I clenched my hands and gave her her last chance.

"Barbara," I said, "do you know what you are doing?"

And "Yes," said Barbara, "I know per-perfectly well."



THE BALLADE OF COCKAIGNE

By Herbert Winslow Archer

FOR me the street of pure delight,
At morn, when like a thief, the day
Steals warily upon the night
And drives its garish hosts away;
For me the highway ever gay
Whereon the town's wild children ply,
At dawn to sleep, at night to play—
On Broadway let me live and die!

For me its endless charms invite,
Alike when skies are blue or gray,
For me its lamps of red and white
Ne'er fail to cast a joyous ray;
I would not have my footsteps stray
Where never sounds its noisy cry;
A fig for every other way—
On Broadway let me live and die!

Where runs a highroad half so bright?
Where rises such a soothing bray?
Ah, cheerless is the sorry plight
Of him who needs must elsewhere stay!
And so I sing my roundelay,
Old Broadway's name to glorify,
The while a single prayer I pray—
On Broadway let me live and die!

Street of wild sound and flaming light,
Though bloodless boobs your charms deny,
Thus sings your humblest satellite—
On Broadway let me live and die!

THE EAST SIDE

By Adriana Spadoni

THE East Side is an old woman sitting in a doorway with a baby asleep in her arms. She has dry, yellowed skin, the brown orthodox wig, the sad dark eyes of the East. She holds the sleeping child in her lap and gazes above it into the crowded street with eyes that see back, back down the ages. The East Side is not one person. It is two. Someone very old and someone very young. Old, old memories and young hopes.

Hour after hour the old woman sits motionless. She is waiting. She looks at the things about her as if they were a long way off coming slowly towards her. She has waited and they are coming. But the old woman is a little afraid. For after all they are strange and rather terrifying. They will not frighten the baby in her lap. That makes the old woman very sad and lonely. She is used to being scorned, despised, abused. But not by her own. Will the baby asleep in her arms scorn her. That is the fear always at the back of the old woman's eyes.

She looks in the jostling, hurrying, striving crowd and remembers. But the baby's memories will not be hers. His memories will be her hopes. His hopes, dreams she cannot dream. She holds him so close that he awakens; she rocks him gently, crooning to him and after a fitful stirring he sleeps again.

She has had many children and rocked many children's children in her arms, but she loves this one best for he is the last she will ever hold sleeping near to her. She knows it. Before his sons come she will be gone. She sees it written plainly as she sits gazing into the striving crowd before her.

Will he remember? That's the gnawing doubt that eats day and night at her heart. When he has joined the shrieking, pushing, screaming crowd will he remember the still old woman that held him. She wants nothing but that, the surety that he will remember. But she is not sure; she can only wait and trust. She has learned to wait through centuries and hope is hard to kill.

They are very clear and vivid, these two, the old woman and the child. You can see them any time, but you must be alone. You must walk alone through the streets and listen to the sad chants in the synagogues, and watch the marriage dance through the windows of the hired hall, and see a white coffin carried from the black pitmouth of a tenement. You must see all these things and you must see them alone. Otherwise you will see only the grey heads of the old men, the knotted fringes of the prayer shawls, the queer customs of the dance, the many children all eager to ride in the single hack behind the white coffin. The old woman and the child you will never glimpse.

You will never hear the old woman crooning nor the stir of the baby as he wakes. You will never see his happy baby efforts to be free nor the old woman's tightening hold to keep him. You will never feel the sudden burst of anger with which he finally wriggles from her hold and toddles to the entrancing dust heap in the gutter. Nor will you ever, ever understand why she makes no effort to bring him back but sits watching him with sad, loving, hopeful eyes?

Yes. The East Side is an old woman with a little child asleep in her arms.

THE BARBAROUS BRADLEY

By H. L. Mencken

I
IT astounded Bradley that an emotion theoretically so gentle, so melancholy, should have a kick so paralyzing.

Kick was the very word that kept thrusting its nose over the edges of his consciousness: he couldn't help comparing himself to a man who had been laid low by some devastating collision of forces. Conjuring up such a scene in the days past, torturing his limited imagination to put his collapse of hopes into concrete, dramatic form, he had visioned something vastly more tender and agreeable—a fifth act in the key of G minor, *lamentando*, *sospirando*, perhaps even *singhiozzando*—a sad, sweet business, himself full of fine words, a good curtain at the close, a scattering of sympathetic applause.

But here he was, gasping as if floored by a blow. Here he was, positively weak in the knees—not figuratively, but literally, physically. Here he could feel a distinct tightening in the latitude of the midriff, an unmistakable shortness of breath, a ghastly clamminess of the brow. And all because Ethel Brown, emerging from the church—what church? A block away it was already dim, preposterous, vaguely offensive. Some archaic, outlandish name. St. Chrysostom? St. Zazimus? St. Severianus of Scythopolis?—all because this Ethel Brown, this Ethel Mason that was, emerging from this nameless church, this obscene mosque, this haunt of degrading superstitions, hanging on the arm of her beloved, smiling the nuptial smile, had looked up, shot a glance, turned her eyes away, and given so slight, so delicate, so barely perceptible a start!

Bradley had returned the look, and squarely in the eye. He had, in fact, gaped, stared, stood rooted. The platform of the street car had moved under him; he had made progress in space—but his gaze had swung 'round, momentum had yielded to that devastating magnetism. Over the heads of the policemen, the nurse-girls and the newsboys on the curb he had seen her—her bridal veil thrown back, some sort of bouquet in her hands, her face for all her smile piteously pale. And then, out of the ether, that paralyzing kick, that sudden benumbing of the faculties. Bradley found himself actually holding on—to just what he didn't notice. The car seemed to sway, even to leap. He had been taking a dry smoke: he bit off the whole end of the cigar and spat it out. He started a clumsy jostle through the noonday crowd of men and boys, stepping on some one's toes, getting his watch-chain caught on some one's coat button. At the second corner the car stopped and he found himself on the asphalt. Before him rose the Sussex Hotel, eighteen unknown stories above a bar that he knew as he knew his own office. He needed a drink most desperately. He went in and had one.

So this was the end! This was the Ethel Mason whose peculiar reddish hair had attracted him, whose pretty paleness had charmed him, whose chance it had been to gobble him, enslave him, marry him! This was the Ethel Mason he had proposed to set up as his lawful wife, admitting her to his most secret thoughts, giving her the run of his house and pockets, even, perhaps, showing her his books! Not a pious man, he yet gave thanks to some mys-

terious and friendly power, standing there at the bar, his foot on the brass rail, for this fortunate deliverance, this benign escape. Had he loved her? Well, suppose he had? What of it? she was on her way, she was gone; and as for him, he was again in a safe harbor, sheltered from the blizzards and tornadoes of amour. A man had to have his follies. Some gambled. Some drank. Some loved. Lucky the man who loved and got away! Lucky the loser in that crippling and costly game! And lucky above all others the man who could see his luck in a specific phenomenon, a definite (if painful) experience—the man, so to speak, who could get rid of all those poisonous electricities in one great spark—*exempli gratia*, Bradley himself. The sting was fading. He was becoming himself again. He took another drink. With it came a revival of the expected, a return to the tonic. There arose in him the gentle sadness that was proper, the agreeable melancholy that lawfully appertained to the situation. He no longer had any feeling of suffocation.

Thus restored to normality, he tried to review the whole matter dispassionately, and from the peaks of a calm and arctic philosophy. From these heights the prospect was more pleasant, but not, of course, without its blots. There was, for example, the plain fact that this Brown fellow was lucky, too—that it was almost as great a piece of luck, in fact, to marry Ethel Mason as to be relieved, by her own stupidity, of the necessity of marrying her. Here was one of the strange cases that set aside all the usual laws of chance and compensation. Here was a puzzle for gamblers, mathematicians, psychologists. But there was nothing in it, of course, to destroy the theory that Brown, though lucky, was also an uncommonly vapid and irritating ass. So much, indeed, might be maintained without the slightest suspicion of prejudice. No one whose opinion was worth hearing had ever denied it: the very bartenders of the town assumed it. Brown's relatives, perhaps, regarded him as a man

of some merit, and Bradley remembered that he had once heard a man named Jamison say something to the same effect, but then relatives, it was obvious, cultivated a very charitable view, and Jamison, as everyone knew, was almost as great an ass as Brown himself. Asses flocked and stuck together, like baseball players or pick-pockets. The thought was pleasing. It soothed and caressed.

Who, indeed, was this Brown, this gaudy bridegroom, this marrier of Ethel Mason, this new proprietor of the reddish hair, the pretty paleness? A fifth-rate lawyer, an empty and sinister creature, a sort of respectable shyster. Was his practise built upon his talents? By no means. It was built upon the influence of his poor old father—Brown, the banker, *James* Brown, the *decent* Brown, a man of arduous life and good repute, ill deserving to be cursed with such issue. Bradley knew the elder Brown very well, and often, in fact, had business with him—accommodations for Kelly, Bradley & Co. in spring and fall, an occasional personal loan. He was a fine old gentleman, tall, slim, polite, precise, with something of the Southerner in his speech. But his son, the marrying Brown, the numskull, the shyster, was everything that he was not. This Brown *fil*s had a peevish, assertive manner; he had pale blue eyes, with sparse, blond eyebrows; he cherished a ridiculous delusion that he could play the violin, and did it at the slightest sign of excuse; he had political ambitions; he belonged to country clubs and played golf on Saturday afternoons; he was intensely vain of a degree of LL.D., the gift of some obscure fresh-water college in northern New York; finally, he had the figure of an aurochs, the waist of a grand opera contralto, the hams of a hippopotamus. In brief, he was a huge barrel of a man, a grotesque animated balloon. Fifty pounds more, and he would be fit for the side-show—or the abattoir.

Well, then, why had Ethel Mason married this colossus of wind, this brob-

dingnagian vacuum? Bradley ordered one more high-ball—the last, he promised himself: it was getting on toward one o'clock: he was long overdue at the office—and evolved two separate theories. The first was to the effect that there was something in the mind of women, some streak of congenital insanity, some queer, unreasonable instinct, which caused them to prefer fools and rogues to men of serious worth. He thought of the women who clung fantastically to condemned murderers, of the women who eloped with other women's husbands, of the wives of actors, Wall Street brokers, prima donna preachers. So much for the first theory. The second was that this red-haired Miss Mason had simply made a mistake, that folly had led her into folly worse confounded, that she was doomed to pathetic and inexorable consequences, and her children and children's children after her, even unto the third and fourth generations—that life stretched before her under gray and lowering clouds, an infinite hollowness, a vain regret and lamentation.

Weighing the two theories carefully, Bradley decided in favor of the latter. Mrs. Brown was the doomed victim of an appalling blunder. The vision of happiness reflected in her nuptial smile was a cruel mirage. Bradley took a farewell drink and pitied her.

II

THE rest of the way to his office he walked. Though the sun was shining brightly and he carried a valise he felt a bit chilly and so stopped twice for draughts of prophylactic elixirs. Bradley boasted of his good health and had nothing to do with doctors. When he was chilled or overheated or tired out or used up he took a couple of good swigs of rye whiskey, either straight or in combination, and it brought him back to normal again. At the office he sent a boy scurrying for a pad of order blanks and spent half an hour over a Bradstreet book, seeking the ratings of certain prospective customers.

He was starting upon his annual Southern trip and it was ever his custom to make just such a preliminary inquiry into reputations and solvencies. But this time the thing seemed a laborious and puzzling bore, and in the end he discovered that he was looking under "Montana" instead of under "Mississippi," as he had supposed. He closed the bulky, dog's-eared volume with a bang and ordered the book-keeper to continue the search, giving elaborately minute instructions as to the method and manner of the operation and as to how its results were to be noted, tabulated and interpreted. Then he clapped on his hat and slipped out, as he said, to mail a letter. On the way he stopped at a café to inquire about a lost umbrella and to take a small bracer.

When he got back there was time only to shake hands with the office force, leave the key of his private desk for his partner, and rush off to the train. In the main waiting-room of the station he stopped to buy a Pullman ticket to Washington and a bundle of newspapers. Dropping his valise before his chair in the parlor car, he passed on to the buffet smoker ahead, and, with a highball on the table in front of him, prepared to doze over a morning paper. A short paragraph said that the marriage of Miss Ethel Mason, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Mason, of Germantown, and Mr. William Kilduff Brown, "the well-known attorney," would take place that day at noon.

For once, pondered Bradley dreamily, a newspaper prophecy had been fulfilled. The wedding was, indeed, an accomplished fact—and he, Bradley, was on his way South, but if any one thought that he was downcast, or even depressed, that person had reached the empyrean heights of fatuity. His feeling towards Mrs. Brown was one of friendship and sincere sympathy only—of broad, benign and almost impersonal benevolence. He felt that she had made a grievous error and that she would repent it assiduously through long, gray

years. He pitied her from the bottom of his heart.

Wilkins, a hardware drummer, came lurching down the aisle and sank into a wicker chair.

"You missed the fun," said he, by way of greeting.

"What fun?" asked Bradley, scarcely looking up.

"A bridal couple came aboard just as we started," said Wilkins, "and a whole pack of rah-rah boys and young girls in white slippers followed 'em. The rah-rah boys heaved rice and old shoes to beat the band. When the bride took off her coat, back in the parlor car, a long streamer fell out of it. It read: 'Be Good to Us, Mr. Conductor.'"

Bradley smiled without much interest. He had no fancy for weddings, nor for the stale, witless humor of wedding guests. Such things were for women and the callow.

"The girl's something of a corker," observed Wilkins. "She's got reddish hair—not carrotty, you know, but a sort of bronzish, metallic—"

"The devil she has!" exclaimed Bradley, with sudden interest.

"Sure!" said Wilkins. "Why not?"

Bradley vouchsafed no answer, but developed an inexplicable restlessness. He moved about in his wicker chair, he slid it to and from the window, he straightened his cravat, he pulled down his waistcoat, he labored with his cuffs and he chewed voraciously at his cigar. Wilkins, disregarding these manifestations of inward turmoil, launched into the prologue of an intricate anecdote—"one of Rosenstein's latest . . . You know Rosenstein, of course . . . The Boston pants man . . . short, thick-set fellow . . . Well, then . . ."

It was a Rabelaisian *conte* of the sort American men impart to one another, with loud guffaws and elephantine knee-slappings, day in and day out, whenever and wherever they foregather, afloat or ashore. Bradley heard the words as a mere unintelligible murmur, and so missed the point. Wilkins repeated the whole story, with labored

iteration, and then entered upon an explanation of its significance and bearings. Bradley did not even deign to smile.

"Maybe you have heard it before," suggested Wilkins, annoyed.

"No," said Bradley, "I haven't heard any good ones lately."

There ensued an uncomfortable hiatus in the conversation, during which Wilkins eyed Bradley closely and tried to decide whether he was ill, intoxicated or in trouble. Maybe some Southern customer of Kelly, Bradley & Co. had gone to the wall and he was rushing South to try to save—

Bradley broke off the current of Wilkins' unvoiced diagnosis by jumping up and reaching for his hat. "See you later," he said, and without another word he stalked out of the car.

"I wonder how much they're caught for," said Wilkins to himself.

III

BRADLEY walked on to the door of the smoking car, crossed the swaying, rattling, cinder-strewn vestibules and staggered into the Pullman to the rear. As he emerged from the little corridor alongside the stateroom, he saw them—Billy Brown, the unspeakable, and Ethel Mason, that was. Their chairs, he noticed at the first glance, were next to his, and Ethel's flowing skirt draped a corner of his valise. Thus fate played its jokes and stabbed its stabs! His seat was on the near side of them, and with a little warning cough he sat down in it.

Brown peered around the hat of Mrs. Brown and faced him. The pale blue eyes of Brown grew enormous and his blond eyebrows were suddenly swallowed up by yawning wrinkles in his forehead.

"Hello," said Bradley.

A couple of passengers nearby, with lazy interest, glanced up.

"Hello," answered Brown weakly.

Mrs. Brown swung around and, when she beheld Bradley, looked startled, flushed ever so little, and clutched at the

arm of her chair. Her eyes gazed into Bradley's but for the infinitesimal part of a second. Then they wavered and seemed to be searching out something ten feet behind him. Bradley, on his part, fixed her with what was intended to be a benevolent smile. The three sat thus for a moment—Brown staring blankly, Mrs. Brown confused, and a shade terrified; and Bradley with his strained smile. It was a moment which dragged itself out into infinite lengths and assumed the stupendous impressiveness of a geological epoch.

Brown broke the endless succession of eternities. He sank back ever so slightly into the gorgeous plush of his chair and began to take in a gigantic breath—a vast, epic sigh whose portent, whether of relief, physical or mental; or fatigue, or resolution, or mere vacuity, appeared in no intelligible symbol upon his face. Bradley, withdrawn from his inane contemplation of Mrs. Brown, fancied that he could hear a hurricane of air go whistling through Brown's teeth. His capacity seemed to be enormous; it was as if his lungs filled the whole of his vast bulk. More and more air rushed into him; more and more he appeared to expand, inflate and grow formless. And then, just as the uncanny wonder of the thing was lost in a sudden feeling of menace—in a quick, breathless fear which seemed to presage some devastating explosion, convulsion or other cataclysm—then, having filled every recess of his frame with air, and having thus sounded the depths of the unfathomable and touched the limits of the ilimitable, Brown turned his eyes upward and exhaled it all in one feeble gasp.

Considering the cosmic proportions of the cause, the effect seemed incredibly trivial. An ear-splitting shriek of released air, a noisy cacophony of collapsing vessels, shattering glass and howling gusts—this was the logical consequence of all that labored inflation. But Brown merely gasped.

"Whew!" he said. "But ain't it hot!"

Bradley started as if interrupted in

the contemplation of some paralyzing marvel.

"Yes," he said, "I have noticed it."

"I hate the hot weather," said Brown.

"It must be pretty hard on you—stout fellows."

Brown bridled up and a ridiculous glitter appeared in his pale eyes.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, "I'm not as heavy as you may think. I've been losing weight for six months—and eating just as usual."

He glanced down at his waistcoat with satisfaction, and even some color of elation.

"How much do you think I weigh?" he demanded.

Bradley was tempted to guess three or four hundred pounds, and so force Brown to a realization of the comic light in which his bulk appeared to the beholder, but it suddenly occurred to him that it would be more subtle, more cruel, and in consequence, more agreeable, to hazard a figure which was obviously under the mark. He hit upon a hundred and eighty.

But the dart was too small, and aimed with too much finesse to pierce the thick hide of Brown. In point of fact, he accepted Bradley's guess in entire good faith and it flattered him not a little.

"Oh, no," he said, deprecatingly. "Not yet. After a while perhaps—but not yet. I am down to a hundred and ninety-six." He paused and sighed again, though less remarkably than before. "And I don't waste any time on gymnastics or any such foolishness," he continued. "I eat whatever I please—meat, starch, sugar—anything. I ate two lamb chops for breakfast this morning, and I'll eat two more tomorrow morning. I always eat a hearty dinner—always *was* a hearty eater—enjoy a good meal. And yet I am losing weight." He paused again and ventured a smile. "It's force of will," he concluded triumphantly.

To Bradley this spectacle of a bridegroom on his honeymoon journey discoursing of foodstuffs, girths and feasting, and planning (for it was plain

that Brown was planning them) gross, gargantuan repasts in the future—this thing, to Bradley, appeared incongruous, if not actually indecent. He regarded himself as a good business man, and so held all sentiment in suspicion, but he had, nevertheless, a keen feeling for the fitness of things.

He thought he had at any rate. He remembered going, one day, to an Elks' lodge of sorrow, and meeting there a man named Hertz, who insisted upon discussing a strike of garment workers, in a hoarse, earnest whisper, while the orchestra played a funeral march and a bank of incandescent lights on the stage went out one by one, as the roll of the members who had died during the year was read by a solemn man in black. Bradley had detested Hertz ever since.

But no time could be spent in such ponderings of the higher ethics, for Brown and Mrs. Brown were sitting there and a need existed for making conversation. Bradley, thrust sideways by a curve, remarked that the train was a fast one. Brown agreed with him, and added the theory that it was one of the fastest in the United States, if not in the world.

Then as the cars clanked over a switch, Bradley said something that Brown did not hear, and Brown asked his pardon and besought him to repeat it. Mrs. Brown had heard it and she and Bradley repeated it together, to the confusion of both. It was an observation concerning the chances of a heavy rain following the heat. Brown disagreed and they argued the point at length. Finally Bradley admitted he was wrong.

"The climate changes," he said. "We are getting further South every minute."

"If they had a storm down here every time it got hot," said Brown oracularly, "they would be having storms every day."

The remark, though sensible enough on its face, bore to Bradley an air of hopeless asininity. He tried to analyze it and search out and determine with

exactness the thought or element which made it absurd. But the enterprise was beyond him and he gave it up.

"Where are you bound?" he asked suddenly.

Brown and Mrs. Brown exchanged a quick glance.

"We are thinking of stopping over in Washington," said Brown.

"Aha, Washington!" said Bradley, as if the information, in some recondite fashion, were at once expected and incredible.

"Yes, Washington," replied Brown, and Mrs. Brown echoed the word.

"Have you ever been there before?" demanded Bradley.

Brown said that the last time was years and years ago. He tried to fix the time and made several guesses, but each one he subsequently rejected. Finally he discovered a clue in the fact that it was during the Christmas holidays, and just after he had entered his prep school. From this he deduced the circumstance that he was 14—or maybe 15—years old at the time, and from this, in turn, he reached the conclusion that it was 17—no, was it 18?—years ago. Exhausted by this tedious ratiocination, he sought relaxation in another sigh.

"It was very cold at the time," he concluded, mopping his brow.

"Yes," agreed Bradley, "it usually is cold in Washington—I mean in the winter, of course. In summer it's generally pretty hot."

"So I have heard it said," remarked Mrs. Brown.

"The white streets reflect the heat," said Brown.

"Did you go through the Smithsonian?" asked Bradley.

"The what?"

"The Smithsonian."

Brown, after some deliberation, came to the conclusion that he couldn't remember. Maybe he had and maybe he hadn't. It was so long ago and his visit was so short and a man had so many things on his mind and—

"Well, then," said Bradley, with a

sudden recrudescence of his benevolent smile, "I'll show you around. I'm to be there a couple of days on business. I'll be glad to do it."

IV

MRS. BROWN clutched hard at the arms of her chair and shot an alarmed glance at Brown. A swift syncope seemed to overwhelm him. It was impossible to determine whether the look upon his face denoted horror, terror, indignation or mere amazement. Obviously enough he wished to speak, but for a moment his remark, as much as it pressed for utterance, could find no physical outlet. He sat absolutely inert and motionless, as if he had died in his chair and his corpse had turned to granite. Then he slowly pulled himself together and spoke.

"Oh, no," he said. "We couldn't think of it! We'd be a nuisance to you. It would interfere with your business."

Bradley waved away the objection with a gesture of infinite geniality.

"Not at all!" he said. "Not at all, I'm sure. Not at all, old fellow. I'll be glad to do it."

"But—" began Brown.

"I've got plenty of time," continued Bradley, growing more and more affable. A feeling of illimitable benevolence—of immense lovingkindness—welled up in him. Brown was an ass, and in Brown's triumph over him, in the matter of Ethel Mason that was, there had obviously been some base and mysterious treachery, for how else could such a fool beat him, Bradley? But all that belonged to the past. He was willing to forgive and forget—to repay fraud with service. Besides, he really had the time—or, at least, he could make it up by a bit of extra industry later on. And the thing itself was not unpleasant, for Ethel was still fair.

"If you tried to travel about Washington alone," he went on, "you'd fall into the hands of all sorts of sharks. The town is just full of them. They pounce upon strangers and swindle

them. They are on the lookout for honeymooners especially."

"How could they know we're honeymooners?" demanded Brown, with sudden acidity.

"My dear fellow," began Bradley, and then he paused to permit himself a smile. "My dear fellow," he repeated. "My dear fellow!"

No other answer seemed necessary, or even possible, and so he proceeded.

"I'll get you passes to the diplomatic gallery of the House," he said. "I know a fellow in the Peruvian Legation. He's very—"

"But the House isn't in session," interrupted Brown. "It's summer, you know. The House doesn't sit in summer."

"Sure enough," said Bradley, with easy agreement. "I knew it, but forgot it. A person hears a thing, believes it—and then forgets it." He stopped and cleared his throat. "In that case," he resumed, "I'll get you passes to the Congressional Library. I think I can work it through a man I know in the War Department."

"It's very kind of you," began Mrs. Brown, uncomfortably conscious that the situation was becoming painful, but Brown interrupted her—interrupted her in a hoarse voice and with some show of savagery.

"No passes are needed at the Library," he snapped out. "It's open to the public. All you have to do is to walk up and go in."

An awkward silence fell and all three fidgeted impatiently. Of a sudden Bradley's forgiveness vanished in a violent surge of loathing. This Brown person was not only an ass, but also a boor. Hadn't he just affronted his wife of four hours, in a noisy and booming manner, in the presence of a stranger? Not exactly a stranger, perhaps, but—so much the worse!

If he had no regard whatever for her comfort, self-respect and common feelings on this, the first day of their wedded life, what would he do a week, a month, or a year hence? Bradley fancied him progressing, by slow stages,

through impoliteness and thoughtlessness, to indifference, neglect and intolerable tyranny. He would become a domestic despot of the worst sort—a despot who would regard his wife as a mere machine for smoothing his path through life—a vast hulking beast who would live but to eat, gasp and doze—who would sit long over staggering repasts, and then, gorged with food, would force his helpless slave to listen to his fiddling.

Bradley had once heard Brown perform a composition entitled Raff's "Cavatina." Ever since that time, he remembered, the melody had been associated in his mind with images of a pale, scowling fat man—a man far too well fed to be a gentleman—drawing uncanny sounds from a violin.

Bradley was suddenly filled with a conviction that he had been sadly unchivalrous and amiss. He should have wooed Ethel with fire and determination. Women liked to be pursued, captured, dragged away. He had to admit that he had exhibited no such precipitancy or daring. He had paid his devoirs calmly and taken his dismissal as final and inevitable. And now (perhaps a woman's pique might explain it) Mrs. Brown was Mrs. Brown.

If a beneficent providence ruled the cosmos, why were such things permitted? Why was a beautiful and lovable girl—a girl with rare auburn hair, and in an alluring brown tailor-made frock—why was such a girl bound for life to a low, coarse fellow? Was there no justice in the world? Were there no laws in the land?

Brown, on his part, regarded Bradley with a rising dislike. The beast, it was apparent, had been drinking, and a few drinks made him insufferable. His obtrusive affability filled one with disgust. He had no notion whatever of the fitness of things. He was the sort of animal who would talk business at a dinner party, and so spoil what might be, in other respects, an excellent meal. Such nuisances should be taken out to some vacant lot and shot.

Brown suddenly conjured up a

vision of Bradley sprawled upon the ground, his fishy eyes staring upward at the sun, and great, gaping wounds encarnadining his head, neck, body, arms and legs. This vision became more vivid as Bradley's actual appearance diverged from it. In point of fact, Bradley's face mirrored an irreconcilable mixture of emotions. When he thought of Mrs. Brown's fate his eyes glittered balefully; when he gazed upon her as she sat before him, in her neat, brown tailor-made gown, her becoming hat, and her spotless gloves, his whole expression softened.

This last aspect filled Brown with almost uncontrollable antipathy. It was, indeed, too obviously a look of devotion. As such it was unquestionably improper—by all the laws, ordinances and customs of civilization, and all the canons of ethics. Six months ago—unpleasant but defensible. Today—an insult! So long as Mrs. Brown was Miss Mason, Bradley, perhaps, had some slight and obscure right to admire her and even to show it or mention it. But now that she was a married woman the thing was an impertinence.

Brown endeavored three times to lure Bradley into the smoking car; determined that, once there, he would abandon him, and if that were impossible, affront or fight him. The third time Bradley very ingeniously turned to advantage the yearning to smoke which this luring implied, and Brown found himself forced, to save his face, into going out to enjoy an entirely mythical cigar alone. He went as far as the vestibule and there his rage was swallowed up by the banging bumpers, the clanking foot-plates and the blasts of greasy, ash-laden, acrid air. Meanwhile—oh, scandal of scandals!—the bride of four hours was flying from home, at sixty miles an hour, in labored conversation with the bridegroom's vanquished rival!

V

JUST as the train entered the network of noisy switches of the Union Sta-

tion yards at Washington, Bradley suddenly grabbed up his travelling bag, and without a word of farewell, bolted forward into the smoking car. It seemed too good to be true, but Brown exulted all the same. At last the maniac had come to his senses. He was gone—let it be hoped, forever.

To what bourne he would journey mattered little. Some day, perhaps, there would be a two-line item telling of his death, or of his departure—or rather, flight—for Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceania—for some place with an outlandish name in some inaccessible, unheard-of part of some remote, desolate and dangerous continent. Thus thought Brown as the train ran into the huge, sunshiny station and came to a stop beside one of the train sheds.

"Well, we're there," he said rapidly to the wife of his bosom, and forthwith he proceeded to gather up their hand baggage and to fish for half a dollar for the porter.

As they stepped down, Bradley rushed up at the head of what seemed, at first glance, to be an innumerable horde of ruffians, and the latter snatched bags and umbrellas from their hands.

"This way! This way!" cried Bradley genially. "Don't bother about your baggage. Give me your checks." He grabbed them out of Brown's hand—"I've fixed everything. The boys here'll take your things. Give 'em your umbrellas. It won't rain before morning. These hot days down here always end clear. Never knew it to rain in the afternoon. Here, there, you," to one of his hirelings—"get a move on you! Get ahead of the crowd! Right straight through"—to the Browns—"Just follow me! It's a big place, isn't it? You'd get lost in it if you had no one to show you the way. People get lost every day. They have regular officers to do nothing but pilot strangers in and out."

Bradley did not deliver all of this long speech in the train shed, with pauses between sentences and other forensic embellishments. Instead, he

emitted it in a spurting stream, the while he pushed on through the crowd, and progressed across the vast spaces of the station. His hat was pushed back from his forehead, his walking stick hung from his arm, and in each hand there was a satchel—whether his own or the Browns' he scarcely knew. His menials stumbled along before and beside him, and in his wake, breathless, amazed and captured without a struggle came Brown and Mrs. Brown. Brown yearned to rush up and kill his captor on the spot, but the chance did not offer. It had all happened so suddenly, so unexpectedly and so violently that his wits, scattered by the onslaught, refused to fall back into ordered and workable channels. The situation was overpowering and incredible. Not only was he unable to face it; he was, indeed, unable even to imagine it. So he galloped on, dragging his bride with him.

Bradley caromed them into a taxicab and as the motors gave their first chug, he appeared himself, shiny-eyed, indistinct, fantastic, in their midst. As he materialized they heard him shout "The Raneleigh," and an answering grunt came from the chauffeur. At once his right arm assumed a horizontal posture and his outstretched fore-finger arrested their vision.

"Where you see that sand," he began, "they are going to make a park. As it is, the station is in the midst of a desert. You have to walk a block to the trolley. When it's dry, it's dusty, and when it's wet, it's muddy. New office buildings of Senators and Congressmen . . . Five millions. . . . A disgrace to the United States Private office for every one Capitol grounds, library, Supreme Court, statutory . . . Every tree plainly marked with its name. . . . Pennsylvania Avenue. . . Chinese restaurants, banana stands, hotels. . . ."

His words surged forth in an overpowering cataract—a noisy, disorderly Niagara of sound which made interruption or protest seem futile. He was eloquent; he was humorous; he was

genial beyond expression. Witticisms fell from his lips; his eyes were ablaze. A slight odor of rye whiskey permeated the air of the vehicle.

Brown longed to spring upon him and heave him out upon the rushing asphalt, but somehow the thing seemed out of the question. As for Mrs. Brown, she was conscious of a confusing mixture of emotions—ranging from undeniable indignation and disgust, on the one hand, down, or up, to a vague thrill of delight on the other hand.

After all, there was something stupendous in Bradley's assurance—something fine in his lofty disregard of conventions, laws and ordinances—and this something lifted her above her surroundings, and made her forget them. A woman may sit in a taxicab, wearing a brown tailor-made frock, and with nuptial rice in her hair—and yet feel a pale reflection of the glow which warmed her remotest grandmother in the days beyond writ and record, when a taciturn exogamist in wolf skins came swooping down to the springside and bore her away through the forest. The eternal feminine yearning is to be conquered—to face a spectacular onslaught and fall before it. . . . Bradley was a beast, but. . . .

"Here we are," came his cheery announcement of their arrival at the Raneleigh. The taxicab gave a heave, and then stopped, and a massive and ornate functionary opened the door. As his right hand engaged in this operation, his left achieved a majestic signal, to which a guard of baggage handlers responded. The functionary turned without a word and led the way into the hotel. A negro boy swung open the bronze and glass door, and a high-ceilinged, half-lighted reception room, hung with pink-gray silk and furnished with huge chairs and lounges, appeared.

"You had better go out and register," said Bradley to Brown. "Just turn to the right and you'll see the desk. They know what to do with *my* baggage. I always have the same room."

"Oh, yes," said Brown inanely, his mind still inert and anæsthetic before this swarming of events, problems and paradoxes. "I forgot it. To the right?"

"To the right," said Bradley.

As Brown vanished, he turned to Mrs. Brown.

"There's a good show at Chase's," he began. "I noticed the bills as we came down the avenue. The headliner is Maggie Maloney, the English singer. You've seen her, of course, but she has a lot of new songs. What? Never saw her? Well, what do you think of that? You can't afford to miss her. She gets a thousand a week—and earns it, too. These English, I tell you, have got it all over our American singers. They know how to *act* a song. They put some sense into it, and you can hear every word they say. . . ."

Brown, out in the tumultuous lobby, was scrawling his name at the top of a page in the register. He added "& wf." and proceeded to negotiate for apartments. The greater problems were unanswerable and so he put them aside for the while and tackled those that were obvious and thinkable. He desired that dinner be served in his rooms and that a waiter be sent up at once with the bill-of-fare. Also, he desired that no cards be forwarded to him—particularly no cards from reporters. Brown had once heard a United States Senator voice this latter prohibition at a hotel in Chicago, and ever since then, though reporters gave no sign of seeking to molest him, and he had never once held converse with one, in point of fact, in his entire life, he pronounced the same ban whenever he registered at a public house of call. It impressed room clerks—and it cost nothing.

When Brown returned Bradley was assuring Mrs. Brown that he would return at 8 o'clock, with three seats not further back than the fifth row, and on the left side.

"That keeps us away from the bass drum," he added sagely.

Then he suddenly departed.

"Don't worry," he said, "I'll be on time—and I'll have the tickets."

Brown found his voice in the elevator.

"The fool is half shot," he said.

"I'm afraid he drinks too much at times," agreed Mrs. Brown uncertainly.

Her acquiescence might have been more hearty, but Brown seemed to take no note of its inadequacy. Perhaps this was because a sudden memory of some incident of the past few hours fill him with indignation.

"The idea!" he muttered. "The idea! Did you ever hear of such impertinence? The fool deserves a kicking!"

He turned upon his bride and raised his voice.

"If I had been alone," he proclaimed, "I'd have punched his head."

Then the elevator stopped and the Browns followed the boy along the hall.

VI

BRADLEY, meanwhile, was stalking down the avenue. After a few blocks he crossed the street and proceeded to Harvey's, where he ordered a dinner of soft crabs and corn on the cob—a meal he always ate when he happened to be in Washington in summer. As the waiter departed with his written order he called out across the room, "And a bottle of sauterne."

"Yaas, sah," answered the waiter.

He remembered Bradley as a gentleman who appeared two or three times a year and always gave a tip of 50 cents, whether his bill was large or small. Fifty cents was not to be despised.

Bradley, immersed in an evening paper, permitted the Browns to drop out of his mind. He read a cablegram about the assassination of a Said Somebody-or-other in Salonica and another about the wreck of a Danish ship on the coast of British Honduras. Then he turned to the financial page and noted that B. & O. common was rising. He owned a little block of B. & O. common and the day's rise had netted him

ten or fifteen dollars. From finance he proceeded to business and concentrated his mind upon certain problems that confronted him—the matter of Blum of Nashville, for instance, and that of the man in El Paso, Texas, who wanted the firm to take checks dated two months ahead.

The waiter began preparing his table for the coming repast, producing a glass filled with cracked ice, a water bottle, a silver bread tray, a plate, half a dozen knives, forks and spoons, a plate of iced butter, bottles of sauce, cruets of vinegar and olive oil, salt, pepper—all the staggering impedimenta of the American restaurant table. He unfolded an enormous napkin, as large, almost, as a table cloth, and spread it over Bradley's legs. He turned on an electric fan. He poured water from the bottle over the cracked ice. He discovered and removed a stray crumb. He arranged and rearranged the knives, forks, cruets, bottles. He inquired if everything was satisfactory.

"Go get my soft crabs," said Bradley.

They appeared anon, and Bradley ate them with relish. He recalled the Browns and wondered what they were eating. No doubt Brown—the animal—was bolting a couple of porterhouse steaks, smothered in mushrooms—or, worse still!—onions! The fellow had the habits of a hog, and even his violin playing, which, in any other man, might seem a gentle accomplishment, in him appeared as a coarse and disgusting vice.

Bradley had once read an article on the "home page" of a New York yellow journal which maintained that the average married man, being happier than the average bachelor, was stronger, healthier and heavier. He wondered how much Brown would weigh in a year's time. No doubt he would eventually grow utterly helpless, and Mrs. Brown would become a prisoner at home, forced to fetch and carry for him and to listen to his abominable fiddling and his vapid conversation.

Bradley gulped the last of his sau-

terne and called for his bill. It's amount was \$2.40 and he gave the waiter \$3. As the latter, with a great show of disingenuousness, turned as if to go for the change, Bradley said "Don't come back." Then he sauntered out into the avenue and retraced his steps to the Raneleigh. It still lacked three-quarters of an hour of eight o'clock, but the lobby of the Raneleigh was comfortable and he knew of no better place to smoke his cigar and digest his dinner. He found a seat in a corner and stretched himself out, listening idly to the talk of two men near him, who were arguing about some incomprehensible election in some unnamed congressional district. In a few moments Bradley fell asleep.

VII

WHEN he awoke, he jumped up and stared about him, searching for the lobby clock. Unable to find it, he snatched his watch from his pocket and inspected it with bulging eyes. A feeling of great relief passed over him; it was not quite a quarter to eight. He had slept less than half an hour.

Bradley decided to wash his hands and comb his hair, and so started across the lobby toward the massive marble staircase which led downstairs to the region of the washrooms, barber shops, boot blacks and bar. The elevator was at the head of this staircase and a bit to one side. As he passed it, one of the cars roared downward and stopped and the door was thrown open. Bradley, starting down the stairway, suddenly looked over his shoulder—and saw Mr. and Mrs. Brown emerge! Brown was arrayed in a dinner coat and low waistcoat and wore a straw hat. Mrs. Brown had exchanged her tailor-made for a costume of greenish hue. The thought that crystallized in Bradley's mind as he halted and regarded them was this:

"Well, well; I won't have time to wash my hands!"

And then, for a moment, he stood there nonplussed. In that moment he

saw Brown take a swift glance about the lobby, hold out his arm for Mrs. Brown, glance about again, and then start off for the door of the ladies' reception room, at a pace which, in such a stout man, appeared to approach a gallop. Mrs. Brown was beside him. . . . Through the door of the ladies' reception room, Bradley could see the outer door, and through it, the street . . .

A sudden spasm of rage shook him—of astonishment, perhaps, more than rage. It was a device to get rid of him, to hurl his offer of hospitality into his face! Remembering his promise to return at eight o'clock, Brown had basely planned to bring Mrs. Brown down a quarter of an hour ahead of time, and at once leave the hotel, thus—

What an insult! To accept his invitation, and let him spend his good money for tickets. . . .

Bradley gave a gasp. The tickets! He clutched his coat pockets as if searching for them. He had forgotten to buy them! He turned wildly and started for the cigar counter. The clerk there sold tickets. . . .

But before he had accomplished his first step, it occurred to him that Brown knew nothing of his neglect. There could be no possible connection between his failure to buy the tickets and the flight of the Browns. He swung round and leaped toward the door of the ladies' reception room. The Browns had just reached the street door.

"Say there!" he called. "Say there, Brown!"

Brown's whole frame seemed to grow rigid, like a jelly setting. He turned into a black statue, balanced unevenly upon thick legs. Mrs. Brown clutched his arm with such fervor that he felt a tingle of pain. Her finger nails seemed to be piercing his coat.

"It's that—" she began, and then broke off, as if appalled.

"Bradley!" whispered Brown.

Just as Bradley reached them, pop-eyed, agitated, Brown came to life and achieved a half revolution upon his heel.

"You're not running away?" said Bradley banally.

Brown took in his confusion at a glance and became, at a stroke, illimitably courageous and severe.

"What made you think that?" he demanded.

"Well," said Bradley, "I saw you—that is, I see you going out."

"What of it?"

"You had an engagement with me."

"Who did?"

"You did."

Brown paused a moment to give his words full effect.

"I had nothing of the sort," he said.

"I am going out with Mrs. Brown."

Bradley glanced vaguely at Brown and then at Mrs. Brown. He addressed himself to the latter.

"Didn't I say I'd be back at eight o'clock with the tickets?" he asked.

"Didn't you—"

"I thought you said you had an engagement with *me*?" interrupted Brown.

"Well, with both of you," said Bradley.

Brown felt that he had the upper hand, that he was reducing Bradley to a pulp. The notion gave him a pleasant thrill, and even disposed him to magnanimity.

"I'm sorry," he said. "There's some misunderstanding. Mrs. Brown and I are going out."

But in that reckless mercy his advantage was swallowed up. For Bradley suddenly pulled himself together and grew wroth again.

"See here," he demanded. "Where were you raised? What sort of a deal is this to hand a friend? You ask me to show you around, and I offer to take you to the theater, and you let me spend my money for tickets, and then you—well, you try to make a fool of me!"

Brown felt his triumph departing. He tried to put a few words together to gain two seconds—one second—for framing a crushing answer.

"What tickets?" he said. "Where are your tickets?"

It was one of the accidents of war, this inquiry—one of those unaimed, thoughtless shells which search out the citadel of the enemy and put him to rout. Bradley clutched at his pockets—searched in his inside coat pockets, his waistcoat pockets, his trousers pockets, and slapped his hips. His wilting was visible.

"I forgot," he began lamely. "Wait a minute."

He turned vaguely and seemed about to rush off.

"I'll go get them," he concluded.

Again that feeling of victory lightened the heart of Brown—and with it, this time, came a gust of anger. The thing was growing intolerable. Was he to have this sot hanging to his flanks forever? Was he to be ridden and rowelled—and make no protest? He pushed Mrs. Brown aside and drew himself up with an approach to majesty.

"Suppose we have a drink," he said. "Suppose we go downstairs and take a drink."

Mrs. Brown made as if to utter some weak objection, but he waved her aside. "Shut up!" he said. She had not uttered a word. The situation was beyond her.

"We'll take a drink," repeated Brown.

"Yes," said Bradley, as if searching for an occult meaning in the words, "we'll take a drink."

VIII

Brown deposited Mrs. Brown on one of the pink settles, and stalked out, Bradley beside him. They walked to the massive marble staircase leading to the regions of the washrooms, barber shops and bars without a word. They descended and started along the brightly lighted corridors, elbowing two men who were having their coats brushed, past the barber shop, the baggage room, the Oriental, sweet-scented lair of the manicure girls, with its delicious air of intrigue and deviltry. The bar was at the far end, and just before one got to it there was the door of the

washroom. Brown turned into the washroom.

"Come in here," he said imperiously. "I want to talk to you."

Bradley followed him in and they stood before the long row of washstands and mirrors. A darkey towel boy dozed in a corner. No one else was in the room.

"What do you want?" asked Bradley.

"I want to know something," said Brown.

"What?"

"I want to know—" Brown's voice suddenly rose—"I want to know"—*crescendo*—"why in hell you are following me and my wife around?"

He leaned over until his nose was within four inches of Bradley's face. His pale blue eyes flashed rages unspeakable. His flat, round face seemed like a balloon. It was white.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Bradley quietly. A feeling akin to relief made him calm. So Brown was disposed to be belligerent? Very well; it simplified matters. There was now an open issue between man and man. It could be argued, fought out, settled.

"Maybe it's because I enjoy your society," he sneered.

Brown raised himself upon tiptoe slowly, ponderously, as an elephant staggers to its feet.

"I can't say the same!" he shouted. "I can't say the same!" He repeated it once more. "I can't say the same!"

He was yelling into Bradley's face. Bradley grew white, too. Here was the beast before him, savage, vile, insulting, flamboyant, defiant. Here was the eater of porterhouse steaks, the fiddler of cavatins, the gross, insensible, inhuman churl Bradley's teeth snapped tight.

"What are you going to do about it?" he said.

"I'll show you what I am going to do about it," answered Brown, and with that he thrust out both his fists, his whole bulk and weight behind them. They crashed into Bradley's chest, and he fell backward, striking a tall wicker

basket of soiled towels and going down upon the tiled floor with a great clatter. The darkey in the corner awoke and stared. Brown sprang upon Bradley and began to beat him furiously.

For a moment Bradley was out of the fight, but it was only for a moment. Then his hands sought the floor, he rolled Brown over and struggled to his feet. Brown was rising, too. As he stood erect, Bradley rushed upon him and struck him a swinging blow on the left shoulder. Brown swayed, clutched at the overturned towel basket and strove to regain his balance, like a rope-walker upon a slack wire. Then they grappled and both fell and the washroom resounded with the clamor of their battle oaths.

The darkey boy, collecting his wits, rushed out into the corridor, and began calling loudly for somebody named "Mr. George." Brown and Bradley fought upon the floor, rolling over and over in the pools of water there, scattering the soiled towels in all directions, mashing and battering the overturned basket, striking each other blindly, howling appalling excretions.

When Mr. George arrived—he was a bartender with a white coat and a bald head—they were on their feet again, and sparring almost scientifically. Brown's weight hampered rather than helped him. Bradley's blows came faster than his and they were harder ones.

"Come on, now, gents; let's cut that out," began Mr. George, laying his hand upon Bradley's back. Bradley shook him off and growled over his shoulder.

"Stand back," he said. "Stand back, or I'll soak you."

A tall, black bootblack came rushing in.

"Grab him!" shouted Mr. George.

The bootblack essayed to lay his grimy hand upon Brown's collar.

"Keep away!" exclaimed Brown. "Keep away, you nigger!"

A sudden sense of racial difference seemed to overcome the bootblack. He was from King William county. To lay hands upon a white man—wasn't

it sacrilege? What happened to niggers who. . .? He fell back.

Two more bartenders appeared breathless.

"You grab the fat one," said Mr. George to the shorter of them, "and Murphy and I'll tackle the other fellow."

Disregarding these peacemakers, the combatants drew gigantic breaths, paused a moment, and then came on again. Brown, as he leaped forward, lowered his head, and as they collided, it struck Bradley full in the nose. For a moment the shock staggered both and they grasped the air foolishly. Then a deluge of blood appeared and Bradley, feeling vaguely of his nose, got some of it on his hand. He contemplated it wonderingly, and then, of a sudden, came to life.

What followed was a rather complicated manoeuvre, but neither participants nor spectators noted anything but the finish of it. There was a wild blow with the left hand, a bit of quick footwork, another wild blow, still another—and then, of a sudden, Brown quivered and began to fall. He didn't go down all at once, as it were, but by degrees and as a dynamited building falls. First came a quick and all-embracing tremor, and then his legs bent, his head fell forward, his arms dropped, and he gradually subsided. Striking the floor, he unbent, and his head sunk far into the debris of the overturned towel basket—so far that his face was out of sight. Another tremor, this time a slight one, and he was entirely inert and motionless—a fallen mammoth—an overturned colossus.

"A knockout!" gasped Mr. George, half in horror and half in admiration.

Bradley, with one hand to his gushing wound, leaned over, uncovered his vanquished foeman's face, and contemplated it with a mixture of amazement and satisfaction. A few drops of blood fell upon Brown's waistcoat, and suddenly gave him a gruesome and even horrible aspect. Bradley turned away—and noticed for the first time that his own clothing, at least in front, was

scarlet. He felt only a slight numbness in his nose, and there was certainly no pain, and yet the whole universe seemed to be spattered with his blood.

Just as Mr. George dragged Brown out of the towel basket and began to pour water over him, Bradley felt himself grow faint. A curious lightness seized him, a feeling as if he were tugging gently at some insecure fastening, and preparing to float away, like a balloon. He grasped the edge of the marble washstand and, glancing up at the mirror behind it, beheld his battered face. A broad stream of blood, having its source at his nose, spread out over his moustache and both cheeks, and then, leaping the gully of his neck, turned his gray waistcoat to crimson.

Bradley stood there awhile, holding tightly and his mind a blank. Then he turned the tap marked "Cold," filled the hollow of his hand with water, and dashed it over his nose. The crimson color lightened a bit, and he tried more water. Six dips and his skin showed through the tempered gore. Very little blood seemed to be coming from his nose. He sniffed experimentally and dried his face with a towel. Then he turned toward Brown.

On the floor sat Brown, with Mr. George and the others in a kneeling cluster about him and his eyes blinking meaninglessly. Bradley took a step toward the group and then stopped stark still—his gaze riveted upon a vision at the door. The vision was that of a woman, and the woman was Mrs. Brown.

IX

PONDERING over it later on, Bradley came to the conclusion that Mrs. Brown, at the moment he thus discovered her, must have been in motion. That is to say, she must have been actually coming through the door, and at a rate certainly not slower than a brisk walk. But all the same, his recollection of her entrance was confined to a picture of a woman intent with life and yet in repose—a picture comparable to those queer, leg-uplifted

grotesques we sometimes behold on the screen when the kinetoscope suddenly breaks down. He saw her, every detail of her—her flashing eyes, her coppery hair, her greenish-hued raiment, her belt buckle, her parted lips, and even the shiny, black buttons on one of her shoes—and then he saw no more.

It was not a true fainting spell that blinded him, but a sort of general paralysis of the perceptions, more psychic than physical. One of the aides of Mr. George, it seems, observed his collapse, and supported him gently to a seat upon the overturned towel basket, with his back resting against the washstand. When his faculties returned and he arose again, the whole scene before him appeared unreal, and almost incredible. Could that be Brown, sitting there on the floor, mumbling incomprehensible words, and with a darkey towelling his face? And could that be Mrs. Brown, standing there so calmly, making answers to Brown's remarks?

The whole thing seemed an absurdity and Bradley felt an impulse to smile, but in a flash it occurred to him that if there was a joke, he was its butt. The idea was staggering, but somehow, it seemed to grow in insistence and clarity. And then there surged through Bradley sober a vast feeling of contempt for Bradley not sober. His blood-

letting had transmogrified him. His head was clear now, and he saw things in all their naked indecency. He had committed an extravagant and unheard-of offense against the proprieties—he had played the part of a red Indian—almost of a cannibal. The whole affair was preposterous, despicable, sinister—and beyond remedy. As a civilized woman, Mrs. Brown would have to put him out of her life forever. But if civilization thus outlawed him, its forms, at least. . . .

"Mrs. Brown," said Bradley weakly, "I ask your pardon."

For answer Mrs. Brown turned her head and looked at him squarely. He noted, with an uncanny feeling, that there was neither enmity nor contempt in her face. She merely looked at him calmly and unseeingly, as one might look at a passing street car, or a cow grazing peacefully in a field.

Bradley flushed and tried to meet her gaze.

"I ask your pardon," he repeated. "I played the fool. I am sorry."

But Mrs. Brown merely stared at him. Lifting his eyes, he gave her a startled glance. Her face was still impassive, inscrutable, vague.

Bradley turned and walked out slowly. On the floor Brown began the elaborate operation of struggling to his feet.



SONG

By Janet Jefferson

LOVE toils among the reapers
And wanders in the town;
Love knows no roof to shelter him,
Nor couch to lie him down.
Love walks upon the waters,
And fares into the hills;
Love makes himself a hiding-place
Among the daffodils.
Ah, Love, what lane so winding,
Ah, Love, what road so long,
That down its path you come not
With your laughter and your song?

THE HAIR OF MADAME DUVERGNIER

By Achmed Abdullah

IF you think that Death is a bitter fruit, you will think the end of this story unhappy.

But the man whose death this tale relates did not think so. When the grey shadow was upon him, even though he meant to deal out Death and not to face it himself, he encountered it as a loving Bride, and welcomed his little chance of clanking heroism with the deep-souled sacrifice of a Marquis Posa, with the smiling insouciance of a Syriac Saint in the days of Synesius the Bishop—and surely the arrow-larded martyrs of the Early Church thoroughly relished the canonizing arrows.

Also he was a Russian, which explains a good many things. He was not of those Russians who come to New York and speak of pogrom and pinochle, nor of those who study medicine in Freiburg and Berlin, quote Marx and Lasalle to short-haired countrywomen, destroy and rebuild the world over a glass of tea and a dish of Borscht, and then, twenty years later, reach the rank of Staatsrat and join the Major League of the Black Hundred. Nor was he finally of those thick-necked, blue-eyed gentry who read the *Figaro* in Odessa, and the *Novoye Wremya* in Paris.

He was a real Russian, one of those deep-eyed Kazan men who talk metaphysics to you and force handfuls of blonde, long-tubed cigarettes on you, ten minutes after you made their acquaintance over a glass of tea at a little grey-and-green railway station. And so he was soft-hearted, tense-souled, and unconsciously dramatic—an Asian Gascon without the Gascon's metallic tang, and of course his long suit was

Honor, with a large, capital, bull-necked H.

His sharpest weapon was silence, the sort of silence which smells of the steppes, the Cathedral of St. Isaac the Divine, and the loneliness of empire-conquering Yarmak. He had also the savor of a real man, glad of his manhood. But most Russian was he in this: that there was a soft, Slavic sweetness about him, to prick the tongue and set it longing after unknown, unknowable things, and that his imagination was all boyish and silvery-white, clear of the lewd, vague, tongue-showing satyr shapes which taint and rot the plague-spotted souls of Western Europe.

She was a woman of the world, a certain world, which lives for thirty-five years, is born in Batignolles and dies in Batignolles, but which in the intervening period flits from the outskirts of the Faubourg St. Germain to the outskirts of the Kurfuerstendamm, which is a necessary adjunct of Society as the Continent views it, and yet forever carrying the burden of grey warning from Mother to Son, though never from Father to Daughter. She could not speak to an Archangel without making him feel conscious of his sex; for on her stage all men wore transparent draperies, and all women were white-limbed Dianas, drunk with the view-halloo of the chase. But she was lovely, and she drove the hearts and the purses of men as breath drives a thin sheet of flame. Hers was the purple passion of a thousand hearts, the motley fancies of a thousand bodies; but she was French, and so she had a bank-account, and was just a little greedy and very, very clever, cooling

her hot Latin fancies in the clear brook of her merciless Latin common sense. Thus she rode with a loose rein and the spurs only, relying on her firm seat and the loyal sturdiness of her nags.

Her heart? It was as still as freezing water; but she had a dimpled chin, pleasurable hands which were exceedingly narrow and eloquent, and the green eyes of Castilian blondes with Goth blood mellowing the swarthinness of Moor and Iberian. Her finger-nails gave the mark of the rising low-caste: for they were too well kept, too highly polished.

Her hair was a voluptuous mass of red gold.

Her soul was a blending of diamond and fire-kissed steel, for she was always petting her own hard thoughts, and puncturing the lives of strangers with the dagger-point of her personality—a process which often resulted in psychic blood-poisoning, a black bloating of the stranger's soul, and then a writhing death and many Requiems bought and paid for. But then she had a figure: the sort of figure which has the subtle strength of steel wire, and at which you can gaze for two hours without feeling the slightest pain in either eye. Socially, economically and morally, she was a very beautiful product of tasteful sloth, scabbled with luxury and diseased with privilege.

But it has been said that she could blush; and when she did blush her color rose evenly, dawn-hued and tender, and never in patches and blurry streaks.

It was a hot, yellow summer day, with June well in, the sky clear blue and tightly stretched, the sun quick in coming and lazy in going, and there were sea-birds about, looming suddenly large and then fading into small, rapid spots.

The Digue at Ostend was crowded with some of the whole and half of the half-world of Europe.

Let us skip some of the story's action, for, after all, the real story has already been told in the characters of the Man and the Woman.

They were walking up and down,

Sascha (such was the Russian's Christian name), looking at the golden color of Madame Duvergnier's hair, which boldly breasted the golden color of the sun and played with its lights and shadows.

He was entreating her earnestly in that soft, purring French which is the pride of silver-mouthed Slavs, but she refused, smiling: for she had to go home and dress—there was a great ball at the Casino that night, and so she must hurry back to the hotel.

"Yes," replied Sascha, "you will go to the ball and be the queen of them all and break the heart of poor Sascha Ilytsch, for you will dance with them all. You will fly from the arms of the Marquis de Lubersac into the arms of that long Englishman who looks like a strip of boiled sturgeon, and then you will whirlwaltzes with that fat German baron who puts peaches in his champagne and mixes grey caviare with his raw chopped beef. Your body will quiver against theirs in the rhythm of the dance—and I will be there watching you, and then my heart will ache—"

"But, Sascha dear, I shall wear your flowers tonight, and the rope of black pearls in my hair, the pearls which you gave to me."

And the Russian touched her golden hair with gentle reverence, and then he kissed her narrow white hands, and she returned to her hotel to dine and dress.

That night she danced as he had predicted, while he watched her from a little palm-screened niche. And the sight of the men encircling her waist in the *abandon* of the dance made his sword-arm ache, and long-forgotten Tartar ancestors spoke in his blood and whispered of veil and harem and crucifixion and the sudden conquest which is red and sweet.

Then he heard her name mentioned by two gentlemen who stood near him, and he listened. They were both German noblemen, and they had that undistilled way of talking about women which is the top-left-hand-corner quartering in the escutcheons of all True Knights of the Holy Roman Empire.

One was a tall man, with a beak nose, a drooping Longobard moustache, and a cleft chin like a moving-picture hero. The other was short and red-faced, with the moustache of a cat and the feet of an aurochs; also gave he the impression of wearing Jaeger woollens under his evening-dress shirt, and during the polite reign of the mid-Victorian tooth-pick, his particular one must have been of gold and much in use.

They spoke of the many adventurers and adventuresses who crowded Ostend, and then Red-Face remarked that the Duvergnier was there, too—"Why, Heinz, look at that golden halo around her pale face—and when I knew her first, ten years ago, her hair was as black as night, as black as good thick Kulmbacher—but I must say that this golden hair is very becoming to her—"

Beak-Nose wondered—surely her hair must be real—but Red-Face replied with a laugh: "I know positively—she gets it from that famous Loisel chap in Paris. You see, that's where Hilda gets hers, little Hilda of the Metropol Theatre—"

And he was just about to hold forth gloriously on the delights of that palace of guilt wickedness and the other attractions of New-Berlin, when Sascha's white gloves touched him smartly on the left cheek. There was the exchange of cards, and all the rest of the things which go to the making of a duel.

That night our Don Quixote from the steppes prayed at length to Kyrill, his own particular Saint, then he wrote home to his dear chum, Boris Feodoritsch, and told him that he was about to fight a duel because a pig-dog of a Westphalian nobleman had made slurring remarks about the character of the goddess-woman whom he adored. He

did not say a word about the golden hair, for he was a Slav, he could feel between the lines, he knew that in lying about Madame's hair the German had really polluted her character. So he would kill Red-Face in the morning and prove to all the world that her hair was real, simon-pure, nature-spun gold.

Then he fell asleep, and he slept like a baby, for he had no fear and knew that he was going to kill the baron.

The next morning he had a very hearty breakfast, joined his brother-assassins in a little wood near Ostend, and then Red-Face killed him, and they wired to the boy's parents in sleepy old Kazan, and did all the regular stuff which such occasions demand.

He looked beautiful and boyish and very happy as he lay there in state, with the candles and the incense and the flowers and the little ivory crucifix in his folded hands.

And Madame came.

She knelt at the bier and prayed, and thought of the many men she had known, how each had schemed and plotted and lied to possess her, and how the only honest knight in all the world was the dead Sascha; and then she thought of Sascha's mother and felt very bad. She cried and sobbed, and her shaking body caused the tall candles to tremble, and some of the hot wax dropped down on her glorious golden hair, the golden hair which had killed Sascha.

Then she walked home in the violet-lidded dusk, and when Luison undressed her, she saw her hair in the mirror, and she took it down, gave it to the maid, and said:

"Luison, send this to Loisel. Some wax dropped on it. I shall have to wear the old one until this one returns."



JOHN DREW—The perfect gentleman "on"; the perfect actor "off."

THE BEST DINNER IN NEW YORK

By Melville Chater

A GOOD dinner is an hour's monument. Shifting the simile, we may liken it to a landscape painting laid in with infinite care upon a white damask background. From shellfish to *gâteaux*, its ingredients impinge perfectly upon one another without false or jarring note. Here and there *entremets* and *hors-d'œuvres* lend a happy touch of light to the scene. In the foreground your favorite cocktail sparkles, fountainlike; through the middle distance delicate mists arise from meandering steams of choice vintages, white and red, while from the horizon beckons the multihued rainbow of a *pousse-café*.

Ah, but the best dinner! If the Englishwoman takes her pleasures sadly, New Yorkers take their "eats" at least strenuously. Forth they flock at curfew in joy clothes of plain business apparel, delving the four quarters of Manhattan, intent on the serious business of the day—the unearthing of that certain little place, as yet unspoiled, where, says rumor, may be had the best dinner in New York.

Now, it is humiliating for the omniscient Manhattanite when a rank outsider introduces him to something rich and strange lying *perdu* within the domain of the former's native city; and so it was for me, the night that I was piloted to a little place in— No; I won't advertise it. But may you discover it one day, all ye jaded novelty seekers! for there only, I affirm, is to be had the best dinner in New York.

Of course to Carpenter, of Des Moines, Ia., there's no credit due. An ex-married man afloat in a strange city may unearth much in the space of

ninety nights. A year previous Carpenter and his wife had separated on account of some rift in the matrimonial lute—vocal ambitions on her part, I believe, superinduced by a lack of children and passion for canned operatic selections—and he had come East to join the home office of his wholesale drug house. Carpenter was a six-foot, large-handed, long-striding man whose clothes always reeked with the odor of essential pills; and he had settled uptown in one of those two-rooms-and-bath Saharas of city life, known as bachelor apartments, into which a man over forty reënters nightly, cursing existence.

Well, I took pity on Carpenter, the lonely, stranded provincial, and dropped into his office on William Street at six o'clock one evening for the purpose of showing him the town. I found him seated alone among the essential oil miasmas, whence all but he had fled, his feet on his desk, his hat crushed low on his brow, staring gloomily at a woman's photograph which he threw into a drawer on my approach. Cleaners were beginning to clean, the janitor was janiting. Carpenter cast up at me the lacklustre eye of one whose office is his only home. A question as to his impressions of New York elicited from him a broadside of invective aimed against our city's weak points, from the presence of prehistoric horse-cars, to the noise nuisance. Only yesterday a new tenant had moved into the apartment adjoining his; evidence of a piano and a canary had been detected. The specter of insomnia grinned and gibbered on his threshold. Your typical New Yorker is a patient beast of burden; not so the casual visi-

tor from Ivanhoe, Illinois, or Sunflower, Kansas.

I listened sympathetically, then sought to cheer my friend with the New Yorker's crowning piece of optimism—the standard prescription for all those who are in any way desolate or oppressed: "Where shall we dine tonight?"

"Oh, don't talk like an advertisement!" said Carpenter captiously. "I've read that column every evening until I'm sick of the sight of 'Tdh.' and 'Alc.' I've experienced the disillusion which begins with an ingeniously appetizing ad and ends with a flat, insipid reality. Everything in this town tastes alike to me. New York—the most overrated, overeating city in the country!"

"I do not propose banalities," said I, repressing a superior smile, "such as the resorts mentioned in public prints for the edification of wide-eyed, open-mouthed tourists. As soon would I think of tempting you with the product publicly celebrated by our street-car poet-laureate in the lines:

"Delicious soup, o'er you I stoop
So rich and rare on table,
Best friend of man, ten cents a can.
Oh, how I love Green Label!"

"No! Forget the popular, plebeian highways and come with me into the byways of culinary art, trodden only by the initiated and fastidious. For even dining has its esoteric side. As the instructed know, New York contains the *summum bonum* of epicurianism. To her larder all peoples have contributed their choicest, from the Mexican *tamale* to the Boston bean. Are you French, Italian, German, Turk, Greek, Magyar or Czech? Here you will find the delicacies of your native land. Does ennui cavil at the word restaurant? The chophouse, lobster palace, suey joint, hayloft, beer tunnel, backyard *al fresco* extend their hospitalities. Would you track the elusive Bohemian to his lair? Would you eat caviar and onion among strange-eyed, vodka-sipping anarchists planning dynamite outrages by

the dim light of the samovar? But leave it to me. I will show you the best dinner in New York. I know a little place—"

Carpenter smiled wearily, as at a familiar, threadbare phrase incapable of realization.

"I got into one of those anarchist joints the other night," he said. "A cop steered me. They were a mild, quiet-spoken bunch, playing checkers and discussing motion-picture shows. Their vodka was labeled, 'Mullaney's old pot—still Irish.' I asked to be introduced to a samovar, but they only had the regulation quick-lunch tea urn. The caviar—I know the manufacturer—is herring roe from Rockland, Maine. But I'm in your hands. Go as far as you like."

We walked across to Broadway and boarded an uptown car. As we penetrated the wholesale drygoods district I said:

"If you are inclined to sample the fare of the Oriental underworld, we will alight here, turn eastward and visit Chinatown, the scene of many a bloody Tong war. We will dine among the fumes of joss-sticks, waited on by Tom Chu Ping, inscrutable and evil-eyed; we will test the native delicacies—chop suey, birds' nest soup, fried shark's fin, rice wine. There's a little place—"

"I lunched there the other day," answered Carpenter without enthusiasm. "Joss-sticks always remind me of mosquitoes. When I eat stew I like it Irish. The American Gelatine Co. sells 'em their birds' nest soup stock. Yes, they pulled off a Tong war: three Chinks clasp their trusty hop pipes, dead in an alley. The real shooting was done by a motion-picture machine whose owners had hired 'em to go through the scene."

At Grand Street I proposed that we turn eastward toward Little Delmonico's, the pride of the Yiddish quarter, and sample its genuine kosher cooking.

"I've been there, too," answered Carpenter. "Waiter told me that the Jews have become so Americanized that kosher cooking has been given up, as a

loss. Remembering the Israelites' fare in the desert, I told him I'd take the nearest approach to quail, with manna on the side; and he brought me an oyster cocktail and corned beef and cabbage. Next!"

"Hungarian cooking, then," said I, as we progressed still farther northward. It is but a step across town to the haunts of the Czech, and his wild, gipsylike strains of string music. I'll show you a little place—

"It's a funny thing about that Hungarian cooking," mused Carpenter. "I was over there the other night, and they served me practically the same *table d'hôte* that I got in Kid Donovan's sporting place on Broadway the evening before. The only Hungarian things I noticed were the sign over the door and a kind of ipecac cocktail. Yes, the music's good, only just as I was getting the real Zingara-Budapest feeling, a barber shop tenor started up with, 'The Dish-rag Rag is the only Rag for Me.'"

"Come! A taste of true *trattoria* life!" I urged, as we alighted in the neighborhood of Washington Square, "*Pollo arrosto, spaghetti al pomodoro, insalatino di campo*, washed down with Tuscan wine. The little place I refer to is—"

"I get you!" assented Carpenter resignedly. "The word spaghetti reveals that you are talking one of the *table d'hôte* dialects. Yes, I've tried six or eight of those Italian places. I am surfeited with spaghetti, and I draw the line at dandelions. Besides, I never liked that rechristened California stuff. Come along, lest we spaghet!"

"Bohemia, then," I exclaimed, as we halted a few blocks beyond Twenty-third Street. "Turn westward here, and in a few moments we will be among the art students' haunts. Exclusive places, these! The stranger rings at a basement door, a questioning face appears behind the iron grating and shrugs him away with, "*Pardon, Monsieur, vous vous trompez!*" If you are known, however, you are permitted to enter. You pass through the kitchen, emerging in the backyard,

where at oilcloth covered tables sit bearded men with clayey or paint-stained fingers, chatting over their *bouillabaisse*. Reminiscences of Montmartre and the Atelier Julien fill the air; the great cube of cheese is moved at call from table to table. I know a little place—"

"I've tried every one in that block," sighed Carpenter. "The food is American as a silver dollar. Nary a frog-leg. It's been stopped by the S. P. C. A., or the Audubon Society, or someone. And it's the same with the people. The man next to me, the other night, was a drummer from Grand Rapids, Michigan, who talked about wood-filler. Of course they keep up the barred-door stunt as a sensation for you jaded New Yorkers. A hayseed like myself, who might take the bluff seriously and walk away, is welcomed with opened arms, and goes home with a stack of the proprietor's business cards."

After that I relinquished all hope in the *recherché*, and plied Carpenter with the most banal proposals, at the rate of three to the block. But it was of no avail. References to rathskellers, oyster houses, grills, cabarets, haylofts, at gradually rising prices, were met with the same weary indifference. Carpenter, it seemed, had been everywhere; he had tried everything, and—once more the hopeless refrain—it all tasted alike, all alike.

"Man," said he desperately, "I have been alone in New York for ninety days, or two hundred and seventy meal times, and I have not yet sat twice in the same restaurant. I have wandered all over the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx and Martini, until I am weary of the Quest of the Grill. Yet everything, as I learned to lisp at my mother's knee, is to be found in New York. If you know of any little place—since little it must be—whose fare will tempt a vitiated, home-grown appetite, lead me to it before I enter yonder open-faced, white-tiled *Café d'Enfants*, whose manager is not responsible for hats and coats unless properly checked, and order hash with an egg, buckwheat

cakes, and 'Our Astonishing Coffee.'"

Now we were at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. I could see Delmonico's lights in the distance.

"Carpenter," I faltered apologetically, "there's a lit—there's a place up the block that is well spoken of. Native, you know, yet quite in good taste. Let us fling ourselves upon the mercies of Gaston and beg his discriminating advice in the matter of a trifle or so—a mere celery *purée*, a humble salmon cutlet, or squab *en casserole*, with Me doc '85. 'Tis not much, but 'twill serve."

Carpenter sighed resignedly.

"I was there last night," he said, "and it seems too bad to break a record. Of course the things will taste just the same as everything else does; but it will do, I suppose, it will do. Come home with me, and I will put on a clean collar."

Carpenter lived in West Forty-fifth Street. Ten minutes later we stood on his threshold. As he unlocked his door he jerked a thumb at the apartment across the hall, and said:

"Our new arrival, the piano fiend. I'm going to complain tomorrow. Let's see the name."

He bent over to read the card displayed on the offender's door. A mo-

ment later he followed me into his rooms. They were depressing rooms, stiffly furnished, and ornamented with Greek statuettes, Watteau shepherdesses, and glass prisms that clanked. As for his wearing apparel, it lay about entangled in Laocoon-like coils—a sight so plaintively wifeless as to make even a militant suffragette weep. I turned from my survey to see Carpenter—who had grown quite silent, all at once—stealing out into the hall in a distinctly mysterious manner. After five minutes I peered forth, but he had vanished. The card on the opposite door claimed my attention. I read it, then using the door as a rest, penciled upon a card of my own:

"I won't wait. Blessings."

Evidently the door was unlatched, for beneath the pressure of my hand it swung ajar. Within I espied Carpenter and a lady. Her head rested upon his shoulder, and she was sniffing blissfully and drying her eyes.

"And all there is in the house," she was saying, "is some frankfurters, potato salad and two bottles of beer—"

"And *you!*" cried Carpenter radiantly. "*You*, old girl, after a whole year! All? Why, it's the best dinner in New York!"



THE DEAD SINGER

By Robert Loveman

HERE let the wood-dove softly coo,
Here let the willow weep,
Here where the winds and waters woo,
The singer dreams in sleep.

The music of his magic lute
Aroused the world to song,
Now that the singer's lips are mute,
About his bier they throng.

He hears, he feels, in sleep he smiles,
Through dusk and dawning dim,
Adown the hushed forest aisles
They bring their songs to him.

MADEMOISELLE

By Walter E. Grogan

JOHN WALTERS, waiter, that's me. Yes sir, waiter, for more years than I like to reckon. No, never been anything else. Never came down and never went up. Just a jogtrot through life. Had my dreams—little restaurant of my own and all that—but they came to nothing. Dreams are like that. As I say, there's only one Lord Mayor a year, and there's thousands dreaming of Dick Whittington. Never had the pluck to try to bring off my dreams. Had a chance once. Something quiet and nice out Brixton way. But a Missus always a bit ailing takes the go out of you. I stuck to a certainty. And when she died—what was the use? Jogtrot, there you have it. My photograph to the life.

See things? I should smile. These newspaper men think they see life inside out and upside down. But they aren't in it with us. Now, for instance, I've served a young European prince—royal blood, mind you—seeing life, with a high police official of his royal papa's at one table, and near an anarchist at another close by. Fact. What did I do? Faked the anarchist's wine. He was wild when he woke up and found 'em gone. Charged him for the dinner he hadn't had, too.

Romances? That means love affairs, eh? Yes, a waiter sees a lot in his time. Good food warms the heart. Perhaps that's the secret, perhaps it ain't. There was one story—

Do you know the Hotel Napoleon? No, you don't. Of course not. Because why? It wasn't its name. But it will serve. I won't give the real name

because I promised I wouldn't. It's one of the few promises I keep. It was a little restaurant in Soho. Not one of the written up places, all rum architecture and breakneck stairs. A little solid restaurant where you could get good food and decent wine. I won't go as far as to say that the sole was always sole, or the whitebait, whitebait. But they was very good imitations. And I've known many a gent called a gent as wasn't. Se there you are. There are tricks in other trades besides conjuring and finding the jigger under the thimble.

The Hotel Napoleon! I had a number of years there. It was run by Papa Gervais. He was a character, he was. A little man with a big head. Had a habit of taking snuff which is bad in a restaurant proprietor, being calculated to make customers uneasy. He was a Frenchy. He had white hair that stood up briskly stiff, a pair of white moustaches, always waxed—used soap, he did, for it—and a white goatee. A hot temper and a warm heart. It's the truth, sir, I tell you, when I say that old Frenchy used to dismiss the whole staff on an average of once a month—the chef today and me tomorrow and so on. We never took any notice of that. It became a habit.

Papa Gervais married late in life. He thought too much of politics—if a Frenchy can be said to have politics—to take notice of women. They do say she married him—snatched a copy of *Le Journal* out of his hands, slammed a hat on his head, and led him out to sacrifice, as you might haul a horse to Aldridges. That may be true, may not.

Anyhow, eighteen months after, Papa Gervais took a long ride to Kensal Rise and came home to the crying of a girl baby.

I was took on when Lucille was five. She sat on the knee of Papa Gervais when he interviewed me. A strange child, all big black eyes and curly black hair. She was dressed in a tartan silk frock—horrible it looked—with a purple sash, white socks and crimson shoes. You see, Papa bought her things himself, and was guided solely by the baby's choice. Well, both were pleased, so what did it matter? You get used to being startled.

All the time I was answering Papa Gervais—he asked as many questions as an old maid engaging a new housemaid—Mees Lucille stared gravely at me. She was old-fashioned as a kid gets who is always about with oldin people. You know, sir, they always make me think of the picture of a kid dressed up in spectacles and cap and thinks and saying "I'm grandmother," only with these they don't dress up. They have to try to be old in themselves. It's rough on 'em, it's—

Fond of children? Well, I'm more or less human. Understand them? That's better. Sir, begging your pardon, for none as isn't inhuman, hard and cruel could help being fond of 'em. But lots don't understand 'em. I do. I had seven of my own—have, I may say, for they're always kids to me. And one is six foot three, and has made me a grandfather four times over.

Here, I'm mixing my salad pretty bad, eh! Got as far as that unnaturally dressed, old-fashioned baby staring at me. Presently she smiled slightly. You know how a baby will—sort of "Look here, can you do this sort of thing, will you?" invitation as plain as boiled potatoes. Well, understanding kids, I couldn't help smiling back. That did it. She slid off Papa's sharp knee and ran at me, laughing.

"I like you," she said, and repeated the remark in French—Papa educated her in that way, everything said twice over in two languages, if you know

what I mean. She grabbed me above the knees, and rubbed her red cheek against my trouser leg. And I tossed her into the air and laughed to hear her shout of glee, quite forgetting myself. In a moment I put her down on the floor and apologized. What I said I don't remember. I was mad with myself, and as confused as a kitchen boy found sampling the fruit. I am sure Papa did not hear a word.

He rose, wagging his big head, and put one hand on his daughter's curly wig.

"Mademoiselle Lucile approves. You are engaged." He spoke as though he was making me Lord Mayor and his coachman at one and the same time.

So I came to the Hotel Napoleon.

If ever a man loved a child, Papa Gervais loved Lucille. It was worship, sheer rank idolatry. And he never knew what to say to her, or what to do, or how to dress her, and never at one moment in his life did he get within shouting distance of understanding her. I have seen that blessed old man, white hair and all, with the rooms crammed, jammed with diners—our half-crown touch was the honestest best in Soho—repeating to himself some nursery rhyme while we was waiting for him to hand out the Chianti. And he never could learn 'em, and when he did he repeated them to her in such a way that she couldn't understand 'em a bit. All the life and fun gone like Hamlet on a cinema. You see, sir, you have to keep a bit of you still a kid to understand a kid—and Papa Gervais was very old.

Lucille and me got on like winking. I used to be a good hand at oranges and corks and apples. You know, sir, a sharp knife and you make a monk or an old woman as near as will please a kid. I could make faces, what professional gents call "pulling a mug" and that's a royal way to a kid's love. Well, well, I'd a sight of practise with my own seven. She called me Old John. I wasn't old then, rather under forty, but the rest were raw Swiss boys and Italian hobbledehoyes.

Papa Gervais sent Lucille to school

very early. A good school, mind you. Then we saw her during holiday time only. When she was thirteen she was shipped abroad. Paris, I think. Papa Gervais was set on a good education.

"To know, my good John, is to appreciate," he said to me. He made a habit of preaching at me, sir, when he wasn't discharging me, for he took a deal more notice of me than any of the others. "I intend that the little Lucille shall be full of knowledge and so full of appreciation. I wish very much that she shall be happy." Of course, I approved of his scheme, he was my *gouv'nor*, but between ourselves, sir, happiness is a thing as can't be taught or learned—not in the way Papa Gervais thought.

So Lucille went away and did not return for five years. It was, from all accounts, a slap up school. And she made friends. And she was invited to spend her holidays with those friends.

Papa Gervais told me of it, sitting in his little back room under the staircase, with the shelves of wines and liqueurs and cordials and cigars. It was between dinner and supper. He poured out two *petits verres* of cognac. A generous employer, sir, was old Papa Gervais—at times.

"She is a lady, my daughter—that is true." I can see him now, wagging his big head pompously, and sipping at the cognac and making a wry face. He really liked *eau sucrée*, but, on great occasions, thought cognac more seemly, if you know what I mean. "I, Papa Gervais, make her into a lady. She has the education, the good school; I call myself to the proprietress of *Chevalier Gervais*. It is a pretty title. It is one I should have chosen, if I had been successful in war. Ah! you did not know, my poor John. It was my dream. I have in me the heart, the brain of a soldier. Look you! the great Napoleon was a little man, and your Lord Bobs or Sir Garnet Roberts, your English titles worry me, is also small, but good. So see! Very well. Now I give my daughter the few years of the best. She is happy. I alas! cannot

make her happy; I have not the gift of cutting oranges. So until she has learned all she shall go about and see nice houses, meet well-born people and have so many friends. And Papa Gervais is happy, too, to be lonely."

The day Lucille returned was a trying one for us all, sir. Papa Gervais dismissed the whole staff twice over before lunch. At five o'clock Papa Gervais took his stand at the door, to be ready to receive her at half past, if the train was punctual, which being the Chatham and Dover, sir, was a sign of great hopefulness. He would not go to the station.

"I have the fear it makes me craven," he said. "Suppose I should not know her?"

"She will be like you, sir," I suggested. We have to be diplomatic, sir, in our sphere of life.

"*Le Bon Dieu* forbid!" he cried. "What a truly horrible thought. Take a month's notice from now."

"Very good, sir," I replied, "I'll go at once."

"And desert me! The ingratitude. Why, *mon ange* asked after you in her very last letter. To your post, John."

At a quarter to six a hansom stopped outside—the taxis had only just come in then, sir, and mostly broke down when you engaged 'em. The staff was all waiting about near the door. An early diner sat in the corner of the long salon, and rang a bell every half minute and no one took any notice of him.

A short, slender, elegant young lady descended in a whirl, and in a minute was embracing Papa Gervais. She was dressed—well not in the manner of Papa Gervais. She had the way of making everybody else look a bit cheap, if you know what I mean.

Papa Gervais conducted her upstairs to the little sitting-room he had furnished for her. It smelt very much of soap and furniture polish, but he was proud of it. Presently I knocked and went in. Just to see, sir, if she cared to have anything after her journey.

"It is not to her taste," Papa Gervais said sadly, looking round at the

red plush chairs and the crimson carpet and the red rose wall paper. "And they assured me, with tears, that it was *tres chic*. She prefers older and soberer things. It is wonderful in one so young."

"John!" Mademoiselle was off her seat, her red lips parted, her eyes sparkling, the red roses blooming with delightful suddenness in her cheeks. "It is old John." She rushed at me—elegant as she was—and threw her arms round my shoulders.

"But, Mademoiselle Lucille, you must not," I cried. I caught Papa Gervais' frown. A waiter has to respond to an employer's frown.

"Pshaw! For why not? And again why 'Mamselle'? Am I not little Lucille. And home. No more lessons Oh! you dear old thing." She, Mademoiselle Lucille, sir, kissed me on the right cheek—very near miss of my eye, sir, it was—but I shouldn't have minded. "I'm tired of Paris—sick of it—and I love the Hotel Napoleon. And you must cut me an old woman out of the biggest apple Papa has."

So there she was. And we fell down and worshipped her. That's a fact.

She was born with the business head, that Lucille. She took over the accounts and the books and saw to the ordering like a duck taking to water. Papa Gervais growled at first. But he had to give in. Everyone did.

Then, not six months after, Papa Gervais gave in altogether. In short, sir, he died. I think trying to understand his wonderful daughter wore him out. I have seen him looking at her and shaking his head for all the world like an old dog that has mothered a kitten. He was very old and it all worried him.

Mademoiselle was adorable in black. Her white face, and sad eyes, and black curly hair, and the little trick of shrugging her shoulders and sighing when she thought no one was looking made us her slaves. Not once, for three months, did anyone ask for a rise.

A second cousin—elderly, and afflicted, sir, with the worst rheumatism and

the most devoted love for *cidre* that I have ever known in a woman—came from Normandy. Mademoiselle continued the hotel.

She opened her heart to me. She had the real French manner, open, frank, voluble. That is, sir, when she desired to be open and frank—voluble she always was, for she was a very womanly woman. She had a discreet head, though; I tell you the wine growers found her far less easy to deal with than the warlike Papa.

"John," she said to me three weeks after she put on her mourning, "I have made up my mind not to sell this business. For me—I adore business. It is profitable, this little shed of a place, and I adore money. It is bright, these rooms of good eating, and I love brightness."

"You will carry it on, Mademoiselle?" I cried out, being a bit bowled over.

"For why not?"

"You are, pardon me, a girl," I said. It was awkward explaining my point of view, sir.

"But I have a good head."

"Ah! that, yes. . . . But alone, a young girl, no chaperone." I floundered through it. I had girls of my own. I took very great care of them—though on my word, sir, I don't think I need have. They were good, but not even a blind man could have called them pretty. But Mademoiselle was different. She was a beauty.

"Ah! you English." She made a grimace. "But, behold, I have a chaperone. *La Belle Cousine* Jeannette. She is old enough to be of the very best character."

"But she keeps her room, Mademoiselle."

"Then, my poor John, she is not in the way. And as for me, I can take care of myself, I." And she could, sir, one felt quite sure of that.

It might have been four months after the death of Papa Gervais, it may have been five, I can't be quite sure, sir, when the young gent turned up. It was before the strawberries and cream time,

but new potatoes were well in, the English sort, I mean. Well, he came in one evening. Quite a toff, sir. Rather unusual, that. We got gents and actors and artists but not toffs. He was not in evening dress—just a lounge of dittoes, pot hat and overcoat. But I knew his sort, sir. Better known at the Ritz or Carlton than in Soho, I thought. I took his coat—Cork Street cut.

He was tall, very fair, and I suppose goodlooking. One of them clean-built gents, sir, as might be a boxer or a county cricketer. Out of the tail of my eye I saw three small part ladies staring at him, so that's why I knew he was handsome.

I placed the menu before him and he stared at it fixedly. "Good gad," he said at length, "do you give all this for half a crown?"

"You will perceive, sir, that many of the dishes are 'or,' sir," I explained. "The little word 'or' signifies a choice."

"Oh," he replied cheerfully, "that whittles it down a bit, doesn't it?"

We got quite chatty during the course of the dinner. I looked after him myself and recommended the Chianti, which was certainly our best value. All bills were settled at the little boxed-in desk near the door. Papa Gervais used to sit there. There were cigarettes and cigars for sale in it. That evening, Mademoiselle Lucille herself sat there. We were without a cashier at the time—Miss Simmonds had mumps, a disfiguring complaint, sir. Generally Linski, one of the waiters, filled in, but when we had a rush he had to be in the upstairs room. There was a rush that evening.

At ten o'clock, a slack time, sir, Mademoiselle came over to me as I was putting my tables in order for supper.

"That was a new customer, John," she said.

"Which?" I asked, though I very well knew which.

"The young man with fair hair." She described him like a photograph, sir. She had noticed him to some purpose.

"Yes. A new one, Mademoiselle, he was," I answered, "in the tailoring line, I should say." You see, I didn't want her to go dreaming about young men. And of his class, too.

"John," she said sharply. "You're getting old."

He came in pretty regularly after that. His name was St. Avery, he told me. Charles St. Avery. After a week he took to coming late, one thing *à la carte* suited him better than a lot of messes, he said. Sometimes Mademoiselle used to cross over to his table and talk to him. I interrupted as much as I could. It's wonderful what a lot of fuss you can make with condiments. You see, sir, I wasn't blind. I've had a lot of experience. And Mademoiselle, who was generally bright and witty and laughing, and yet "keep-your-distance, young man," with her customers, if you know what I mean, was grave with him.

I saw things weren't going well with Mr. Charles as I got to calling him. Chose the cheaper dishes, took to keeping his jacket buttoned up. They always do at first, when the watch and chain goes. Perhaps they feel a bit chilly with only a pawn ticket. I don't know.

I suppose she noticed. Anyhow she said to me one day after lunch—keeping her head turned away, which was unusual—"John," she said, "your Mr. Charles is a regular customer. You can tell him it will be a convenience to our books if he lets his account run, say, a month—or two—or six."

I said: "A very great convenience, for it'll save putting down anything." She was in a temper over that, bless her heart. "You are impertinent, John," she cried. "And I will not have it so. You shall go—"

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," I broke in, "your Papa discharged me once a month, and I'm still here. And here I remain. So it's no use your taking to his habits, Mademoiselle."

Well, I told Mr. Charles. And he turned the color of a cooked lobster. "Certainly not," he said, and ordered one of our best Burgundies. I knew

he would. He was that sort. Proud as a poultry yard of peacocks, he was.

A night or two afterwards Mr. Charles called me over. Mademoiselle had been speaking to him but a waiter had come for her on a matter of business. I saw by the toss of her head as she didn't like the interruption. They had been quiet enough, no giggling or chaff, sir, but talked very earnestly like old friends. And her eyes—they were like the best electric lights, very bright. It gave me a turn to see them. Because, you see, sir, although a bit under a cloud, as was pretty patent, Mr. Charles was a top-hole toff. And Mademoiselle, for all her education, was the keeper of a Soho restaurant.

"Oh, John," says Mr. Charles, "can you tell me of some cheap lodgings? I can't afford mine any longer. They must be damn cheap. One room'll do. Anywhere where I can write. You know I am an author." He spoke as though he was quite proud of it. Funny that, sir. But I could see with half an eye he was no author. I know the breed pretty well, sir. Unreliable gents, very.

"I don't know offhand, sir, but if I can think of anything I'll let you know," I told him.

I let fall a word to Mademoiselle. We all of us make mistakes. I was sick with myself directly I had spoken.

"John, he must be awfully poor," she said in a shocked, pitying voice. Then, in a flash, she had an idea. It's wonderful how quick women are with ideas when there's a man in the case. "Haven't you a room, John?" she asked.

"Me! Highbury's a bit off the map for a real toff, Mademoiselle," I explained. "And my last lodger was a coal merchant's clerk and very regular in his payments." My girl, Eugenia, cooked and did for one lodger—it helped with the rent.

"Of course," Mademoiselle said, looking at her blotter and getting as red as its paper. "I shouldn't let you lose by accommodating a customer of the Hotel Napoleon."

Mr. St. Avery got my first floor let—a sitting-room and bedroom communicating, what is called *en suite*, sir—dirt cheap, Mademoiselle fixing the price, and making it up to me. I thought he would have smelt a rat, but bless you, sir, he was a babe in worldly matters. He was too much the toff to know the price of things in my world.

I was right as to his being no author, sir. He wrote a good deal and spent a lot on stamps. And that was all there was to it.

He chatted to me sometimes—mostly about Mademoiselle. It was quite plain that he admired her. I tried to choke him off the subject, but it kept cropping up.

An evening, in July it was, hot, stuffy, one of those nights the smell of cooking makes you think lovingly of starvation—when I went into the little room under the stairs where old Papa Gervais used to superintend the wines. I had been going through the plate and table linen upstairs, leaving Linski to look after Mr. Charles. Well, sir, Mademoiselle was sitting in the broken down arm chair and crying.

I said, "Miss Lucille," going back to old days, "whatever is the matter?"

She sat up, dabbing at her eyes with a ball of a handkerchief. A little thing she was—she looked very young and very sad.

"It is nothing, John," she said. "There is no matter. So there. . . . But it is heart breaking. Mr. Charles's book has come back again. His so beautiful book."

"Oh, that was the parcel that came this morning," I said. "He wastes an awful lot on the Postmaster General."

"He has no hope left. . . . He is to leave—to go branching or whatever it is in Texas or Argentina."

"Ranching you mean, Mademoiselle."

"I do not care what you call it. . . . I offered to lend him—oh, he was so hurt. But why? It is silly. If I am a girl I am human. Because I am of other sex is nothing to do with business. He would take from a man, what you

call pal. But me—oh, no. . . . John, what a fool a man can be, what a great big fool. Money! It is nothing at all but stupid metal if it can't buy—buy. . . . Oh, I have no patience with your Mr. Charles. He is a great, big, blind, stupid, exasperating baby. Why can't he—" She paused a minute. I could see her bosom swell and swell and the fresh young blood dye her cheeks. At her breast was a big red rose. Suddenly she snatched it from her bodice.

"Give this to your Mr. Charles—from me," she said, speaking in a low, queer voice.

"But no, Mademoiselle," I cried. She jumped up and stamped her foot.

"At once, John. It is my order."

"You don't know what he would think," I gasped.

"I do—and I am afraid he won't." She smiled queerly, hanging her head a little, but her eyes were quite unashamed, sir.

"I cannot, Mademoiselle. And if you like I'll take from you what I never took from your Papa—a month's notice."

Then she turned soft, sir, and I was lost.

"John," she said, "because I ask you. For the memory of all the apple and orange faces you cut for me to make me happy when I was a child." She smiled up at me. "I want to be happy still."

I marched up to Mr. Charles. He was shading his face from the electric light with his hand. I put the rose down on the table cloth. "With Mademoiselle's compliments," I said gruffly. "Shall I get your hat, sir?"

He looked up when I spoke and caught at the rose. It went half way to his lips and then he hesitated. Finally he placed it in his buttonhole with a half careless gesture.

"By jove!" he said, "that's very good of Mademoiselle. Tell her I shall keep it in remembrance. I am going to cut it, John. I've had rotten luck . . . other chaps have had the same, so I shan't squeal. . . . I have enough left to get out to a new country. . . . I

can ride above a bit, and am sound in wind and limb with no particular vices. In short, a decent animal, John. So—"

He broke off suddenly, and rose, overturning his chair. Mademoiselle Lucille had followed and was standing quite close. Habit is very strong in human nature, sir, and I was just stooping to pick up the chair when I realized that I had better step back. A good waiter has to cultivate the finer feelings. Consequently I fell back to the next table and stood there. Partly to screen them, sir, and partly—well, I'm human.

"Charles," she said. She had a Frenchy way of pronouncing the word that made it sound somehow better, sir, if you know what I mean.

"Mademoiselle," he answered. He was very white, and she was very red. "Mademoiselle Lucille, it was good of you. . . . I shall prize it—more than any of my possessions. . . . But that"—he made rather a failure of his laugh—"isn't much of a compliment, is it, from a pauper."

"Charles," she continued, "you are a very silly person. And very blind. And perhaps unkind. And you make me very ashamed. Charles, I think this little funny place that I love wants—wants a master. . . . And I—I want—Oh, Charles, will you make me say it all?"

"Lucille," he cried. "You—but I am a failure and have no right—"

"Oh, you silly silly. You are not a failure, ah, no, I know. And money! Bah! I care not for money. It is because I love the game of business that I seem, perhaps, too businesslike. . . . Must I say it all, Charles? . . . Please, kind, good sir, will you marry me?" She looked—well, sir, all women rolled into one—shy, roguish, confused, sweet. What could he answer, sir, I ask you? I turned away just in time to kick Linski down the stairs to the kitchen. "Don't you come up again till I call you, or I'll break your neck." I told him. Poor man, he wept on the neck of the chef at my unkindness.

When I returned Mademoiselle was speaking.

"I followed very softly when that bad old John carried my rose—Ah, you must not kiss it again Charles, it is bad for it, it will fade—and I stood just behind the curtain. . . . There was that mirror—I shall always love mirrors, we must have more mirrors—and I saw your face when you took up the rose. . . . That gave me courage. . . . I could not have been so bold if I had not seen your eyes. . . . I was very shamed, even then—when I spoke. But not now, and never will be, never."

Yes, sir, he was a toff. One of the Lincolnshire St. Averys. Quarreled

with his uncle, Sir John, who had adopted him. The old man wanted him to marry the daughter of an old sweetheart of his—a mere whim. When Mr. Charles refused he turned him out to fend for himself. After, mind you, sir, bringing him up as a man of wealth and making him a member of two of the best clubs.

Failure? Not exactly, sir. Three or four years after he married Mademoiselle, someone produced a play of his. Writes a lot now. They gave up the Hotel Napoleon. It was a pity. It paid extremely well.



VENERATION

By Marie de Verdi

IT is related of George Henry Lewes, husband of George Eliot, that he held his wife in such respect that he could never bring himself to call her George, even in the intimacy of their own home, but always addressed her formally as Mr. Eliot.



THE BLIND GODDESS

By George Weems Peregoy

A JUDGE is an officer employed to mislead, cajole, restrain, seduce, hypnotize and bamboozle a jury in such manner that it will forget all the facts and give its verdict to the best lawyer. The objection to judges is that few of them are capable of a sound professional judgment of lawyers. The objection to lawyers is that the best are the worst.

A jury is a group of twelve men who, having lied to the judge about their hearing, health and business engagements, have failed to fool him. Even a judge, it appears, may have a certain low cunning.

The verdict of a jury is the opinion of that juryman who smokes the worst cigars.

A fine is a bribe paid by a rich man to escape the penalty of his crimes. In China a judge accepts bribes personally; in the United States he collects them for society. But it makes no difference to the man who pays them, nor to the man who can't pay them.

A DEAL IN HEARTS

By Courtney Fowler

THE rear of the train was just disappearing around the curve as Dr. Bland reached the depot. He bit his lip in disappointment as he consulted his watch. The cause of his tardiness was immediately apparent, for the little gold time-piece had stopped. He stood for a moment contemplating a picture disclosed in the open lid; and smiled slightly as the image prompted his memory.

"Queer I forgot. Why today's my tenth wedding anniversary; and as luck would have it I'll have an opportunity to spend the day with the little woman instead of listening to Dr. Powell's lecture," he mused to himself as he took up his grip and turned back.

Tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, Dr. Bland possessed an imposing figure. His brown eyes and high forehead denoted an efficient mind; his open countenance and firm, well-shaped lips, a man conscious of his ability and ready to undergo any hardship to bring it to the aid of suffering humanity. Throughout the fifteen years he had practised he had built up a name for himself. His thorough knowledge, conscientious application to every case, and unusual success, had endeared him to the hearts of his people so that at thirty-seven he was a successful physician whose fame was rapidly extending from the town in which he lived.

As he walked leisurely along the shaded walk his mind was not on the lecture he was going to miss. The picture in his watch had started a train of memories; and he gave himself up to their review. He had had busy times in the last few years. His work had been almost constant: trips into the

country, trips in town, consultation hours, hurry calls at midnight, nights spent at the bedsides of suffering patients, left almost no time to enjoy the pleasures of his own home. He had married a beautiful young girl: blue-eyed, fair-haired Mary O'Neil. Her innocent nature and maidenly reserve had attracted him; he had courted and won her; and now, with ten years passed, he could look back upon them with a feeling of gratitude for the few precious hours they had been permitted to spend together. Now at the prospect of an afternoon and evening with her his heart leaped with the joy of his love; and he quickened his steps as he neared his home.

The front door was open. A boyish impulse to surprise her took possession of him; he tiptoed noiselessly into the library. He did not see them until he had stepped well inside the room. His heart stood still; for a moment the room whirled in a red mist. He gripped the edge of the library table to keep himself from falling; all the love in his being surged up, crying with pain; for there, standing with their backs to him, was his secretary, Gerald Radcliff, with his arm about the waist of Mrs. Bland.

HE was talking to her in earnest, passionate words; but the pale-faced man gripping his nails into the mahogany table did not hear what he said. Suddenly the pent-up beast of generations raged in the wounded heart; the red mist cleared, leaving the derelict lovers in a cold gray light, while the hot blood surged in the husband's brain; he opened the drawer of the table and drew forth a silver-mounted revolver.

For half a minute he stood tense as steel, his face hard, his brown eyes cold, calculating, his hand gripping the weapon until the muscles of the fingers stood out in knots. Then the wounded love came surging back, a great, vague, hungry suffering welled up in the man's being until he trembled like a tree wavering for its fall; a low moan of anguish escaped his clenched lips, and simultaneously the revolver clattered on the table. They turned to see him reeling from the room, his hand to his eyes like one suddenly smitten with blindness.

Neither spoke. They saw the weapon lying where it had fallen; and they understood. Her face was pale and her eyes wide with the horror of her own guilt and the punishment that might have been. His face was flushed; he trembled as if he was cold. She afterward remembered how oddly the chattering of his teeth sounded. She motioned her hand toward the rear door, and without a word he passed out. Left alone, she stood in the center of the room, her clenched hands held against her breast, her lips slightly open, and her bosom heaving with emotion. She stared at the glistening weapon lying on the table, made a step toward it; then, as if changing her mind, she turned and passed out at the rear door.

In his study Dr. Bland had fallen into the nearest armchair. He sat with his face in his hands, his shoulders shaking with emotion. Faith in the one most loved dies hard; and all the cultivated coolness and composure of years had left him. He wondered vaguely what she had seen in Radcliff to turn her once pure love from her husband; and by what art the secretary had effected the change. At thought of this anger again swelled up like a boiling spring; but his practical control was returning to him, and he realized that he must treat the matter coolly in order that his decision might be for the best. He decided to look at it from her standpoint. She was a quiet, sensitive, emotional little woman, hungry for love and com-

panionship. He remembered how, in the first few years of their married life, she had clung to him and kissed him when he was about to go to the bedside of some distant patient, or to the city to hear some medical or surgical expert lecture on his line of work. He remembered that as time passed she ceased to make these demonstrations of affection; but the far-away look in her eyes when he was announcing his departure showed how hungry she was for his companionship. Perhaps he had been somewhat to blame. In his professional enthusiasm he had permitted his work to deprive her of those little attentions and sympathies that would have been food to her hunger for love, and made possible that void which Radcliff had stepped into fill. True, he had loved her all the time with the same ardent love, but he had permitted it to be concealed by his lack of demonstration. He remembered how, as time went on and her gentle protests at his departures had been in vain, she had gradually accepted them as a matter of course, but always with that look of hunger in her eyes. As the full realization of her feelings came to him, the tears coursed down his cheeks; and sympathy replaced his first feeling of condemnation. And at this point Radcliff had come. It was over a year since he had felt the need of assistance with his correspondence and prescriptions, and had employed a secretary. Radcliff was a young man, handsome, courteous and dashing. Although highly educated, he seemed to be too indolent, or perhaps only too easy-going, to make a name for himself, and was perfectly content to be only a secretary. Well-dressed, friendly, and loquacious, he was a typical ladies' man, although Dr. Bland had never realized it before. Left in the study or office only a few steps from the house, during his absence, Radcliff had had every opportunity to communicate with Mrs. Bland; and he could easily see how the handsome young fellow had grown into her heart. Yes, truly, much of the present situation

had been brought about by his own neglect. But what was he to do? He decided to talk to his wife and find out the true state of her feelings.

In the hall he encountered the maid. He inquired for Mrs. Bland and was told she was in her room. As he passed on the girl looked after him and muttered to herself: "I wonder if he hasn't got next?"

He found his wife kneeling by the side of her bed with her face buried in the counterpane. She was sobbing softly, and did not look up. He knelt by her side with his arm over her shoulders. A great wave of pity swept over him; he turned her face to his and kissed it. Her eyes were closed, and her cheeks streaked with tears.

"Do you love him, Mary?" he asked gently.

"No, no, no, no no," she shrieked hysterically. "I—I—love you! I—I—I don't know what I meant; I—I was so—so hungry for love; and you—you were always so—so busy!"

He drew her close to him. She did not open her eyes, and the sobs came brokenly. "I know it's been my fault, Mary," he said, stroking her hair with a trembling hand. "I've neglected you for my work, and I deserve some punishment. Tell me about it, dear."

She was silent a moment. "What—shall I tell you? How hungry I've been?"

"Yes, do," he replied softly.

"You know how I—I used to hate to see you go, do you not? And oh! how—I'd beg you to find time some time to stay a while with me? And oh! how I'd long for you when you were gone; and I'd look at your picture for hours! I loved you and wanted you all to myself. I know I was selfish—you had your work to do; but I couldn't overcome the hunger. As time went on I saw it was useless to protest openly, but I never once ceased to protest in my heart against your absence. It might have been different if—if—" She paused.

"If?" he asked gently.

"If we had had children. But God

seemed to have thought me unworthy, and so I—I was denied. Then when time had only whetted, not blunted, the sharpness of my suffering he—he—Radcliff came."

She paused and buried her face in the counterpane again. He waited patiently for her to go on. When she did not, he spoke softly with no reproach in his voice: "And he filled the void?"

"He—he—I—I—thought so," she sobbed. "He was friendly and talkative. He knew and loved flowers and frequently came upon me in the garden. I—I—you don't know how it shames me to say it—I found myself delighted to be in his presence. I—I—don't know why I didn't fight the feeling at first—I didn't seem to realize it could grow. Then one day he wrung from me my secret. I can't think how, just now, except that he first asked me why I looked so sad. After that he became more sympathetic and intimate until today he—he—oh! Morris, why didn't you shoot me in the parlor a while ago?"

A groan came from her husband. "Mary, do you think for an instant that I could hurt you? Look up, dear; it is I who should be ashamed!"

Her eyes met his, and she buried her face on his shoulder. "I came to ask you what you want me to do," he continued, smoothing her hair with his hand. "If you love him, and he can make you happy, I'll make divorce easy for you, and see that you have enough money to live well until he can get a start in the world."

"And you, Morris?" she asked, looking at him through tears.

"It'll not matter for me, dear," he replied in a dead, flat voice. "I'm not in the consideration."

"But your heart, does it consent to it?" she insisted, her lip quivering.

"Nay, God knows it does not," he replied, the words trembling with his pent-up emotion.

"Then can you forgive your erring but thoroughly repentant wife?" she asked, her hair brushing his face.

"You were forgiven, my dear, before I came into this room!" he answered, drawing her to him. "And you prefer me in spite of my neglect of you, Mary?"

"In spite of all," she replied as she threw her arms about his neck.

The next day Gerald Radcliff received two letters. The first was addressed in a strong, bold hand. He opened it and read:

"Mr. Gerald Radcliff,

"264 Fifth Street,

"Sir: In view of the developed circumstances for which I was probably more to blame than anyone, I think it best for all parties concerned to dismiss you from my employ. I thank you for

the good work you did me, and will gladly give you a letter of recommendation if you desire it.

"Yours as ever,

"MORRIS BLAND."

He smiled whimsically as he threw down this letter and took up the other. It was written in a dainty, feminine hand which he knew quite well. It read:

"Dear Gerald:

"I fixed it up by a little feminine play. I insisted that he fire you to make it more real; but I knew you would cinch that job at Darrell's. We'll have to be a little more careful in the future.

"Lovingly, your

"MARY."



POSSESSION

NEVER a word through all these years,
 Never a word or sign!
 What has *your* life been? Gray with tears
 Like mine?

Have you, thro' all the weary day,
 Begged from the night a boon
 Of dreams—to rise, enhaunted and pray
 For noon?

Or have you run a merry race,
 Music and song and play,
 Putting the thought of one sad face
 Away?

Who has possessed your heart? Who held
 Your willing soul in thrall?
 Whose have you been—aye, ring'd and bell'd,
 Body and all?

Never a word thro' all the years,
 Never a sign!
 But ah, you have been in prayers and tears,
 Mine—mine—mine!

IRIS

By Bliss Carman

A DWELLER among the hilltops,
A wanderer over the plain,
I am the soul of color,
I am the spirit of rain.

Enchantress of water and fire,
Where I pass in a radiant hour,
The tree tops mist into blossom,
The meadows break into flower.

I am the iridescence
Hid in the bowl of glass;
A glamour of light and glory,
From form to form I pass.

I rim the far horizon
With magic of melting hues;
I spill on the painted desert
My yellows and roses and blues.

I am the shine and sparkle
Where combers break and flee
In beryl and jade and azure—
The glitter and gloom of the sea.

I dance on the dazzling snowdrift,
I flash in the quick sunshower;
I am the halo of joyance,
I am the jewel of power.

I burn in the heart of the opal,
I gleam in the sphere of the dew;
I sleep on the lake's still mirror,
I lurk in the icy blue.

When the feet of the legions of thunder
And the spears of the lightning have passed
Through the echoing gates of the mountains,
Shadowy, threatening and vast,

I rise undefeated behind them,
 As only the rapturous can,
 And spring for a signal of triumph
 My arch of the airy span—

To be broken in myriad rainbows
 For diamond winter's gleam,
 To color his pallid splendor
 With fire and spirit and dream.



THE ETIQUETTE OF ART CRITICISM

BEING A FEW RULES TO ENABLE THE UNINFORMED TO PASS FOR CONNOISSEURS
 WHEN VIEWING AN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES

RULE 1.—Always admire a Whistler.

RULE 2.—If you are introduced to an artist, it is no longer considered one of the essentials of good form to talk to him about his own work. If you will lead him up to the subject discreetly, he will save you the trouble.

RULE 3.—It is equally important to avoid admiring anything because "it looks natural." It is safer to scorn all such works as being "photographic."

RULE 4.—If you wish to direct attention to any particular picture, point with the thumb instead of with the finger. Though the fact is not widely known, most artists acquire this habit, probably from the constant use of the thumb in manipulating paint or charcoal. To the knowing ones, the use of this characteristic gesture will at once place you in the inner circle.

RULE 5.—To complete the true professional pose when examining a work of art, it is necessary to throw the head very much on one side and gaze at the picture through half-closed eyes.

Next, look at the painting through the small opening that is left when the hand is loosely closed. The picture will not show to any better advantage when seen through the hand, and artists rarely adopt this method; but it is one of those ancient superstitions that the veteran connoisseur clings to, and the novice will, therefore, regard it as an essential.

RULE 6.—When hard pressed for some comment, you can always fall back on the word "interesting." There is something exceedingly professional about this word. It is the haven of refuge of many distinguished critics when describing execrable works by their friends, or by the chief officers of important art organizations.

RULE 7.—Interlard your conversation with a plentiful sprinkling of such art terms as chiaroscuro, morbidezza, verve, tonality, motif, impasto, milieu, atmosphere and the like. Even if you do not use them correctly, it will not matter, as they belong to the lingo of the professional critic, and even artists have but a vague idea of their meaning.

EPITHALAMIUM

By Francis Clegg Thompson

WITH almost every visit, at this season, of that silent but assiduous (and not, of course, always, nor even usually, unwelcome) invader of our areaways, the postman or, as we Americans, in our youthful spirits, have chosen to make him, the letter-carrier, there comes to each of us, whatever the plane of our particular social oscillation, a familiar-looking and portentous square of thick white paper, the which, on casual inspection over the matinal egg, reveals the character or complexion of an envelope, and on being slit deftly along the edge or border, by hairpin, stiletto or jackknife (or even, perhaps, by the downright table fork no less!) disgorges another square of the same material, more dazzling, if anything, in its almost incredible whiteness, than the first.

Upon the surface of this second sheet, once it is spread out, purged of its interior buffer of tissue and so exposed to the inquiring (but, alas, not long doubting!) gaze, there appears a series or succession of black script or pseudo Old English characters (elevated, or rough, as it were, to the sweep of the experimental thumb) bidding us make ready, on such and such a day, at such and such an hour *post meridiem*, there set plainly down, to attend without fail (in the bleak, sable-habiliments, it goes without saying, of solemn feast-making) the nuptial mass or other such ecclesiastical and incomprehensible ceremonial, at this or that resort of public worship, whereby, and by virtue and force of which, one Mary Margaret Roe, virgin, the daughter, so to speak, of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Hugo Roe, her lawful parents, is to be joined in

holy wedlock, as the phrase has it (and, theoretically, at least, for the term of her natural life), to a gentleman here appearing under a mysterious and strangely grandiloquent appellation—a name, one cannot help reflecting, with a sneaking, subconscious snicker, that would be vastly more meet and fitting for some romantic hero of extinct, and let us add, barbaric ages, than for one who, if the probabilities are to be allowed, is as innocent of romance, save as it be found in draw poker and the stock market, as the tailor who labors even now, hidden in some strident slum, upon his wedding garment, or the barber who anon, with clumsy and ungente art, will depilate and betalcum his agitant chin.

Who the devil is this Mr. William Guernsey de Belleville Snodgrass? Out of what *liber* and *caput* of the Domesday Book does he come? On what page of the Almanach de Gotha is the aroused genealogist to search for his so strangely enchanting procession of territorial dignities and patronymics? Is there, indeed, any such person in the world? Is there not, in the very sough and sonority of those suave sibilants, the luscious rush of those slippery syllables, a guarantee, as it were, or, at all events, a hint or implication, utter unreality?—of unreality as real, so to speak, as that resident in such baroque, unearthly names as Beelzebub, Sardanapalus and Tschaikowsky? Here, indeed, are the makings of metaphysical, and, one hopes, fruitful inquiry. Here the path opens into the new science of nomenclology, full of elbow-room for dessicated, snouting professors in incredible goggles—a field alluring to the pundit

who rejects philology as too romantic, exegetics as too secular. Here is the charm of the undiscovered, the seduction of the unseduced.

But the problem, returned to, held under the eye, puzzles. About it there seems to linger some obscure trace or element of inherent insolubility, some vague, pervasive air of the forever inexplicable. But suddenly, just at the point of surrender and departure, there rises up an image out of the depths of the forgotten, a bridge or connecting span between the unknown and the known. Suddenly, as if by some unaccountable miracle of the memory, some vast, preposterous feat of mnemonics, some divine proegumenal accident or catastrophe, dazzling in its unexpectedness, we identify the male of the medieval style, vaguely at first, but more and more certainly as the flashes of enlightenment follow the first glare, with Bill Snodgrass, of Princeton '99—dear old Bill with the freckles on his hands—gargantuan, oafish Bill, that clumsiest and most elephantine, nay, most rhinocerocean of turkey-trotters—Bill the haystack ambulant—Bill the magistry of sweating dancing-masters.

It is, indeed, Bill and none other. Avault the Guernsey! Perish the de Belleville! It is the authentic, the indubitable Bill, denuded at last, and at one iconoclastic sweep, of all his ro-cocco trappings of feudal and incongruous nomenclature. One knows that Bill, the herculean consumer of miasmatic and befuddling cigarettes, that fathomless abyss of malt liquor, that loud laughter, that prodigious slapper of backs and knees, that sitter in front rows at bad comedies with worse music, that devourer of sporting pages, that huge bulk of a he-creature, with the red, corrugated neck, the nose of a faint, luminous cerise, the hairy chest, the ham-like fist, the discordant and scattered warts. It is Bill, that genial bison, who is to lead the fair, and let us hope, still charming and virtuous daughter of the ancient house of Roe—erstwhile Rowe, de Roö, de la Roöe—down the aisle of that bedizened, and

almost, one may venture, perhaps, without giving offense, rakish-looking church, through that inevitable jungle of white roses, flapping ribbons and fugitive hairpins, and to the craning of innumerable necks, wrinkled more or less palpably, and to the whining of Elsa's wedding march, played on an organ abominably out of tune by a gentleman far gone in liquor, and to the simultaneous and startling emission, as from one gigantic esophagus, of inarticulate but none the less eloquent gasps, buzzes and huzzahs.

Aha! say we, from the remote heights of our heaven-kissing Matterhorn of emotional immunity—aha! say we, there we shall see the Human Comedy played shamelessly and with gusto! There we shall see, if we but look with open eyes, the maid of honor and the bridesmaids, on their farings up and down that fateful footway, with their white satin swishing and crackling about their attractive legs, and the talcum upon their noses shaken off, by the vibrations of the sacred edifice, in white, suffocating clouds—there we shall see those dear girls, each so innocent, each so pure, turn their bold eyes, without effort at subterfuge, and as a matter, so of speak, of right inherent in the occasion, upon best man and ushers, the mute victims of the ceremonial. There we shall gasp for breath in a dense, zymotic fog of mutually antagonistic perfumes and essences—the mortuary, other-worldly, God-rest-our-lodge-brother scent of orange blossoms, roses, carnations, gardenias, dahlias, lilies, pansies, orchids and other customary and immemorial wedding blooms; the pungent, acrid savour of the camphor in the upholstery of the pews, and in, too, perhaps, the vestments of that holy man, the Rev. Dr. Jones; the dim suggestion of potent and brain-benumbing distillations and elixirs, perhaps even of downright Bronx cocktails and gin fizzes, in the aura or circumambient atmosphere of each and every usher.

And there we shall snick our snicker at the crocodile tears of the nascent mother-in-law, the bogus egrimony of

that good lady, as she bursts from her chrysalis of long plotting and expectation into rapturous and scarcely-to-be-believed realization, ill-concealed in her crude ambush behind the potted palms; and snick another snick, also and similarly, at the worried look of her lord and master, the harassed companion of her alert monogamy, the dear father of the bride, tortured as he is, and must of needs be, by abstruse and maddening calculations, mental, secret, *in petto*, of the cost and expense of the whole ceremonial, sartorial, musical, floral, sacerdotal, and of the feast yet to follow, the gross, Lucullian gorge to come.

And there, again and finally, we shall laugh (if, perchance, only in, as the saying goes, our sleeves), at the elderly female celibates in the pews, with their necks of resilient and elastic gristle; at the officious and expectant sextons, pew-openers, vergers and other such humble flunkies and supernumeraries of the house of God; at the emotional nurse-girls on the sidewalk, bribing the gendarmes for front places with soft glances and significant winks, their jejune charges abandoned meanwhile, and with no visible compunction, to the hazards of life in a large city, at the liquorish church organist, struggling up in his musty aerie with those felonious sharps and flats, the hobgoblins of his degraded art; and at the police sergeants, bellows-blowers, chauffeurs, hack drivers, awning men, carpet-layers, cooks, vintners, carvers, waiters, scullions, newsboys, street musicians, the gaping proletariat, the prowling reporters for the newspapers, the endless hangers-on and camp-followers of Hy-men.

Do we forget nothing? Do we embrace in our review the whole scope of

the scene, with all its remotest effects, echoes and implications? Ah, that it were so! But what is forgotten is, at bottom, the one thing unforgettable. It is not sufficient to observe and absorb the complex of vapid and imbecile festivities, the inharmonious hodge-podge of barbaric rites and superstitions, the inward hollowness of the whole phenomenon. It is not sufficient to attend in person at the church, with cheeks shaven overclose, collar overtight, coat overthick, and countenance petrified into a fixed, mechanical smile. It is not sufficient to proceed to the house of happy mourning, there to insult the liver and lights with fraudulent punch, champagne with invisible labels, chicken salad of gutta-percha, ices of aniline all compact. There are, indeed, yet other obligations and implications, no less exigent than any we have animadverted upon in these casual observations, and their mutual interimplication implicates itself eventually, and as it were, by a supreme effort, into one master or super implication, the venerable emperor or patriarch of them all, the which it may be well to state at once, with no further evasion or exploration of the subject, leads inevitably, and as if in obedience to some mysterious but irresistible cosmic process, to thought of that urgent and infernal thing, that undeserved but unescapable penalty, that eternal joker of the gods—the wedding present we must send to the bride!

Down go delight and philosophy in that inexorable necessity! Down go the customary good wills and amiabilities of life in that predaceous invasion of solvency! Damn wedding presents! Damn wedding invitations! Damn weddings!



THE CITY OF SEVEN SUNDAYS

By Owen Hatteras

TRAVELING some ninety-odd miles in a sou'westerly direction from the city of New York, the voyager, if winds be fair, comes upon a settlement of homogeneous red brick houses attached to white marble steps and inhabited by a curious hibernating race of the general appearance of human beings (save that in wet weather it is given to adorning itself with overshoes)—but, contradictorily enough, of the general manner of Bostonians. This singular race subsists largely on an exotic, colorless, tasteless drink called water and a queer food compound known as scrapple. Its leading species of diversion takes the form of regular attendance at illustrated lectures on "The Swiss Alps" in a building named the Academy of Music (so-called because, like all Academies of Music, it isn't one) and its religion takes the form of worshipping a strange god known as universityofpennsylvania. Its social system is so exclusive that when a dance is given there are not enough men to go 'round. It has two distinct political parties. One believes and stoutly maintains that Market Street should be paved all over again on Tuesdays, while the other believes and stoutly maintains that Market Street should be paved all over again on Fridays. Both parties are usually successful at the elections. The trade in safe-deposit boxes, incidentally, is very great in the settlement.

The settlement, the name of which is Philadelphia (which means "city of brotherly love" just as Terre Haute, Indiana, means "high land" or as Old Point Comfort means what it says), is known chiefly to the rest of the country

through the circumstance that it is in its northern section that one changes cars for Atlantic City and through the further circumstance that its tribe includes the celestial-digitated Dr. Munyon, John Wanamaker and one smaller branch of the United States Mint, Cyrus K. Curtis, the man who devised masses for the literature, Rudolph Blankenburg (celebrated as the only man in national public life with a name that sounds like Max Rogers in foot-light action), to say nothing of a couple of Drexels, a couple of Biddles, a couple of Drexel-Biddles and Biddle-Drexels. However, to say nothing of the Drexels and the Biddles and the Drexel-Biddles is to say nothing of Philadelphia. And to say nothing of Philadelphia is to say everything. (G. K. Chesterton might sell that last sentence for at least twenty-five cents a word.) Nevertheless, it has some sense. Just as it would be a well-nigh Sisyphean labor to describe on paper the taste of celery, just as it would have been a task of uniform difficulty for Berlioz, as Huneker points out, to solve to his own satisfaction the prelude to "Tristan," just so would it be an infinite toil to persuade my editor that the best and most acute way in which to describe Philadelphia would be to say nothing about it. But, of course, a mere title with my name under it—although I will, in order to stop any heated argument over the matter, readily admit the value of the latter—would still scarcely be worth the handsome emolument that the editor has set aside in return for my five thousand Philadelphic oracle parts of speech.

Philadelphia gives one the impression

of a xylophone duet of "Hearts and Flowers" rendered in a cold-storage plant on Washington's Birthday morning by Anthony Comstock and Elizabeth Robins, with a whistling obligato by Richard Harding Davis. Philadelphia still shudders and believes that plump and tender virgins are waylaid on the dark highways by unshaved Italians and spirited away to mysterious houses with barred windows, there to be impressed into the harrowing life of "white slaves." Philadelphia still believes that the huddled knot of fugitive castaways that spewed and kecked its way across the Atlantic in the *Mayflower* is the *stammwater* of American aristocracy. Philadelphia still catches its breath and inhales with awe the scenery of David Belasco, the high notes of Mary Garden, the drama of "Ben Hur," the literature of Pierre De Coulevain, the India love lyrics of Laurence Hope, the transcendental meanings of Omar Khayyam, the humor of John Kendrick Bangs and the wickedness of Gaby Deslys. Philadelphia still believes that from that moment in 1776 when John Hancock, in Independence Hall, placed his name at the bottom of a piece of paper with some writing on it, the United States has been a free, independent and democratic country. Philadelphia still believes that Broadway at night is gay and sinful, that to drink a cocktail in the St. James Hotel and then ask the manicure if she's married is the next thing to being a very devil of a fellow, and that its City Hall is a fine piece of architecture. Philadelphia still believes, indeed, even in Philadelphia.

Lest, however, my attitude toward Philadelphia be translated faultily, lest I be deemed a prejudiced party (as is ever the case when a writer takes the other side of any argument)—allow me to explain my "youthful cynicism." Unquestionably this latter phrase has already been bestowed by you upon me. It always is. Yet am I neither youthful nor cynical. True, I still refrain from eating an apple before I retire for the night, and true, I regard Julia

Sanderson as a more valuable server of humanity than Inez Milholland; yet am I, I repeat, neither youthful nor cynical. On the contrary, I am merely young and, consequently, observing. I realize that the properly impressive manner in which to write of Philadelphia or any other city is to criticize the city spicily and ironically—and, on the whole, adversely—for some four thousand, eight hundred and fifty-odd words and then wind up with a brief recanting flourish of wind instruments and cymbals in something after the following magniloquent fashion: "But, despite all I have said, despite its many deficiencies, crudities and bourgeoisies, the splendor of its future is the splendor of the rising sun's; its star beckons brilliantly to the flowering generation, and the call of its voice is beginning to sound across the nation; here is the city of tomorrow, throbbing with a million hearts, breathing with a million aspirations and ambitions"—or with some such similar untrue but pacifying rubbish. Unfortunately, I do not believe in writing such perfumed buncombe; which goes to explain why I am a poor man.

Contrary to the strict technique of an article of the sort I am here composing, I shall place my last paragraph up here near the beginning. This paragraph will elucidate any confusion over my attitude. Comes the paragraph:

Although there is no genuinely typical American city in the United States, Philadelphia—were there such a city—would be it. Philadelphia, in other words, is the least un-American city in the nation. Its people, its people's processes of thought, private lives, philosophy and general ideas of physical activity are less un-American than the peoples and their ways of the other large native commonwealths.

There is the simple paragraph. It is neither a poetic flight nor a retraction. It is simply the truth simply told as the truth has presented itself to the eyes of simple truth teller. Were I a crystal gazer I might predict a purpler future for Philadelphia; but, alas, I am only a

person with a pencil and a pad of paper. It is given me only to report Philadelphia as Philadelphia today reports itself to me.

Just as it is not beyond the bounds of possibility to imagine that New York City may in time be populated to some extent by Americans and thus eventually become part of the United States, so is it not entirely beyond the bounds of possibility to imagine that Philadelphia may in time be populated by a few individuals who will not wear heavy underwear in summer and who may eventually bring to Philadelphia a less frigid sense of morals than now obfuscates the vision of both settler and visitor. A city is to be judged always by its sense of morals; not by its morals—have you a care!—but by its *sense*, its *idea*, of morals. Its sense of morals is to be judged from its Sundays. Philadelphia is the City of Seven Sundays. In art and letters, in alcohol and gentlemanly carnality, in foods properly cooked and personal liberty, in municipal viewpoint and national viewpoint (if, in all conscience, there be such a thing), the daily hymn of Philadelphia is "Backward, Christian Soldiers." The spirit of the Quaker, albeit adorned now with a nobby Kuppenheimer, is abroad in the land. The spirit of the Quaker tugs at Philadelphia's coattails, and if, at times, the coattail is stronger than the tug, the tug is yet there.

I speak now of the coattail. And, speaking of the coattail, I tell you that Philadelphia, while posing virtue and hiding its glance 'neath its velvet lids, is still the most immoral-minded city of all the man's-sized cities of the combined States. Its thoughts are lewd if its physical expressions of those thoughts are not. In action, the Quaker; in mind, the Quaker. Such a lecherous, concupiscent theatrical exhibition as "The Girl with the Whooping Cough," suppressed even in New York, crowds the playhouse to the exits in Philadelphia. Suggestive entertainment, in the vernacular, "goes big" along the Schuylkill. Here is no idle word—here is box-office fact. Pornog-

raphy in literature induces an imperial sale in Philadelphia. For Philadelphia talks Weir Mitchell and reads Victoria Cross; for it babbles Maeterlinck and covertly glues its eyes to Paul de Kock. To Philadelphia George Moore exists primarily in terms of Doris (or had I better say "upon terms with Doris"?); to Philadelphia Greuze exists primarily in terms of broken pitchers. Philadelphia, when D'Annunzio is mentioned, thinks first and foremost of a beautiful snaky brunette of voice of melted and honeyed platinum with whom he had a affair; when Robert Burns is spoken, Jane Armour is the connotation; when Aaron Burr, the little grave at Princeton.

Gorky suggests a writer who was barred from an American hotel because he had with him a woman who was not his wife. Napoleon, to Philadelphia, was that general about whose exploits "you just ought to read in Joseph Turquan's 'Napoléon Amoureux.'" Flaubert—"ah, the story of that Bovaryan cab ride!" Shaw—"Mrs. Warren's Profession." Wagner—"Abendstern." Wilde—"Dorian Gray." Paris suggests the stage Maxim's and the Rue de Berlin and the little postcard shops in the Rue de Rivoli; London, the "clubs" shrinking back in long shadows of the Empire and the smelly furnished flats that blink through the damp night, a couple of shillings' taxi journey eastward from Trafalgar Square. Havelock Ellis—"racy reading!" (Is there one of my Philadelphia readers who knows, for testing instance, that Ellis has written other works than those dealing with sex—a study of Nietzsche, for example?) Plato—"platonic love" (mental laughter). I recommend Plato's "De Republica" to Philadelphia. Strindberg—Julia and the valet. Kipling—"Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under their skins." Thus the Philadelphia mind: "I believe that anyone who takes a drink on the Lord's Day is doomed to the Eternal Fires." Thus the Philadelphia pose: "Sadie Thomas, I sentence you to pay a fine of five hundred dollars

for maintaining a disorderly house." Thus the Philadelphia action.

From the 1910-1914 statistics gathered by "The Bookman," one is enabled to prove the Philadelphia appetite for the suggestive in literature. The suggestiveness of Robert W. Chambers and the suggestion of Hermann Sudermann are one and the same to the Philadelphia understanding. There is no distinction. (Of course, I am speaking of Philadelphia as a whole. There are, patently, a number of intelligent residents, for not *all* Philadelphia residents were born in Philadelphia.)

Let us glance at a few haphazard and casually chosen statistical tables of book sales. What come we upon? September, 1911, showed Chambers's "The Common Law" at the head of the Philadelphia list. June, 1912 (when the Steinheil scandal jabber was being echoed in the daily journals), finds "My Memoirs," by Madame Steinheil, heading the sale of non-fiction books. What disappointment was there here for the buyers by title! April, 1912, showed "To M. L. G." at the top of the selling list—and in this month, as in the one preceding and half a dozen before and after, the book of Eugene Brieux's plays, including "Damaged Goods," occupied a hefty position in the so-called non-fiction tables. Sudermann's "Song of Songs" loomed large in the statistics for March, 1910, and November, 1909, revealed "Bella Donna" in the first selling position. October, 1911, disclosed the erotic Hichens again atop the table with another of his odoriferous fables. And thus the figures went and still go—and do not lie. Oh, Philadelphia, cradle of liberty! Oh, Philadelphia, cradle of mental libertinism! What sins are committed in thy—pericranium!

* * * *

I shift my baton. My verbal orchestra follows my lead. The bass drum is silent henceforth; the cymbals are no more. Hark, the bass viol and the lute! With your eyes soothed into sepia mood and your mind caressed into 'ready

yielding by the mellifluous tones of my musicianly pencil, come you with me in spirit to Philadelphia. It is early spring. It is of a Sunday. Across the asphalt moor of Broad Street a lonely and tearful sparrow makes his way to a more hospitable clime. The carriage starter of the Ritz and the carriage starter of the Bellevue, as inactive as two Henry James verbs, are foregathered a block away with the carriage starter of the Walton, wondering if Woodrow Wilson was elected President and wishing there were some carriages around to start. Having nothing more tangible to start, these worthies start an argument. This argument, like almost all Philadelphia arguments no matter what their prefatory nature, concludes in the unanimous agreement that Fairmount Park is the finest in the world and that it must be awful to have to live in Camden. An unkempt, lopsided-heeled girl, yellow in the cheeks, with dirty pink flowers on her hat and soup spots on her blue serge skirt, furtively tracks her path homeward. Last night was Saturday night. With two other little shopgirls, a blonde manicure and an Eleventh Street dressmaker with a good shape, this pitiful rag constitutes the rank and file of the unprofessional Philadelphia demi-monde. And this demi-monde—five strong—extrudes itself weekly in a devilish revel of domestic Wurzburger and Sweet Caporals in one of two rancid restaurants to the east of Broad Street, or, if the patron of the hour be of funds more ample, in a westward café of somewhat gaudier countenance. Far to the north, in the park, a stray couple is whispering the harmless battledore and shuttlecock of *amour*. He is young. She is young. A Philadelphia policeman scowls upon them. One hears a child laughing. One hears another child laughing. And as the laughter leaves the little lips, the fugitive thought is born that God is sending down wireless messages in protest against the adult laughlessness of this great, humorless city. A modish dogcart wheels by. A puffy stockbroker holds the reins in chamois-cov-

ered hands. A feeling of awe permeates the breasts of the onlookers. Another child laughs. Its governess slaps it across the mouth. One must be taught good manners when one is young.

Back in the empty belly of the city, stiff, stark, set-featured folk are making their way to the churches. Some carry Bibles. Others carry nothing. But none carries a novel or a magazine. These folk, churchgoers from tradition, take their churchgoing seriously. And, consequently, unintelligently. The average Philadelphia churchgoer's idea of religion is paying pew rent, inviting the minister to dinner, being able to recite the Ten Commandments without a slip and disapproving violently of women who smoke cigarettes in public. A street car limps its way westward. . . . An hour passes. . . . A street car limps its way eastward.

One becomes sick at heart. One seeks a potion of strong liquor. It being another Philadelphian conception of virtue not to vend alcoholic refreshment on Sunday, the accomplishment of such a feat is no facile matter. But he who knows Philadelphia never leaves himself unprepared; he gleans from some good spirit a visitor's card to one of the local clubs, where, in the hour of his dire need, his unholy palate may freely bathe itself in nepenthe. Thus the restless pilgrim in the course of time—which is usually a matter of two minutes—hies himself thitherward. Tables are black with Philadelphians whose wives have been told they have to go downtown to meet a man from New York on important business. Before each there reposes an alcoholic cadenza or a malt roulade. Everything is pianissimo; but on the face of each hypocrite—for each believes in public that the preservation of the sanctity of the Philadelphia home can be secured only by stopping the sale of liquor on the Lord's Day, the day set aside by the Lord beginning, by the Lord's watch, at 12:01 A. M. precisely—on the face of each hypocrite there is a fortissimo grin. One bides with one's ears. What

the intellectual degree, what the conversational interest of these folk? Municipal problems, literature, music, art, metaphysics, theology, sociology, pathology? Words take form. Words, phrases, clauses, whole sentences presently become audible.

"Met a fella from Chicago on the train last week. He kidded me about living in Philadelphia, but you bet your life before I got through I put it all over him!"

"Go on, Gus; tell us how you did it."

And thus Gus: "Well, he said on Sunday in Chicago you could see a lot o' people on the streets, but that on Sunday in Philadelphia you couldn't see anyone on the streets unless you had a magnifying glass. And say, do you know what I said to him? I said: 'Do you know why you don't see anybody on the streets in Philadelphia on Sunday? Well, I'll tell you. It's because everybody in this here town has got a home!' You should have seen him dry up. Then I said to him: 'Do you know why you see a lot of people on the streets of Chicago on Sunday? I'll tell you. It's because nobody in Chicago has got a home!'"

"Good boy, Gus! That's the way to hand it to those rubes, Gus!! Yes, sir; Philadelphia is a city of homes. Every workingman has his house here. Nobody wants to hang around the streets!!"

Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle. Garson, some more drinks.

"I see by the papers that Germany has built fifty more airships that'll hold fifty soldiers apiece and twenty Gatling guns. The ships can stay up in the air ten whole hours, too."

"Gee, a fine chance we'd stand against all those airships!"

"Fine chance, nothing! Why our army can lick Germany with one hand tied behind its back and its eyes blindfolded!"

Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle. Garson, more drinks.

* * * *

Again my fingers clasp the baton; and

the baton calls now to the piccolo and the hautboy.

Philadelphia society—I employ the latter word in the sense that it is conventionally employed by the mentally vulgar—has as its backbone a small group of descendants from traders and politicians who conspicuously capitalized their cunning at the time when the smell of revolutionary gunpowder streaked the Colonies and confused a fighting people's senses. I grant, and I grant freely, that this society, even such as it is, is of firmer grade and keener blood authenticity than what passes muster for society in any other large American municipality; its component parts have less the odor of the money sesame to them, less the scent of Newport real estate, less the nostril-plugging musk of the ticker tape. There is something of tradition to the society of the Schuylkill brand, albeit that tradition, when hounded to the death, discloses itself to be grounded—after the manner of the bulk of native social traditions—upon what is intrinsically bladdered pretense. In Philadelphia the boast is that Philadelphia society is born in the cradle, that it is blue blood deduced from blue blood, and that it holds out naught of welcome for blood of any other shade. So be it; so be it. And yet the deobstruent fact persists that Philadelphia society patterns its every act, its every manner, its every little step after a species of society that, far from being born in the cradle, is born in the double bed. In another phrase, the society born of marriages—in another phrase, the society of New York.

Cherishing at its breast its whim of the aristocracy of birth in itself (by the way, not wholly the preposterous thing our form of government makes a pretense of believing), the social stratum of this Pennsylvania settlement on every possible occasion flaunts a tracing of its lineage back to Independence Hall. This is one of Philadelphia's little unconscious jokes. Curiously enough, where in other American cities there is in the air a skeptical and somewhat pugnacious attitude toward the

claims of the society elements in those communities, in Philadelphia the proletariat regards its society's exclusiveness with a feeling of ponderous awe and veneration. In New York, society is looked upon with a spirit of pity blended with condescending humor by everyone possessed of taste, education and normal intelligence. Naturally enough, this does not include society editors or persons who live on the upper West Side and who follow avidly what the society editors write. In Chicago, society is looked upon with a spirit of good-natured raillery—by itself. It alone in the States seems to realize its own intrinsic jest, and, consequently, to a considerable extent, it justifies itself. In Boston, society is regarded by all the respectable people of Boston as being too dull a coterie of ancestor-worshippers for words. But in Philadelphia!

I have seen the King and Queen of Britain coaching 'mid wild trumpet blare past ten thousand bareheaded Englishmen lined along the winding drives of Hyde Park; I have seen the President of monarchic-blooded France move to his box at Longchamps through a lane of drawn sabres while thousands of his people gave him verbal veneration; I have heard from the Kaiser's cousin and the bodyguard of the Tsar of all the Russians how these rulers once clattered on their way together under the Linden trees while the populace of Berlin with wet and humbled eyes gave mute testimony of its loyalty and affection. All this have I seen with my eyes, have I heard with my ears. But none of these ocular spectacles, none of these aural pageantries is invested with the air of humility and veneration that confronts one in the instance of the Philadelphia middle class viewing Philadelphia's society. Let a grande dame sweep through the narrow corridor of the Bellevue toward the Walnut Street entrance, and a hundred women's hearts crouched on the border of carmine benches jell in self-submissiveness, in self-abasement. Let a blue-blood take a seat at a Ritz table and a dozen saucers fill with tea from

nervous, excited, humiliated cups. In short, as I have already said, Philadelphia is the least un-American city in the United States.

For many years there has persisted an hallucination, said hallucination having blown its thistledown across the counties to the cities near and far, that Philadelphia's *puellae* composed a lovelier crew than any other commonwealth could boast. Chestnut Street of an afternoon, so it has been published, discloses trimmer ankles, smarter figures, prettier faces than this or that vaunting thoroughfare further along the railroad. Rittenhouse Square of a spring Sunday morning and upper Walnut Street, so the wires have currented, show visages the like of which might not be matched this side of the Woods of Boulogne. In brief, Philadelphia girls were so many pulse-quickeningsymphonies, so many intoxicating tears wrung from golden grapes along the Loire, so many chords of b flat, g, b flat, so many little sisters of Circe. I myself, by way of confessing, have assisted in the dissemination of the phantasm. But the moon was saffron in the coast sky that night and the stars were dreaming in the silent sea when I saw her. And she wore, I remember, something of very soft dark green, and the spun sable silk that mere prose writers would have called her hair was caught in orange chiffon. The band was playing that wonderful wailing heart-cry out of "Samson and Delilah." The air was gentle and warm as eiderdown. "I beg your pardon," I remember I said, catching up with her; "haven't I met you somewhere before?" (I am always strikingly original). "No," she returned decisively, "you have not!" Several hours later, when the breeze from overseas puckered its lips in a chill whistling and all the world was still, she told me—and her voice had the sound of Crème Yvette and all the fragrance of a Chopin nocturne—that she lived in Philadelphia. * * * * *

The next afternoon I sat down and composed a poem eulogizing the

homeric virtues and enlarging upon the staggeringly angelic fairness of Philadelphia girls *in toto*. In due time, my poem was copied in all the Philadelphia newspapers. In due time, my poem was reprinted in the journals of the outlands—the fame of Philadelphia's fair women the while spreading and spreading and still spreading. And in due time, I discovered that my gorgeous midnight maiden whose pale olive cheeks had been kissed by the rising suns and in whose eyes the souls of two amethysts lay sleeping—I discovered that this ravishing wench had lied to me. Her home was in Egg Harbor, New Jersey.

Well, well, such is the mutability of human affairs, whatever that means. No, the girls of Philadelphia are not made of such divine stuff as miladi of the starry adventure. Here and there, on my nomad saunters along the boulevards and byways of the city of Penn, have I espied a creature whose mien has flicked my passing fancy, who has gratified my lonely, wayfaring eye. Likely baggages, by me faith, but not a whit more likely than such as I have observed in my pilgrimages adown the highways of less boastful municipalities. The Philadelphia girl, be she however beautiful, fails in provoking a complete enravishment of the connoisseur because she one and all lacks that signal quality without which beauty is but corked perfume. I speak of that quality known to Americans by the sound "shick." There is to the Philadelphia girl no sense of the trig, no air of the sartorially, mentally, physically alert, no feeling of the straight and even heel, of the glycerine and rose-water bathed pupil, of the invisibility of all hooks and eyes. To a very considerable degree, these deficiencies are chargeable to upbringing. The average Philadelphia girl of average home and average means and position is coached into adolescence after what is believed in Philadelphia to be a manner obtaining in the case of New York girls, but what in reality is the case of Harlem girls. The typical New York girl is brought

up by her mother to look, act and use the manner (if not the content) of speech of the higher class *demi-mondaine*. The Harlem girl (or the Brooklyn girl, for the two classes are much the same) is brought up to imitate the Philadelphia girl who has been brought up in imitation of the New York girl. Thus filtered and crossed, the Philadelphia girl, as a complete product, is neither fresh, flash, foul nor well-bred herring.

Mentally, the tutelage of the Philadelphia maiden is upon the dark principle of the nineteenth century: "My mother told me no more," as Wedekind has it. The principle of hush is here. What the result? Schoolgirl minds in women's bodies; bashful blushes in place of clean and fearless complexions; shock in place of chic. Beauty, to be sure, is not a matter of mind, as certain thick-blocks have wished at times to impress us; the most beautiful girl in America today has the vilest mind to the hitherward side of the Rue Vivienne. Beauty is a matter of physical courage—and physical courage and the mind are bound by the remotest of blood ties. The Philadelphia girl is (I trust I am not too ungentlemanly)—afraid. She is afraid of her mother, afraid of her father, afraid of her girl friends, afraid of her men friends, afraid of herself. Her fear makes her consistently self-conscious. Her consistent self-consciousness gives her the air of vanity. And this seeming—if mayhap intrinsically absent—vanity disannuls what other impressions of beauty her externals may bequeath. The Parisienne is beautiful because she is courageous; the maid of London town is unbeautiful because she is fearful. There is courage in Egg Harbor!

* * * *

The key of C natural, gentlemen. Picture to yourselves a man whose days are passed in a quaint old garden walled off from a throbbing, horizon-stretching land, a garden whose spiked stone fences interpose themselves be-

tween it and the thinking, quivering world and whose lazy quadrillian air is unawake to the echoes of the great thitherward mazurka. Picture to yourselves this man translating the resonant cannonading of life's contending armies as a mere passing summer thunder shower. Picture him the faded-blooded, hiccoughing son of a race that once, when hearts were young, threw the banner of an admirably impudent people to the winds of the world and carved its way into the world's nations. Picture him groping with eyes that will not see for a dusty family album, while close at his hand lies the Book of National Life. Picture him peering through his spectacles at the pages of a mythical and puny aristocracy, while from the pages of the other book at his elbow there look up at him the photographs of erstwhile newsboys now become great financiers, of erstwhile printers' devils now become great leaders of public opinion, of erstwhile horse-car drivers now become great statesmen. Picture to yourselves this man, his arms large, but fibreless, sinewless, muscleless from inactivity; his thoughts concerned with nourishing a small bed of pansies within his little enclosed garden while from beyond the garden walls there comes to his ears the laughing promise of a new generation.

The key of C natural, gentlemen. Through the veil of your eloquent Laranaga, see you this man nettled under the pinpricks of unwritten blue laws; see you him trying to urge melody to his lips, but halting, blanch at the thought of what his neighbors may think of him. See you him creep his way to the garden wall. See you him stand at its base hopeless, longingly. Oh, for a ladder to climb to its top, there to view the other world and profit by its breathing panorama. Oh, for such a ladder, the ladder that men call courage!

Picture to yourselves this man.
For *He* is Philadelphia.

TABLOID FICTION

By James L. Ford

"The Banalities of Bernadine."

Another Sordid British Novel of Smart Society. This One is told in the Form of Letters or a Diary and Deals with those whose wickedness is after the Dull and Clumsy British Style and entirely devoid of Spice. The Book is Marked by a *Naïveté* that is Rouged and Powdered and Reeks of Patchouli. Trustworthy rumor, emanating from the office of its publisher, declares that it is the work of a woman in the most exalted society.

Years ago, when I was still in very short frocks, mamma stopped one night at the nursery on her way down to dinner and told me that marriage was the only strictly middle-class institution in the three kingdoms that was absolutely indispensable to our rank; and that without its protection—it was a sort of umbrella, I gathered—it would be impossible for one to amuse oneself properly here below.

Poor dear mamma! She was *mondaine jusqu'aux bouts de ses ongles*. I often wonder how she is enjoying herself there above, where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

It was with a keen remembrance of this wise saying, that, at the very moment of my debut into the polite world, I carefully scanned the faces of the three men who were gathered about the tea table in the great oak-paneled hall and wondered which one of them would become the umbrella under which I should take my part in the enjoyments that are the privilege of my race and caste.

I had just arrived at Grafton Manor and had scarcely changed from traveling things to the comfort of a tea-gown when Lady Bab came knocking at my door to take me down to tea.

Dear Lady Bab! I remember how

she used to pet me and slip bonbons into my hands when I was allowed to come in for dessert. And now it was the same Lady Bab, only married and a few years older, who stood watching me with smiling face as I took my first plunge into the troubled waters of society.

Oh! how cold that first plunge was! I can hear the icy bubbles bursting in my ears now as I write, although I have put that gray November afternoon years and years behind me in point of experience and the acquisition of worldly knowledge since then.

Lady Bab led me in, a shy, shrinking, awkward school-girl, and the men all made room for me before the fire and smiled and ran their eyes over me from head to foot precisely as Lord Stilton does when he judges longhorns at the Glastonbury cattle show.

I felt myself turning scarlet to the very roots of my hair and I would have given the world for even the smallest part of that aplomb that has carried Lady Bab triumphantly through so many hard-fought London seasons, and is still carrying her through a much harder fought divorce. As it was I murmured something perfectly banal and then subsided into a great arm chair in the hope of escaping any further scrutiny.

It was Prince Rochefort who first addressed himself to me—a tall, bald man, with great shining teeth and an aquiline nose; I remembered him well from the old days in Shropshire, when he was the French Ambassador and papa used to bring him down to shoot. Now he stepped forward and held out his hand, saying with a horrid grin

that I recall so well "Can this be the young lady whom I used to see in pinafores eating bread and treacle in the nursery at Gullmore Towers?"

"It is, indeed," I said, holding out my hand and smiling sweetly upon him. "You used to come into the nursery to see Mlle. Liotard, the one who was sent away just because mamma heard her talking French with you."

"That's a good one on you, Prince!" screamed Lady Bab, and then they all burst out laughing and the Prince ground his teeth and muttered under his breath and so I knew I must have said something quite banal.

The man next to the Prince was tall, blond and well groomed, and bore that unmistakable air of high breeding that marks aristocratic British life. I noticed that his ears were small and his fingers long, delicate and tipped with nails that were like highly polished filberts. He kept talking to Lady Bab and every now and then he dropped his voice to a whisper and then her face would flush—I never knew before that it could—and she would look up at him with oh! so much feeling in her eyes. I turned away from the blond man, knowing that he would never become an umbrella for me when Lady Bab was nigh, and was dreadfully annoyed to find that the other man was staring at me very hard indeed. He had been presented to me as Mr. Abraham Washington Scraggs, and Lady Bab had told me on the way downstairs that he was an American, enormously wealthy and considered one of the best *partis* of the season.

Once, in speaking of marriage as a state into which even those of our rank may enter with advantage to themselves, mamma told me that it might become necessary to *fermer les yeux* while considering an advantageous proposal. Her wise words came back to me now as I gazed at Mr. Scraggs and noted that his eyes were blue and his hair iron-gray, and that he wore a short, stiff beard without any moustache. His upper lip was very long and smooth-shaved, and sufficient in itself to stamp

him as an original in any part of the world—I mean, of course, our world, mine and mamma's. His arms were long, like a gorilla's, and his hands large, red and bony. He was dressed like a dissenting clergyman in black broadcloth, and spoke through the nose.

"Wa'al, young lady," he said, with what takes the place of a smile on faces like his, "I reckon you hain't been long out in society?"

"No," I said, letting my eyes fall as I spoke; "I have only just come downstairs with Lady Bab. Up to five minutes ago I never stepped outside of the nursery and schoolroom."

"Pretty smart teachers you must a' had," said Mr. Scraggs with a chuckle that sounded like a squirrel cracking a nut; and then Lady Bab called out that he must take me into the conservatory and show me the night blooming cereus.

As we went out I saw the Prince moving off in the opposite direction, while Lady Bab came quite close to the other man and laid her hand caressingly on his arm as she spoke to him in low, earnest tones. I am quite sure he is to be her umbrella. I wonder how soon she will hoist him.

* * * *

Just ten days since I took my first plunge into society, and every one says I am getting along capitally—that is, every one but Lady Bab, who has been acting very unreasonably and says I am getting along altogether too well, as if I was to blame because her tall man happens to be *empresé* with me. I have found that his name is Lord Havelock Scarborough, but everyone calls him "Knapsack."

But Prince Rochefort says that if I continue to attract all the eligibles not one of the women will have a good word to say for me. Moreover he says that I am too thick with Mr. Scraggs to give general satisfaction. Yet somehow I find Mr. Scraggs very interesting. Lady Bab says he is a Captain of Industry, but that is because she knows how I despise those yeomanry officers—as who wouldn't whose father had been in the Household!

Prince Rochefort has gone at last to pay a long, promised visit to the Demidoffs in Russia. He would have been glad to have taken me with him but I do not think it quite the proper thing for a *jeune fille* to accompany a bald-headed *viveur* across the frozen steppes with only her maid as chaperon—especially as it is quite evident that he is distinctly *toqué* with me.

The Prince having gone there is no one left in the house—I don't count those couples who never look at anyone except each other—except Lord Havelock and Lady Bab and Mr. Scraggs and me, and we do have such delightful times together. Mr. Scraggs plays bridge so delightfully that he has already lost seven hundred pounds to me and five hundred to Lady Bab, to say nothing of letting Lord Havelock have three hundred. Everyone here says that the American is bright and original and quite sure to make an enviable place for himself in the best English society.

Yesterday a strange thing happened. Lord Havelock asked me to call him "Knapsack." I was quite touched by his kindness. It is a nickname that Lady Bab gave him—dear, witty, bright Lady Bab—because she said his own name always suggested some sort of military accoutrement. How very clever! There is one thing that I am beginning to learn about English society and that is that it will not tolerate anyone that is dull. But to return to Lord Havelock. I told him that I would call him by his nickname but only when we were quite alone, so he proposed that we should go off entirely by ourselves into the rose garden, that he might hear me pronounce that dear word. For it is a dear word. I cannot conceal that fact any longer. Well, while we were sitting together in one of the arbors and just as I was pronouncing that sweet name for about the twelfth time I heard a rustle behind me and there stood Lady Bab. The cat!

"I didn't mean to intrude," she said, "but I was looking for my little daughter. Have you seen her anywhere?" It was the first time I had ever heard

her speak of her daughter—a charming little girl whom I had often encountered in my rambles about the place. I had often wondered whose child she was.

"Is that your little daughter with the French *bonne* and the little white sun bonnet?" I cried. "I might have known it was yours for it has the sweetest eyes—just like Lord Havelock's!"

And then "Knapsack" broke into a great roar of laughter and Lady Bab started off through the rose-bushes without another word, leaving me mortified to death to think that I must have said something utterly banal again.

* * * *

Back again from our honeymoon. Can it be possible that we have been married a whole month? It seems more like two years! Lady Bab was waiting at the lodge gate to welcome us to dear old Grafton Manor, and now we four are together again just as we were in the early days of our courtship.

We were having tea together—Lady Bab, Mr. Scraggs and I—when Lord Havelock came in quite suddenly through the long French window and I felt my heart beat quick and the color come into my face, for all at once the thought came over me that I was now no longer a *jeune fille* but a married woman and quite free to love whom I pleased.

Mamma was indeed right. Marriage, although unquestionably designed for the middle classes, is a veritable gateway to liberty for those of our rank who happen to be *toqué* with one another.

Everyone seemed glad to see us, and Lady Bab confessed to me in her own room that she was dreadfully hard up and anxious to sit down to the bridge table the very moment dinner was over. But somehow I did not feel much like cards, nor did I care to have Mr. Scraggs lose any more money. It is no longer necessary for him, now that his marriage to me has given him that social *cachet* that only rank or a willingness to lose money at the card table can bestow. If he wishes to get rid of

any of his money let him lose it to me. But as Lord Havelock seemed quite anxious to play we had two rubbers and then Mr. Scraggs yawned and went off to bed and I followed a quarter of an hour later, leaving Lady Bab and Lord Havelock sitting very close together with their feet resting side by side on the brass fender. I loitered a moment in the hall and then heard Lady Bab say in a voice that I knew was purposely lowered so as to catch my ear: "Stay where you are, Knapsack! Let her light her candle herself!"

I went to my room, which is down the north corridor and—Lady Bab is always so thoughtful—quite remote from Mr. Scraggs, whose windows are on the west, overlooking the fish ponds. I rang for MacFarland and she got me into a deliciously pale blue gown that Worth assured me was precisely the thing to wear when one expected to be surprised in a becoming *deshabille*. Then, after she had done my hair, I dismissed her and sat down by the window. The moon was flooding the park with a silvery light that was so bright and clear that it seemed as if I could distinguish each separate leaf and blade of grass. There was absolutely no sound to break the stillness, save the swaying of the branches and the rustling of the oak leaves as the light gusts of wind swept through the green forest. It was quite easy to fall into a reverie, and, almost before I knew it I had begun to live over again the few weeks that had passed between my *début* into society and the moment when I found myself married to the wealthy and greatly *empresé* Mr. Scraggs; and, for the first time in my life, perfectly free to do as I pleased. Still thinking of my newly won liberty I began to feel oppressed by the confines of the room and climbed out of the window to the balcony which runs across the whole of the north wing. Even here I still felt the oppression, and, seeing that a narrow flight of stairs led from the balcony to the ground, I quickly descended, crossed the lawn and found refuge in a summer-house that stands in the very

middle of the Italian gardens. Then suddenly the moon disappeared behind a great dark cloud and when it emerged I was horrified to see a man standing directly between the summer-house and the flight of stairs, gazing earnestly up at the open window of my room. Lady Bab was nowhere in sight, so I gathered up the skirts of my negligee and crossed the dewy lawn so noiselessly that Lord Havelock did not see me until I was obliged to stop and ask him to allow me to pass. At the sound of my voice he turned upon me with a look in his eyes that I had never seen there before.

"At last," he cried, stepping forward and trying to fold me in his arms. But I drew myself up to my full height, looked him straight in the face and said:

"What is the meaning of this banality?"

"Surely," he replied, "it is no banality to wait and wait until you were married and I could tell you all that has been seething in my heart these many days! I could not, in honor, speak to a young girl about love; but now that you are the wife of another there is no further need for silence. Bernadine, I love you!"

A delicious thrill permeated my whole being and the tears of joy came into my eyes as I said in a voice that trembled in spite of all that I could do: "And how about Lady Bab?"

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "You have not heard! She has obtained her divorce. The telegram came ten minutes ago. I withdrew at once from the drawing-room, realizing that she was free at last and that under the circumstances it would be worse than banal for me to offer her any but the most formal attention. And now, darling, nothing stands between us save your husband and my wife."

And then I did the most inexcusably banal thing of my whole life. I simply threw myself into his dear arms, crying: "Knapsack, it was noble of you to wait!"

We have been inseparable ever since.

"CAESAR'S WIFE"

BEING AN OLD TITLE FOR A NEW MOVING PICTURE OF OLD HUMAN NATURE IN
SIX REELS

By Hamilton Trevor

REEL I

MRS. JAMESON went pale, looked about the boudoir nervously as if to make sure that the maid had closed the door behind her, and again fastened her feverish gaze on the letter. What did it mean? Who could have sent it? "This is merely to warn you to keep your eyes open," she read. "Your husband may or may not be deceiving you. Probably he is not. Then again, probably he is." It was written in a scrawly, nondescript hand and signed "A friend." And they had been married only a year! No, no, it could not be true. She just knew it could not! And yet—what could the letter mean? Mrs. Jameson, upon whom the Mrs. looked decidedly out of place—for she was only a frail girl of nineteen—jammed the letter into the pocket of her great fur coat lying over the back of a chair close by, rang impatiently for the maid and ordered the latter to dress her as quickly as possible. "And have Carter ready with the motor when I am ready!" she supplemented.

REEL II

HALF an hour later, George Jameson looked up from his littered desk into the tearful eyes of his wife. He jumped out of his chair, came quickly around her and took her in his arms. "For heaven's sake, sweetheart," he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" She shot a sudden glance at him. "Tell me one thing, George," and her voice quivered a bit, "do you still love me?"

"Why, of course I do!" her boy-husband smiled, "of course I do. How can you ask such a foolish question?" Lucy's mouth twitched. For a moment it hesitated to speak. Then—"And only me?" "There's not another girl in the world," Jameson assured her. Lucy drew out the letter and handed it to him. "Then," she said, "what does this mean?" Jameson read the thing through twice. His eyebrows came together. "Where did you get this?" "In the mail—less than two hours ago," replied Lucy. Jameson buried the battling oath in the back of his mouth. Then his face gradually, very, very gradually, relaxed into a smile. "It's a joke, dear—it *must* be a joke! That is the only way I can account for it." He looked at his young wife. "You trust me, darling, don't you?" She hesitated a second or two and then took two sharp steps in his direction—and kissed him.

REEL III

Lucy dismissed the matter and slept soundly that night and dreamed of sun-tickled brooks and impudent moons and all the nice and unreal things of Nature that go with love and love's best-selling fairy tale. While dressing the next morning, she noticed a crumpled piece of paper on the divan in the far corner of the room. An excusable feminine curiosity drew her towards it. She unfolded the paper. It was the anonymous letter. George had evidently dropped it there the night before. She remembered now seeing him *dive*

into his pockets in search of something and cast the irrelevant objects on the divan. The anonymous letter again injected its subtle strychnine into her brain. There was no reason, she knew—but the insinuating psychology of such things is deadly when one gets up in the mornings. Her mind began whirling. A million reborn rebellious thoughts wormed their pathway into it. Her eyes darted here—there. Suddenly they rested on something yellow under the divan on which her husband had been sitting while rummaging through his pockets searching for that missing whatever-it-was. She went over, stooped and picked it up. It was a telegram. She opened it and read. Her scream brought the maid hurrying into the room. Mrs. Jameson had fainted. The maid took the telegram from the hand that still clutched it viciously. The maid looked at it. What had made her mistress collapse? It was her duty to find out—even before summoning a doctor or Mr. Jameson. The maid looked at it and read:

George Jameson,
c/o Jameson Brothers & Company,
Maple Street,
Pittsville.

Shall expect you next Tuesday evening at eight. Love you and miss you.

The telegram was signed simply with the letter C.

REEL IV

WHEN Mrs. Jameson opened her eyes, her husband was standing beside her. "I know what you thought and are thinking, dearest, but I didn't want to worry you by telling you I had received the message. You must believe me! I don't know who 'C' is; I don't know who sent it. I remembered I had it in my pocket last night and tried to find it and destroy it." Mrs. Jameson made no answer. She looked vaguely before her, her lips drawn tightly together, her face dead white. "What," she said finally, "was the first name of that Allentown girl you were in love with before you met me?" Jameson

hesitated a moment. "You surely don't mean Cora Allison—why—" But Mrs. Jameson checked him. "C!" she exclaimed—and then she promptly fainted again.

REEL V

JAMESON did not know what to do to regain the confidence of his wife. Two days later when he was just about succeeding in convincing her that he was telling the truth, a second telegram was delivered at the house during the day while he was absent at his office. She had opened it and read: "Wire received. Tuesday without fail, love." The telegram was signed with the same sinister "C." Jameson begged, implored, beseeched Lucy to believe him. "I haven't seen Miss Allison since we were married," he told her. "I love you and you only. You *must* not distrust me." But try as she would, Lucy could not bring herself to believe him. At the bottom of her heart, she trusted him completely, but the something that swims around the *top* of every women's heart—the something called Little Doubt—swallowed the trust in spite of itself. "While I feel this way," Lucy told her husband the next morning, "I cannot remain with you. I am going to my father's house today. When my heart convinces me I have been wrong, or when *you* convince me, I'll come back. God promise it will be soon!" Jameson did everything to dissuade her—but failed. And that evening found him seated alone at his dinner table, his own heart aching, his own eyes salty, his own lips sore from the wounds of the teeth. He couldn't eat. He tried to call Lucy over the telephone. "They won't answer," came back Central's unsympathetic voice. He tried to see Lucy. "I have been ordered to say there's no one at home," came back the servant's cold, non-debatable words. He sought forgetfulness, temporary salvation from his worry and ache at the theater. When he went to his seat, something startled him. At first he did not know what it was. Then the truth

of what had surprised him dawned on him and surprised him anew. The theater was full of men! There was not a single woman in the whole auditorium. Curious—unusual—why? He looked about him. The house was entirely devoid of the usual ante-curtain buzz of conversation. No man seemed to know his neighbor. No man was uttering a word. Jameson smiled grimly to himself. "It's myself that's wrong!" he muttered. "I'm seeing things; my brain's going back on me." He glanced at his program. He glimpsed the name of the play for the first time—"Cæsar's Wife." "Cæsar" was the name of the leading character, so the program inferred—"J. Cæsar Kingsland." The curtain went up and the play began. Jameson found himself suddenly brought out of his glum mood of introspection, his interest riveted in the action on the stage. What a coincidence! Here was a drama detailing *his own story*. Kingsland was himself; Mrs. Kingsland was Lucy. The mysterious anonymous letter—the mysterious telegrams signed with the equally mysterious "C's." Could he believe his eyes, his ears? Or was it all his own imagination? He kicked his foot against the chair in front of him. Yes, he was awake! He fixed his attention on the stage once more. Sure enough, this play was unfolding the same episodes that had occurred in his own home during the last few days. Mrs. Kingsland, her trust in her husband shattered, was leaving him despite his protestations of love, loyalty and truth. Then the words of the actress hit Jameson's ears like so many rifle shots. "When my heart convinces me I have been wrong, or when *you* convince me, I'll come back." Those same words had been Lucy's farewell to him less than twenty-four hours before. How would the play work out? Jameson waited restlessly for the curtain to go up on the last act and its possibly enlightening ending. His worry had become lost in his interest in the drama. The act began to unwind itself,—but still no promise of reconciliation between the man

and wife. Then, suddenly, the door of Kingsland's library burst open and Mrs. Kingsland rushed into her husband's arms. "Forgive me, Cæsar dear," she cried. "I've been a fool, a downright fool!" Kingsland seized his wife and drew her close to him. "How did you discover it, dear?" he asked her. She gave a merry laugh. "Haven't *you* heard?" she smiled. Kingsland shook his head. She unfolded a late evening newspaper "extra" she had brought with her. "Read!" she commanded. Kingsland glanced at the paper with curious eyes. Suddenly, he burst out in a yell of laughter. There was a second's pause. He kissed his wife. Then he began to read aloud the article his wife had pointed out to him. He had got no further than the end of the first sentence than Jameson, with a suppressed shout of joy, grabbed his hat and coat and dashed up the aisle out of the theater. Every man in the audience, as if acting on the same impulse, followed suit. It was a veritable panic. Jameson stopped in his headlong rush through the lobby only long enough to ask the door-man when the play had opened.

"This," said the doorman, "is the first night."

REEL VI

JAMESON, arriving home completely out of breath, plunged toward the telephone to call his wife. "Hurry, for God's sake!" he implored central. As he jiggled the hook up and down in his great impatience, the door of the library suddenly burst open and Mrs. Jameson rushed into his arms. "Forgive me, George dear," she cried. "I've been a fool, a downright fool!" "How did you discover it, dear?" he asked her. She gave a merry laugh. "Haven't *you* heard?" she smiled. Jameson, still a bit doubtful, shook his head. She unfolded a late evening newspaper "extra" she had brought with her. "Read!" she commanded. Jameson glanced at the paper with curious eyes. Suddenly he burst out in a yell of laugh-

ter. There was a second's pause. He kissed his wife, once, twice, a dozen times. "Cæsar's wife," he warned her with a huge smile, "should be above suspicion."

"*Suspicious!*" corrected Lucy. "But," she pouted, "how was I to have

guessed it was all just a mean, nasty, disreputable trick of the press-agent for 'Cæsar's Wife'!"

Jameson kissed her again. "I'll bet you a million dollars," he observed after a pause, "that—that—press-agent—was—a—woman."



STILL-BORN

By Grace Hausmann Sherwood

I WAS to have a child. Because of it
For months I struggled to be wise and good,
Pure and unselfish; in some measure fit
For the great crowning of my womanhood.

And oh! the blissful musings that were mine,
Shared only with my little child-to-be!
The trembling hopes! The fancies half divine!
I think the angels must have envied me.

And now! For hope, not even memory!
For all the bitter travail and the pain,
Something that came and went. Not even a cry
To treasure up! All utterly in vain!

O you who strain your first-born to your breast,
And gaze and gaze in wonder and delight,
Spare me a moment from your rapture blest
To pity me my empty arms tonight!



THE DROPPING LEAF

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

ALL day, within the exquisite windless air,
Each side our street the pear-trees, four a-row,
Stand jonquil-colored by the hedges there;
And all day long the folk go to and fro;—
The butcher with the horn he shrilly blows,
In lilac or pink frocks small maids at play,
The washerwoman with her bag of clothes—
As in a cloudy place far and away.
At dusk a gust comes up the half-lit lane;
In a bright whirl the leaves are shaken down;
The moon sags low in a thin jonquil sky;—
The gust fades to a step outside the pane—
Like veiled shapes the trees drift on to town;
Ghosts, too, the folk that under them go by.

PIETRO GALLI—SCAVENGER

By Charles C. Dobie

I

THE news of Alexandrine's death traveled with the usual swiftness of an ill wind. They found her at eight o'clock in the morning, and in ten minutes a handful of onlookers, with heads thrust forward like vultures scenting an unholy feast, stood opposite Europa House. In half an hour this scattered gathering had swelled into a compact crowd. Two extra policemen came down the street; a black wagon rumbled up.

On all sides hummed a subdued murmur of reminiscences. The men spoke of Alexandrine's good nature and her fine looks—the women of her shamelessness.

"She had diamonds—a thousand dollars' worth," said one.

"No wonder," replied another drily.

Old women wagged their heads sentimentously; only the children had the wisdom of silence.

And thus it went all morning. Even after the wagon had lumbered on its ominous way the crowd continued to surge and gossip.

At noon a man came, standing with uncovered head in the center of the street, and looked up at Alexandrine's window. The mid-day sun beat down upon him, curdling his low forehead into a succession of broken furrows, and searching out the glints of gray in his hair. His whole body seemed to sag between the weight of ungainly shoulders, his eyes burned through two wrinkle-edged slits, his hands were red and enormous. He wore a black broadcloth suit and a stiff, collarless shirt, and he carried a huge bouquet of white flowers squeezed primly into the style of a bygone day. At any other time he would have been ridiculous, now he

seemed only pathetic. A policeman urged him on.

As he stepped back the movement of his right hand toward his forehead disclosed a misfortune—he had lost a thumb; a fresh, red scar marked the trail of the surgeon's knife.

He began to look into the crowd, perhaps in an endeavor to find a sympathetic face; it was a motley and, on the whole, an ill-favored slice of humanity, but the quarter of San Francisco that harbored Alexandrine sheltered a motley brood.

Finally the man with the bouquet moved in the direction of a warped figure leaning against a fire-hydrant.

"What, is it true?" he began in Italian, addressing the cripple, who proved to be one of his countrymen, and who yielded space to him. "Alexandrine—? How—"

"They found her at eight o'clock with her throat cut."

"Yes—yes. It is horrible! Why—"

"For her diamonds, of course. She had no sense. Only last night—"

A woman interrupted—a swarthy-skinned shrew, with gold hoop-earrings and the harsh voice of the Italian peasant. "*For her diamonds?* What an idea! She was a bad woman, that's what she was. She probably tricked somebody—some man. They are all alike."

The man with the bouquet, his head still uncovered, turned toward the woman. Two tears glistened and rolled down his cheeks.

"How can you say such a thing about the dead?" he chided. "You do not know. . . . No, no, you should not speak so. We are not all saints."

The cripple plucked at the man's sleeve. "Where are you going with the bouquet?" he asked suggestively.

"They will not bury her yet—not for some time."

The other looked down at the flowers with a startled look. "The bouquet? No—you are wrong. I bought them—you see I was to have been married today."

"Married?" broke in the woman again. "*Married?* What an old jack-anapes! You're a pretty bridegroom, running about the streets on your wedding day like one possessed. And where is the bride, pray? Come, I guess you've had a glass too much."

The man with the bouquet gave the woman a frightened look. The cripple plucked at his sleeve again.

"Let us go," the cripple suggested compassionately. "Let us get out of the sun."

The cripple began to drag his dead foot in the direction of Columbus Avenue. Obediently his new-found companion followed. People turned and stared after them, diverted by the spectacle of two such incongruous specimens.

In the shadow of St. Francis' Church the cripple paused.

"Is this the place?" he queried. "Let us look inside—perhaps she is waiting."

The man with the bouquet began to mop his brow. "Waiting? I do not understand. There is no one waiting."

"Didn't you say that you were to be married? Well, surely where there is a wedding there must be a bride."

"A bride? You do not understand. *A bride!* Please do not laugh, my friend—the bride was Alexandrine."

"Alexandrine?"

"Yes."

The cripple began to crack his fingers. "The woman was right. You are drunk. Come, you'd better be careful; you'll get yourself into a mess."

The other placed his thumbless hand upon the cripple's shoulder. "I am not drunk," he said solemnly. "What I tell you is the truth. As you are my countryman and God is my witness, I would have been married today to Alexandrine. See—" he thrust his hand

into a pocket and drew out a soiled chamois bag—"see, here are the diamonds—every diamond that Alexandrine owned."

The cripple fell back. His face was white and he trembled violently. "*You*—then it was you who—"

"No—no. Only come with me and I will tell you. Come, let us go for something to eat; I feel faint. If you will be so good, my friend, I will tell you everything."

The cripple glanced about furtively and made a gesture of assent, while the man with the bouquet stood as if undecided in which direction to turn.

In the quarter of San Francisco where they stood it was only a step in any direction to restaurants without end. A little to the west were the French Pensions, their long oilcloth-covered tables glistening with the glory of polished pewter set between rows of inverted plates; at the upper end of Broadway, before it climbed the hill, one could come upon scattered eating-houses where homesick Mexicans feasted but had not the heart for song; eastward the Italian restaurants clustered thickly like wigwams upon the sunny slope of a hill, and the ubiquitous chop-house was everywhere, luring the hungry stranger to its doors with window displays of food grouped carelessly about a trickling fountain watering the inevitable mound of oysters.

The man with the bouquet took a step towards Broadway and stopped. "Where shall we go?" he hesitated.

The cripple shrugged. "I am not hungry. Let us go where we can drink," he replied conclusively.

They started on again, this time the cripple lagging behind, dragging his foot painfully. They walked down Columbus Avenue to Montgomery Street, turned eastward into Washington Street, and, in a dead, sleepy backwater of the town they came upon an old, moth-eaten wine-shop and they went in. An odor of wine enveloped them with a sense of musty coolness. They dragged across the sawdust-strewn floor and took a table in a far corner.

A sleepy attendant came up to them.

"Bring us wine," said the man with the bouquet, as he laid the flowers on the table. "Red wine for my friend—and for me—well, I am not particular, so long as the wine you bring me is of another color."

The cripple sank into his seat with a sigh of contentment; his companion glanced about. Two or three loafers dozed before an open window; a parrot squawked unceasingly in the doorway; before the bar a cat brushed its face with an upraised paw.

The attendant came back and set two bottles of wine in the center of the table and the glasses in front of his guests. The cripple reached out eagerly and filled his glass. The other did likewise, only with greater deliberation, as if he were measuring every drop. As the attendant moved away they clicked their glasses solemnly and began to drink.

"Tell me," said the man with the bouquet, "did you know Alexandrine?"

The cripple set an empty glass down. "Yes," he answered briefly. "And you?"

The man with the bouquet shoved his glass to one side. "Have I not told you that today I would have married her? And the diamonds—" he tapped his pocket suggestively—"have you forgotten the diamonds? Come, my friend, pour yourself another drink, and follow me closely, because I shall tell this story to you, and to you only. And to not another soul will I tell it, or my name is not Pietro Galli.

II

"You see I have lost a thumb. Perhaps you are saying to yourself, 'What has this to do with Alexandrine, and the fact that *he* was to marry her.' Listen, it has everything to do with it—everything. It was the loss of this thumb—

"But wait a bit, my friend. Do you know the trade I work at? For even this has to do with it. For if I had worked at any other trade I would not

have cut my thumb, and if I had not cut my thumb, I would never have met Alexandrine, and if I had never met Alexandrine— But all this is what you call fate. It could not have happened otherwise. If I had worked at any other trade—did I say 'trade'? What a ridiculous thing to say! It is not a trade, my friend.

"If you were to see me on any day but my wedding day you would know the thing I work at. You would see grease from garbage tins upon my shirt, and the fine dust of ashes on my face. For, if the truth were known, I am a scavenger. Now you have it—a *scavenger*.

"When I pass along the street women keep to the far side of the curb, children mock me, and even the dogs sniff. But that does not matter. We are here to do the work we must do; it is not for us to pick and choose; we cannot all be masters.

"I know now what you are thinking, my friend. You are thinking, 'What a liar this man is! He, a scavenger, to be wedded to Alexandrine! A man that even the *dogs* sniff at—what a *tale!*' Perhaps, even when I am through, you will not believe me. But—no matter. I repeat again: If Alexandrine had not been—but why go on? It could not be otherwise, seeing that it has happened. . . .

"On this day that I first saw Alexandrine I had cut my thumb on a blue bottle. People who throw broken bottles into garbage cans think only of themselves. I had cut my thumb on a blue bottle, but it was not the first time such a thing had happened, so I did not even wipe away the blood. I emptied the can into a piece of dirty canvas and started for my wagon.

"My wagon, did I say? That also is ridiculous. No, the man who owns the wagon—he who hires me, owns more than I can count—especially with one thumb gone. I am only—but what does that matter, seeing that you have two eyes and see what I am—a hired slave.

"As I went along the street the blood

soaked through the canvas and dripped down on the stone pavement. But I have been cut so many times by broken litter that I was not bothered. I went along whistling—yes, even one so broken and ridiculous as I sometimes has a heart for such folly. . . . I went along whistling, with the blood dripping from my thumb.

"Now I know what you are thinking. You are thinking: 'What has a bloody thumb to do with Alexandrine and getting married?' You are thinking that, my friend, because you do not know in how many ways the devil works. You do not see—but that does not matter either. When I am finished you will be a wiser man.

"I went along whistling, with the blood dripping from my thumb. My pack weighted me down and I kept my eyes on the ground. I always walk so. I look at no one, not even at the women who keep to the far side of the curb. But Alexandrine did not keep to the far side of the curb. She came up to me, face to face, and I stopped.

"'What has happened?' she asked. 'Your hand is full of blood.'

"I swung the pack from my shoulder and looked at her. She was very young—much too young for—but then you have seen Alexandrine, so there is no need to say more. Knowing something of women, I gave her a piercing look.

"Now I know what you are thinking, my friend. You are thinking: 'How can this old fool know something of women if he keeps his eyes on the ground and looks at none of them.' But you forget. I have not always walked so—with my eyes down.

"I repeat, I gave her a piercing look, and I knew at once—not because of her dress, it was not too gay, nor because of her diamonds, because she did not wear them that day. But her eyes were too bold, my friend, and her lips were bold also, and red, much too red. But it was not for these things I looked at her. I looked at her to find out why she had stopped *me*, Pietro

Galli, scavenger, with a greasy shirt, and eyebrows dusted with ashes, and a dripping thumb.

"'What has happened?' she asked again. 'Your hand is full of blood.'

"I forgot how I replied. But she opened my hand with a white finger. I remember as if it were yesterday. Such a clean, pretty little finger. I drew my hand away quickly.

"'No—no,' I said. 'You will get blood all over. No—no!'

"Then she laughed. Have you ever seen Alexandrine laugh, my friend? It is like sunshine through a mist when she laughs. And her face? But I am an old fool, and no one has ever laughed into my eyes in such a way before.

"She laughed, my friend, and began to tear her handkerchief into strips, and, as I held out my hand, she bound up my thumb; she, Alexandrine, bound up the hand of Pietro Galli, scavenger, and the blood soaked through the cloth and dropped down upon her pretty white fingers.

"'And what is your name?' I asked her.

"'My name? Why, don't you know me? I thought everybody knew Alexandrine.' And she laughed again, and left me, without another word.

"I swung my pack upon my shoulder and looked after her. She walked a few steps into a doorway and went upstairs—upstairs to the room where they found her this morning. And, after a time, a man crossed the street and went in the same door.

"And what do you suppose, my friend? I, Pietro Galli, scavenger, leaned against a lamp-post and sobbed. For what reason I could not say, except—

"But there, my friend, I know what you are thinking. You are thinking: 'What has an old fool's tears to do with his marrying Alexandrine this morning?'

"Wait a bit and I will tell you. After you have had another drink then I will tell you, but not before, my friend, not before.

III

"THAT night my hand pained so that I could not sleep—and all the next day and the next. And on the third day it began to swell, my friend, to the elbow. But still I did nothing, thinking, 'I have been cut before and nothing came of it.'

"But on the fourth day my thumb had a greenish look, and then I was frightened. The doctor gave it one look and said: 'You must have that thumb cut off. Come, can you go to the hospital now, at once?'

"So I went, and the thing was done. But even then the pain did not stop. And finally one day the doctor said again: 'Pietro Galli, you are very sick; you may not get well. Perhaps I shall have to cut off your arm, and even then you may die of it. Come, do you wish to see a priest?'

"I shook my head. 'No,' I said, setting my teeth down hard, 'but I should like to see Alexandrine, if you will be so good.' And I gave him the directions how he could find her.

"Now I know what you are thinking, my friend, but no matter. When you are as old as I am you will know what an uncommon thing it is to have the pity of even a woman such as Alexandrine. Remember, it is not every woman who would stop to tie up the bleeding thumb of such an old fool as I.

"She came that evening, and, to tell you the truth, I was surprised. I did not think that she would bother. She came into the room, and they put a screen about us, so that the others could not see.

"She came up and looked straight into my eyes, but she was not laughing this time. 'Oh,' she cried, 'it is you! And what have they been doing to you?'

"'They have cut off my thumb,' I said. 'And maybe tomorrow my arm will go. And after that—' But I stopped short, my friend, because I could see that Alexandrine was weeping. Fancy weeping about an old fool like me—a thumbless old fool at that!

"Then she said: 'Why did you send for me?'

"And I answered: 'Because you did me a kindness, and they tell me I may die.'

"'You should have sent for a priest then,' she said, looking a little frightened, and she got up.

"I looked hard at her for a moment, and then I asked: 'Why do you get up so quickly? Are you afraid because I may die?'

"'Yes,' she answered me. 'I am afraid when anybody dies.'

"I looked at her again. 'Why?'

"'Because,' she said, 'I guess it is my life.' And she began to cry again.

"'Your life?' I repeated. 'Well, we are not all saints. But why do you live so? Come, you should have a home and children, Alexandrine. You should have children, and then you would have something to do besides tying up old fools' thumbs. Why do you not marry?'

"She began to laugh. 'Marry? Well, you *are* an old fool! Nobody would marry *me*.'

And so she left me.

IV

"BUT the pain, my friend—no, the pain did not leave me. When I think of it I set my teeth down hard—so. No, I would not endure it again to save five arms!

"For some reason they did not have to cut further. I got along without it, but the pain—

"But there, I know what you are thinking now, my friend. You are thinking: 'What has all this talk about pain and a lost thumb to do with Alexandrine?'

"Listen! You have heard what she said to me when I left—'Nobody would marry *me*!' Well, I began to think about it, to turn it over in my mind, as the wind turns a windmill.

"Have you ever been in a hospital, my friend? Then you know how it is at night. You know what it is to burn, and chill, and toss, and be wakened by

groans. Well, so it was with me. Between being shriveled up with fever and shaken with chills, I thought of Alexandrine and what she had said. Whenever I woke up I thought of it. And the next day, even then, I could think of nothing else.

"For two weeks I thought of this thing, perhaps because I had nothing better to think of, but no matter. To speak quickly and to the point, my friend, on the day they let me go home, I stopped at the Europa House and climbed the stairs. I was very weak, and before I got half way I stopped for breath and my head swam. At that moment a man began to descend—the man who had followed Alexandrine on that first day.

"He stopped and looked at me sharply. 'What is the matter? Are you drunk?' he said.

"I got my breath. 'No,' I answered, 'but I have been sick.'

"He raised a fat, shining hand to his face, and I saw that he wore a diamond ring. 'What are you doing here?' he asked.

"If I had been strong I would have struck him, but being sick, I said quietly, 'I have come to repay a friend who did me a kindness.'

"A friend who did you a kindness? Who was it?"

"I caught at the banister. 'A young woman who visited me when I was sick.'

"A young woman who visited you when you were sick? You must be crazy. This is not a convent."

"No," I replied, "but charity is everywhere." And I began to climb the stairs again. . . .

"An old trot came down the hall—a little old woman with rat-eyes and thin, shriveled lips.

"Where is Alexandrine?" I asked her. "Which is her room?"

"She began to mumble her gums. 'Alexandrine! Oh-ho! Say, what can you want with Alexandrine—you!' And she pointed a skinny finger at me and laughed.

"If I had been well I would have

cursed her, but when one is sick one does not care. Besides I wished to see Alexandrine, and curses are the rights of the driver, not the driven. So I asked her again, and, seeing that I was not to be put off, she took me to Alexandrine's room, the same room where they found her this morning.

"I shall never forget Alexandrine's face when she saw me. She was dressing to go out and a hat was in her hand.

"'You!' she cried, and the hat dropped to the floor.

"I sat down upon the bed. I was still very weak and the climb upstairs had set my head whirling. She poured some water into a glass, and then she put some brandy in it. I drank it quickly and at once my head began to clear. I stood up. She looked at me with round eyes.

"I know what you are thinking," I said to her. "You are wondering why I have come here. Listen and I will tell you. Three weeks ago I cut my thumb. Perhaps you have forgotten it, but no matter. You, Alexandrine, saw me on the street, dripping blood, and you came to me and bound my hand. I have lived many years and no one but you has ever done a service for me. No—not one. Perhaps you do not know it, Alexandrine, but I repaid you with my tears that day, but no matter. *Repaid*, did I say? No—that is not so. I could not repay you with so small a thing as my tears, Alexandrine. . . . Until that day I had always walked with my eyes on the ground—so—looking at no one. For you know my trade, Alexandrine—the thing I work at. And if you ever have watched me go by before, you have seen women keep to the far side of the curb, and have heard children mock me, and have seen even the dogs sniff. But we are not here to pick and choose, Alexandrine. We are here to do the work we must do."

"I stopped for breath.

"Yes," Alexandrine said, looking at me. "You are right. We are not here to pick and choose. You are right."

"Listen to me, Alexandrine," I be-

gan again. 'Listen to me. But do not laugh, I beg of you, do not laugh! Do you remember what you said when you left me? *Nobody would marry me.* That was what you said—*nobody.* Am I not right? Well, *I will marry you, Alexandrine.* Do you understand? *I will marry you!*'

"Once I had said this I realized what an old fool I was. I, Pietro Galli, scavenger, to offer myself to Alexandrine. Can you imagine anything more ridiculous, my friend? Answer me, can you? It must have been the fever, or the pain, or because I was an old fool, but no matter, I had said it, and there I stood waiting for Alexandrine to laugh at me.

"But she did not laugh, my friend. She stooped over quickly to pick her hat from the floor, and two red spots burned her cheeks.

"'Pietro Galli,' she said slowly. 'I am a bad woman. But some day, who knows, perhaps I *shall* marry you. Strange things have happened.'

V

"I THOUGHT no more of Alexandrine for a week; I had other worries at my heels—an unpaid bill for lodgings, a giddy head and pain still, my friend, when night fell. But, after a week everything began to swing on as before. The rent was paid, the giddiness left, the pain died out. Thus is it always—smiles and tears—there is an end to everything. I began to walk as before, with my head down, to keep my distance from the women who passed, to shut my ears to the mocking of the children. In short, my friend, I became lonely again, without even a throbbing thumb for company.

"So I thought of Alexandrine, and I remembered her words to me. She had called herself a *bad* woman. If she had called herself a pretty woman she would have said more. For I tell you most women as pretty as Alexandrine—however, we are not all saints, and Alexandrine had a heart; most pretty women have none.

"Now I know what you are thinking, my friend. You are thinking: 'What does that old fool know about pretty women?' Well, can you not grant me an acquaintance with the devil? One does not see much of Heaven keeping one's eyes on the ground—so—as I do.

"She called herself a bad woman, but I knew that this was not so. For did she not herself bind up my bleeding thumb?

"Now, if you have ever been to church, my friend, you have heard stories of these bad women. I have forgotten just how these stories go, but there are tears and boxes of ointment, and such things, mixed up in them. There are stories of good women, too, but these have to do with fewer tears and less pity.

"I have said that Alexandrine was pretty, but you and I know that is something that does not last forever. Now I—I have never been a pretty thing, my friend, but I have been younger and less ill-favored. And the more I thought, the more I made up my mind that Alexandrine must marry somebody. So I began to look at men as I passed them on the street, saying to myself: 'Which one of these would marry Alexandrine?'

"Now I know what you are thinking. You are thinking: 'This man is mad. Nobody in his right senses would go running about the streets on such an errand.'

"Well, do you know this, my friend? The greatest things in life are the maddest things. Eating is not madness, and drinking is not madness, and working at one's trade is not madness.

"For a week I looked and looked. And, finally, I gave it up. There was something in every face that told me Alexandrine was right. Nobody would marry her, because, as you have guessed, nobody was quite mad enough. They were all too busy eating and drinking and working at their trades. So I went again to Alexandrine and I said over and over:

"'I will marry you, Alexandrine. Do you understand, *I will marry you!*'

"And she only smiled and thanked me. Yes, my friend, she thanked me. So I went again and again, regularly once a week I went and offered myself; once a week she smiled and thanked me; and once a week I saw the man with the fat hands and the diamond ring climb up the stairs as I left. And once a week I wept. Why? Because I am an old fool and mad, my friend. Yes, that is it—mad!

VI

"I KNOW what you are thinking now, my friend. You are thinking: 'How can this man's story be true, this story about marrying Alexandrine, seeing that once a week he asked her to have him, and once a week she refused.'

"You are thinking this because you fancy that the wind blows forever from one quarter. But it does nothing of the sort. Sometimes it changes like that—so—as I snap my fingers. Thus it happened last night.

"I had been thinking all day of Alexandrine, walking with my eyes down and thinking only of her. Why? Because having enough to eat and a place to sleep, I had not to bother my head with any thoughts except those I chose.

"I repeat, my friend, I kept thinking of Alexandrine all day, and when night came I said to myself: 'Tomorrow I must see Alexandrine and ask her to marry me.'

"Having made up my mind to do this, I began to think about going to bed. But, just as I stooped down to unlace my shoes, I heard a knock on the door. Now, you know that I am a lonely man and no one ever knocks upon my door except the landlady when I am behind with my rent, so you can imagine that I was surprised. I tied my shoelace quickly and threw open the door. And who do you suppose stood there, my friend? Alexandrine!

"She had on a great cloak, but there was no hat on her head, and she was gasping like someone who had run fast—a long way. She came into the room

and closed the door. Then she began to unbutton her cloak and I saw that her fingers trembled. But she said nothing. Only, presently, she threw off her cloak and I never have seen anything so beautiful as she was—truly, my friend, in all my life I never have seen anything so beautiful!

"She had on a gay dress, as you can imagine, red—like a flame. And her lips were red and her cheeks were red, and when she moved she seemed like a fire creeping along the edge of a dry field. On her hands and at her throat and between her breasts were diamonds, diamonds such as only queens wear. Oh, if you only could have seen her last night, my friend!—but no matter. I saw her, and what I tell you is true or my name is not Pietro Galli!

"Well, she sat down finally, and I went up and stood before her.

"'Come,' I said, 'what has brought you here, Alexandrine? This is a poor place for such a pretty thing as you to run to.'

"She turned her right cheek to the light. 'Do you see there?' she asked. I looked and nodded. 'Well, he has struck me there for the last time, Pietro Galli, do you understand, for the last time. And if you are still of the same mind I have come to marry you.'

"If this man of hers—this man with the fat hands and the diamond ring, you understand—had struck *me* on the cheek I could not have felt more staggered. Right there, in a flash, I knew that I had been playing at marrying Alexandrine as a child plays when he dances with his shadow. And I was frightened, my friend, as a child is when, instead of his shadow, a strange man jumps from a dark corner.

"I sat down on my bed and looked at her again. Yes, she was a flame and no mistake, and I said to myself, 'Pietro Galli, she will burn you up. She is an agent of the devil himself, Pietro Galli, and she will scorch you to a good brown turn.' You see, I had never imagined anything so magnificent as this woman—this woman in her red dress and diamonds.

"Before, I had seen her on the street, or ready to go out, and you, knowing Alexandrine, remember that, except for her red lips and bright cheeks— But there, what has this to do with it all? To speak quickly, I was frightened at the very thought of marrying her. . . . I have seen men in my time who were fools and married such magnificence. And do you know what happened? A good hard path was soon beaten along the ploughed fields to their doorstep—a path beaten by neither their own feet nor the feet of their children. Well, you are no fool, my friend, so you can guess how soon the devil's hoofs beat down a path to the doorstep of every pretty woman with an old fool for a husband. . . .

"Mind you, I sat there upon the bed, thinking this all out while she tapped the floor with her foot. But you are not to suppose I thought a long time. It came to me all at once, as a candle suddenly lights up a big room.

"I got up from my place upon the bed, and I went over to a pitcher and poured out a glass of water. I drank it very slowly, thinking how best to answer. And, finally, when I had finished, I laid down the glass, went up to her, and said, as sweetly as I could:

"'Alexandrine, I could not marry you tonight, even if I wished it. You forget, there is a license and a priest always at the bottom of such affairs. Come, what are your plans?'

"At this she left her seat. 'Plans?' she asked. 'I have no plans, except that I shall not go back to *him*. I shall marry you. The night will not last forever, and in the morning—'

"I stopped her quickly. 'But where will you stay until morning? You cannot stay here. This is a poor place, Alexandrine, but, like most poor places, it is respectable, after a fashion, and in its own way. My landlady would drive us both out into the streets before sunrise.'

"'Well,' she said slowly, as she looked at me. 'We need not stay here, then.' And she cast a sidelong glance at me.

"Now, after she had said this, I felt more and more afraid. I made up my mind that I must be rid of her at once. So I took another drink of water, sipping it slowly, as I sip this wine, thinking how best to go about it. But, before I could find words for her she said suddenly:

"'I see, Pietro Galli, it is just as I thought. *Nobody* will marry me—not even you. Well, we are not here to pick and choose, we are here to do the work we must do. That is the way you say it, Pietro Galli. Come, then, open the door and let me go back to my work.'

"At this I felt ashamed, but I still did not know what to do.

"'Alexandrine, you do not understand,' I said finally. 'You do not understand how you have taken away my breath. You think I despise you. That is not so. But I am a very simple man, Alexandrine. I have never in my life seen such as you to-night—*never*. So I cannot believe that you really mean to marry me. Perhaps in the morning, when you have thought it over—'

"She put her finger—the same white finger that had once touched by bleeding thumb—on my lips, to stop me. 'That is just it, Pietro Galli. I do not wish to think it over. But, seeing that you are afraid, I shall go back again. And if you are willing to come for me in the morning, well and good. Only I cannot say whether you will find me or not.'

"Already I began to repent, but she picked up her cloak, and I helped her on with it. 'It is after midnight, Alexandrine,' I said, 'and I had better go with you.'

"'No—no!' she cried, pushing me away.

"'Well, as you wish,' I answered. 'But you should take care to cover up your diamonds, Alexandrine.'

"At this she stopped. 'Come,' she said, 'Will you keep them for me, Pietro Galli? Or—' here she laughed—'are you afraid, even of my diamonds?'

"A moment before she had seemed

as harmless as a dove. Now she was as much of a flame as ever, as she stood there casting sidelong glances at me. And, at once, I thought: 'She is a witch and no mistake. These diamonds are only an excuse to bind me to her again. She is afraid that I will not come for her in the morning.' But I was too much of a coward to say no. So she began to strip off her diamonds.

"Now, I know what you are thinking, my friend—you are thinking: 'This man was to tell a story about his wedding day, and it turns out that he never intended to marry Alexandrine.' Listen, my friend: so I thought when I walked out into the hall with Alexandrine, and watched her open the front door and disappear. But in the morning, my friend—ah! That is what we can never count on—the morning!

"However, when she was gone I went back to my room and locked myself in. Why? Because one always feels safer when one turns the key upon the devil, my friend. Is it not so?

VII

"IN the morning when I got up and unlocked the door I felt very foolish. I said to myself: 'Pietro Galli, you have acted like a fool. Here was Alexandrine, the same woman who once bound up your bleeding thumb, this woman you offered to marry a dozen times—here she comes, ready and willing, and you fail her, Pietro Galli, you fail her, because you are a coward! This is a fine way for a man to act who has looked death in the face!' . . . I said this last, my friend, because, if you have ever looked death in the face you will know that nothing else matters, not even such a thing as marrying Alexandrine. . . .

"I raised my window, and the sun came in. A bird hopped down and called to me. Altogether, I felt very happy, and I said: 'This is your wedding day, Pietro Galli. Come, you will not work today.' So I began to set out my best suit, and to look for a clean

shirt, and to be so busy about it all that I forgot what an old fool I was. I even put on my old coat and went down the stairs and across the street—for what do you suppose, my friend? Why, for a bouquet—this bouquet which I have carried all day, and which would have been Alexandrine's if—But all this is what you call fate—this bouquet was *not* Alexandrine's, so why talk of it.

"As I came back I met my landlady on the stairs. 'What,' she said, 'flowers, Pietro Galli? And who is dead?'

"Well, that struck me queer, my friend, and when she had passed me I crossed myself. But I was too happy to be troubled long, so as soon as I got to my room I began to sharpen my razor and get ready to shave.

"Presently there came a knock at my door. I laid down my razor and at once I thought: 'Someone has come to find out why I am not at work.' So I jumped into bed, covered myself quickly with a blanket, and called for them to open the door.

"Well, it was not as I had expected. Instead of one of my comrades it was the man with the fat hands and the diamond ring—the man who climbed always to Alexandrine's room.

"Now, I thought, 'Alexandrine has changed her mind, and she has sent him to warn me away.' And, to tell you the truth, I felt relieved. . . . I felt relieved until I saw his face, and then I was frightened. There was something about his face—But, no matter—his face frightened me so that I drew a blanket over my head.

"He came up to the bed and pulled the covering from my face. 'Come,' he said, looking at me, 'where are Alexandrine's diamonds?'

"My teeth began to chatter. Why? Because there was murder in his face, my friend. And at once I thought: 'Poor Alexandrine!' For I guessed the worst even then. Even then, I knew just how everything was.

"'Diamonds?' I repeated. 'I do not know what you mean.'

"He put out his fat, white hand to

catch at my throat, but I threw back the coverings and beat him away.

"'You lie!' he said, and his face was red. 'You lie! She came last night and left them here.'

"I sat up in bed. I was no longer frightened, but I was cunning, my friend. I wanted to make sure that everything was as I had imagined. So I said: 'Well, if that is so she knows the way, and if she wants her diamonds she can come herself and get them.'

"When I had said this he began to laugh. You cannot imagine how he laughed! And as he laughed his eyes fell upon my razor.

"'Come,' he said, picking the razor up, 'what use has an old fool like you with such a pretty tool? Have you been cutting a she-devil's throat, too?' And he began to laugh again.

"When he said this I knew, my friend, that everything had happened just as I had imagined, and I remembered my landlady's words: 'What! Flowers, Pietro Galli? And who is dead?'

"'Have you been cutting a she-devil's throat, too?' he repeated. And then, very suddenly, he stopped laughing, and he said: 'Where are the diamonds? Remember, I do not stop at she-devils' throats!'

"Now, as I have said before, I was no longer frightened, but I was very cunning, so I replied: 'Wait a moment and I will tell you where the diamonds are. I am no longer young, and sometimes I get confused. Wait—give me time—and I will tell you where I have hidden them.'

"So I closed my eyes, as if to think about the diamonds, but if the truth were known I was thinking of other things.

"'Now,' I said to myself, 'if you had not sent Alexandrine away last night this thing would never have happened. You are an old fool, Pietro Galli, and no mistake. You might have known that *he* would be waiting for her. But you sent her back to him, and he has done this dreadful thing. . . . Do you remember how she bound

up your bleeding thumb? And do you remember how she came and wept at your suffering? Now she is dead, Pietro Galli. She is dead and she can never do you a service again, or weep for you. She is dead and you can never marry her. What can you do for her now, Pietro Galli? You have looked death in the face, and you know there is nothing to fear. Come, are you ready to do a service for her?'

"When I opened my eyes the man with the fat, white hands stood before me, smiling. He had an ugly smile, and in his fat, white hands he held my razor.

"'You frighten me,' I said. 'Drop that razor or I shall not tell you where the diamonds are.'

"He dropped the razor on the bed, and it fell in the folds of my blanket. I rolled over, twisted about two and three times, and, as I got up, I felt for the razor and found it, but I was so cunning about all this that he did not notice what I was doing.

"'Now,' I said, standing close to him and pointing upward, 'do you see there?'

"His eyes followed my finger 'Yes,' he said crossly, 'I see there—but what of it?'

"I kept my right hand behind me, for, as you have guessed, my friend, I held the razor in it.

"'Well,' said I, 'how cross you are! I am only showing you where I have hidden the diamonds, and you snap at me as if I were about to cut your throat. Come, when I choose a place to hide a treasure I choose a good place.'

"'If you can hide diamonds by hanging them on the ceiling,' he snapped, 'you are a better man than I am, Pietro Galli.'

"I pressed a finger against the razor blade, and, if the truth were known, my friend, my blood turned cold. So I shut my eyes again and I thought: 'Pietro Galli, you have looked death in the face and you have nothing to fear. Come, are you ready to do this service for her?' And, when I opened my eyes he was looking down at me, with a

curious look, so I said to myself: 'You must be quick, Pietro Galli, if you are to do this thing for Alexandrine!'

"When you are as old as I am,' I said to him, 'you will know as much, and be as good a man. Now, mark where I point, and throw your head back—so—and then you will see them—*there!* Do you not see them?—*there!*'

"Now, he was no fool, my friend, but I was too cunning for him. He did not suspect that I, Pietro Galli, scavenger, had wit enough to trick him. So he threw back his head—so—and at that moment I said to myself: 'Pietro Galli, it must be now or not at all!'. . .

"And the next thing I knew, my friend— But you know how they found Alexandrine. Well, they will find *him* the same way, in the rooms of Pietro Galli, scavenger, with his throat—

"But all this is fate, my friend. Seeing that it has happened it could not be otherwise. For, mark you, the thing goes back even to my trade. If I had worked at any other trade I would never have cut my thumb, and, if I had never cut my thumb, I would never have met Alexandrine, and, if I had never met Alexandrine—

"Come, my friend, you have stopped drinking your wine. Is it too red? But, then, why should that trouble *you?* With me—well, with me, red is not a pleasant color—it is too much like blood. Have some of this white wine, my friend. No? Well, just as you say. But white wine is the color of sunlight, and I should like to carry the memory of sunlight with me.

"For—bend a little closer, my friend. Do you see two men standing

by the door? Well, do you know what they have come after? Do you not see the star upon the breast of the fat man?

"They have come after me, Pietro Galli, scavenger. And presently, when we have finished our wine, they will come up to us and say: 'Which of you is Pietro Galli, scavenger?'

"And do you know how I shall answer? I shall answer: 'I am Pietro Galli, scavenger. And I know why you have come. You have come because I have Alexandrine's diamonds, and you think that it was I who killed her. You are mistaken, but that does not matter. It is a long story, and you would not believe it, any more than my friend here, who has listened to me for an hour. And, moreover, when you go to my room you will come upon a thing I did do. So why should I waste my breath, seeing that you will have the best of the argument, no matter what I say. And, besides, it is all fate, anyway.'

"Yes, that is just what I, Pietro Galli, will say to them. . . .

"Come, my friend, and finish the red wine, since you will not drink wine the color of sunlight. Because the two men at the door are beginning to look in our direction. Yes, they are looking at us now, and presently they will come up to us and everything will happen as I have said. And I shall go away between them, and never drink wine the color of sunlight again.

"Well, what does it matter, my friend? I have worked in my day, and laughed in my day, and looked death in the face in my day. And a pretty woman has pitied me and wept at my suffering. Can a man ask for more?"



MADGE—Are you still looking for the ideal man?

MARJORIE—No, my dear. When a girl gets to my age she can't afford to entertain such narrow views.



THE woman who will tell her age will tell anything. Avoid her.

A SOUL CRIES OUT

By Edward R. Schauffler

THIS is a hard world for women. Any leading feminist journal can tell you that. It has been a hard world for me. I am intensely sorry for myself. Every time I stop to think of how hard life has treated me, I want to shed a tear. But, no, one must not yield to the natural human impulse; it reddens the eyes and streaks the complexion. Iron world!

I was born in the little town of Gopher's Hole, Minnesota, of poor but dishonest parents. Always I yearned to achieve. When mother was out in the kitchen washing dishes I used to sit on the front porch and yearn. What is more touching, more pathetic, than the yearnings of the human heart? I yearned for jewels and motor cars and hundred-dollar lingerie.

Father used to come home from the livery stable—poor dear, he had no club—and sit beside me on the front porch and hold my hand. He yearned, too. We had a common bond. Poor mother never really understood us. Her soul was cluttered with the little things of earth. Eight of them.

Who may understand the heart of a young girl? I yearned to be an opera singer. To travel in a private car. But I had no money. Then, too, I had no voice. Reluctantly I let the golden dream fade. Was it a mistake? So many have succeeded with no voice. I yearned to be a actress also. But again the same cruel necessity pinioned my wings. I could not act. Sometimes I tried to act cute, but even that met with no very marked success.

Then Oscar came into my life. Poor Oscar! In his simple, bone-headed way he loved me. He used to take me

buggy-riding. He used to buy me coca-cola and spearmint and ice-cream. Once he bought me a pearl-handled toilet set in a pink plush case. I took his simple gifts. I could not bear to hurt the boy. I used to sit on his lap of a Sunday evening. But all the time in my heart of hearts I knew that Oscar never understood me.

He fancied that my great woman's soul could satisfy itself with housekeeping and babies and the sorry, cramping things of every day that cramp our lives, that fetter the free spirit. Poor boob!

At last Oscar's father's bank failed. Then my heart told me what I had all along suspected. We had come to the parting of the ways. Next day I left for the city. Oscar stood on the station platform and as the train pulled out of Gopher's Hole the tears ran down his collar. It didn't matter. It was a rubber collar.

A brilliant inspiration had come to me. It lighted my path like an acetylene headlight. I could not act; I could not dance; I could not sing; I would become a musical comedy star.

I went to the office of Julius Orge, the great manager. I knew the man was a brute; I could sense that as soon as I entered the richly furnished room where he sat like a great spider behind his flat-topped desk. (You know how spiders sit behind flat-topped desks. Oh, dreadful! And I a little girl!)

I saw him eye me with an evil smile as I sat down and placed my little silk-clad feet upon his desk. What brutes men are! Julius Orge began talking to me. His voice was soft and purring. It was like that pink plush toilet case.

I had never had a man talk to me like that before. Poor Oscar had a voice like a coffee grinder. I smiled, a quavering smile. I closed one eye dreamily, then opened it. He seemed to take that for encouragement. In a moment he had me in his arms. I screamed faintly—very faintly.

That was how I happened to become a musical comedy star. Had I screamed a little louder—who can say? I might still be yearning. I determined to teach Julius Orge a lesson. I bided my time. That was a lesson I had learned from father; biding was the best thing father did.

I pretended to be friendly. I let Orge take me to supper; I let him make me a headliner; I smiled on him. The horrid, horrid thing!

Since those early days I have never been able to bear the sight of pearls. Julius Orge wore a pearl. He wore it in his tie, not on his undershirt. It was as big as a pigeon's egg. It fascinated me. I couldn't keep my girlish eyes off it. One night—it was at supper at the Spitz-Snarlton—I got my girlish hands on it. Trembling with eagerness, I took it to a pawnbroker. It wasn't a real pearl! My scorn and loathing for Julius Orge increased a hundred-fold.

He talked to me of going to Italy with him in his private yacht. I pretended assent. The monster! But he would not deceive me again. After that incident of the pearl the iron had entered my soul. I realized that his private yacht was probably a ferry-boat.

When I was safely established as a

musical comedy star I turned on him the vials of my wrath. I told him plainly what a brute he was; I flung the false pearls in his face; I kicked him on the shins. I had reached the heights; I could afford to kick over the step-ladder.

Then came George. I cannot dwell too long on the subject of George. It hurts. Suffice it to say, he was a gilt-edged edition of Oscar. He had the same absurd ideas. He wanted me to settle down in his home, become his chattel, his thing. I, with my mighty aeroplaning soul, my yearning spirit! Gosh!

I married George. How was I to know? He came of an old New York family, and who could have suspected him of harboring such thoughts? Of harboring any thoughts at all, indeed? He was cruel to me. He said:

"What am I getting out of this? I have given you love, a home, everything I have to offer. And all I ask is a little companionship."

I said: "George, you can never understand. Mine is a mighty soul, beating its luminous wings in the void."

"You are always beating it somewhere," he replied.

I left his house that night. That was about all I did leave, though.

"Well, I have motor cars, jewels, a summer place at Rum Harbor, flowers, husbands. They are scattered hither and yon—the husbands, I mean. And still I yearn. I yearn at 25 cents a word, and my private secretary, who gets \$75 a month, puts it into readable English. It is not wholly unprofitable, after all.

A COMPROMISE is a friendly agreement in which both parties get what they don't want.

DON'T tell your enemy what you think of him; it will worry him lots more to have to guess.

WHEN jealousy strikes a woman love and hate embrace.

ANYWAY, widowers don't know any more about women than doctors do.

RUM

By Frank R. Adams

WHAT do I, Jeremiah Nufer, know about rum?

At present nothing, but before morning I expect to be in possession of more and better scientific information on the subject than anyone else in the United States.

My reason for making such a sweeping statement is as follows:

I am a student in the theological department of the University of Chicago from which institution I also hold the degree of A.B.

I am not wealthy. In fact I find it necessary to do a great deal of outside work in order to pay for my board and tuition.

Therefore when my favorite magazine announced a reward of five hundred dollars for the best article on "Rum" I saw my chance to win at one blow my expenses for next year and gain at the same time a working knowledge of a vice which it will doubtless be my duty to combat actively from the pulpit in future years. I would write the winning article on "Rum."

First I asked myself what materials I had for such an article and discovered that my first-hand knowledge was practically nil. My grandfather on my mother's side is a drinking man, a Kentuckian, but my recollection of him is not keen enough to warrant my basing any deductions on his actions while under the influence. I have not seen my grandfather since I announced my determination to enter the ministry. He did not approve of the match my mother made and when he discovered my clerical inclinations he professed himself to be vastly disappointed and notified me that he intended to alter his will, in

which he had originally left me quite a sum. Even if he were still well disposed toward me I doubt whether I should gain much by observing him because, as I remember him, he rarely showed any reaction from liquor. It is his boast, I believe, that he drinks like a gentleman, whatever that may mean.

Personally, I have never touched a drop. I have rigidly excluded dissipations of all sort from my scheme of life as being too expensive and not consistent with the character of one who expects to devote his life to uplifting others.

Therefore I am approaching the subject with an open mind, which is the true scientific attitude. What there is to learn I can set down without prejudice.

In Webster's Dictionary rum is defined as "A kind of liquor distilled from cane juice or from molasses." I had no idea it was so simple and harmless. In fact, I may as well confess it, I had always thought there was alcohol in it and for that reason I had never let the barber put any on my face after shaving me.

Having shown my absolutely open-minded attitude toward the subject, let me outline my plan for accumulating information and tabulating results.

In my scientific courses as an undergraduate all reliable information about the reactions of chemicals on each other or upon other organisms was obtained by experiment in the laboratory. Therefore I shall educate myself in the matter of rum by the laboratory method. Thus my information will be more authentic and reliable than that of the person who bases his article on mere hear-

say and I shall probably be without a serious competitor for the prize.

With the idea of noting scientifically every deviation from the normal that occurs from introducing rum into the system, I have provided myself with a clinical thermometer, a stethoscope and a stop-watch, all of which I was able to borrow from friends in the medical department of the university. I have further set aside certain pages of my note-book, properly ruled and captioned, on which to tabulate results. I append a blank page to show the system. Note that I have left a space for the signature of a witness and any illuminating remarks he may have to make.

of the fact that my temperature is $98\frac{1}{2}$ and my pulse is 79.

8 P. M.—I have had my first drink of rum.

I attempted to get it at the barber shop, but the barber suggested that I could get a superior article at this emporium, which I believe is called "Mike's Place." It is located somewhere on Cottage Grove Avenue, near Sixty-third Street.

"Mike's Place" is a very warm, cosy retreat, furnished with comfortable chairs and tables. I remember that I did not like the looks of it when I first came in; the atmosphere of the room

Record No.	
Time	
Number of Drinks Previous	
Number of Drinks This Time	
Total Number of Drinks	
Temperature	
Pulse	
Respiration	
Signature of Witness	
Witness' Remarks:	

I shall fill in one of these blanks after each drink that I take, so as to have a reliable scientific check on my notes, which I shall also record as I go along.

I shall have to put on my rubbers and carry an umbrella, as it is raining miserably outside. My note-book I will place in my left coat pocket and my fountain pen and clinical thermometer in my left vest pocket. The stethoscope will fit nicely in my other coat pocket and the stop-watch I have fastened on a chain which I will affix to my vest.

Before I go let me make memoranda

was repellent to me, but that feeling has worn off. I must view things with the scientific mind; that is, without prejudice. In this investigation I must remember to deal solely with facts, not feelings or fancies.

I explained to Mr. Mike, or a person I presume to be he, what the object of my expedition was, and asked his advice. He recommended a drink which he called "Two Fingers," a curious title which I presume comes from the fact that if one takes enough of it he is popularly supposed to see double.

I found it a trifle fiery as to taste, but not nearly as unpleasant as I ex-

pected. In fact, the entire result of the experiment so far has been a trifle disappointing. In order to get immediate data on the reaction I put the thermometer in my mouth as soon as I had swallowed the "Two Fingers."

I also got out my stethoscope, but was unable to employ it correctly because a gentleman who was standing at the long counter thought it was a telephone instrument and insisted on using it to call up his wife. With the thermometer in my mouth I could not very well explain to him and I had to listen to a long conversation in which he thought he told his wife that he was working late in his office.

As I stated before, there is practically no result from taking a drink of rum. I suspect that possibly I inherit from my grandfather the ability to drink the stuff without having it affect me.

Here follows my tabulated record of the experiment:

He seems to think that my name is "Old Sox," although I have corrected him repeatedly. His own Christian appellation seems to be "Steve." He is a warm-hearted fellow and invited me to go to "Frisco Joe's," up the avenue a-ways. I finally consented when he told me they had some "booze there that would make a jack-rabbit pick a fight with a bulldog." (I quote his own picturesque phraseology.) In the interest of scientific investigation I do not wish to leave any stone unturned. Perhaps "Frisco Joe's" is where I shall get my first important reaction.

I noticed as we left "Mike's Place" that the moon was out. Steve claimed it was a street lamp, but I know it was the moon. It is impossible to fool the scientific mind. I noticed one curious phenomenon that I have never happened to run across before. While the moon was shining brightly a perfect down-pour of rain kept up. I must refer this

Record No.	1
Time	7:45
Number of Drinks Previous	None
Number of Drinks This Time	1
Total Number of Drinks	1
Temperature	99
Pulse	86
Respiration	normal
Signature of Witness	Mike Donovan
Witness' Remarks:	None

8:45.—I am still dissatisfied with the result of my investigations so far and must continue. Apparently liquor has absolutely no effect on me.

I had another drink of "Two Fingers" at "Mike's Place" on the invitation of the man who called up his wife. He tried to drop a nickel in me, and when I refused he insisted on purchasing refreshment for me.

to the meteorological department of the university.

We have not yet arrived at "Frisco Joe's." There was another place nearer that Steve had forgotten about, and we stopped in here to get out of the wet.

I am writing up my notes while Steve tries to sell my stop-watch to the proprietor. I don't really need the stop-watch any more this evening, as all

these resorts seem to have clocks in them, and I can buy another watch to return to the owner as soon as I get the five hundred dollars for this article.

Steve just brought the proprietor over to the table where I am sitting, writing up my notes. The proprietor is willing to give me ten dollars for the watch if we'll take it out in trade. Steve doesn't think it is possible for us to do it, but I have closed the deal. It may be difficult for him to use up his five dollars' worth, but I doubt very much whether I shall secure any results worth mentioning on even that much. I am practically convinced that I am "bullet proof," as I have heard my grandfather say.

9:10.—I have just examined myself for the effect of the liquor I have taken in this place and submit herewith the official record:

have any wife, but he insisted on it, so I'm going to get married, because I wouldn't go back on the best friend I ever had.

9:30.—Have just found out that I possess a remarkably fine tenor voice. Everyone says so,—all but a fellow from New York, and he did, too, after Steve and I licked him. I guess he must have been drunk, or else he doesn't know good music when he hears it.

The way I sang "You've Made Me What I Am Today" made Steve cry. I had to stop or he would have spoiled all the free lunch.

Over the bar they've got the most wonderful picture I ever saw. If I hadn't seen it I wouldn't believe that any woman was as beautiful as that. That picture ought to be in an art museum where everybody can see it. Why, it's all pink and—it's so beauti-

Record No.	2
Time	9:10
Number of Drinks Previous	1
Number of Drinks This Time	2
Total Number of Drinks	3
Temperature	201
Pulse	99
Respiration	normal
Signature of Witness	Hiram Murphy Bartender.
Witness' Remarks:	This temperature wouldn't have been so high if he wouldn't have held the dinger upside down.

You will note there is considerable increase in temperature,—from 99, in fact, to 201,—but I do not feel as feverish as that.

In reality my faculties seem to be in just about normal condition, a little keener than usual if anything. I have discovered that Steve is one man in a thousand. We have just sworn eternal friendship. If he dies first I am to marry his widow, and if I die first he will marry mine. I told him I didn't

ful I can't describe it. Not at all.

While I was taking my temperature this time a most annoying thing happened. I accidentally bit the thermometer and broke it in two. I must have had a chill or something. I don't believe it was very reliable anyway, after the way it registered over 200 last time I used it. I'll take my temperature this time with my fountain pen. It's a very good pen and it's just the right shape and everything.

Record No.	3
Time	9.45
Number of Drinks Previous	3
Number of Drinks This Time	2
Total Number of Drinks	* 4
Temperature	Black
Pulse	None
Respiration	Wheezy
Signature of Witness	Hermann Cassells, <i>Bar-tender</i>
Witness' Remarks: He naturally couldn't find no pulse in the bar-rail.	

10 P. M.—I have just purchased the picture, the pink one. It's more beautiful than I thought and I'm going to put it in the parlor of Divinity Hall at the university until I graduate, then I'll put it in my parsonage. They're going to send it over to the university next week, after I get the money for this article, and I'm going to pay them three hundred dollars for it. It will be worth it.

I'm glad I saw that picture before I got under the influence of the liquor, because then I might not have had sense enough to appreciate it. I am beginning to admire my grandfather more and more. We are much alike, I think. We can both of us drink without showing any ill effects. Right now I can think more clearly and oftener than I ever did before in my life.

They say a sure test for drunkenness is to walk a chalk line on the floor. I have just done it. Steve drew the line and I walked it. I never missed the line once, although he put a couple of spirals in it. It was especially difficult to do because Steve, the rascal, drew the line on a part of the floor that was made of rubber. Every time you put your foot down on it you sink way in and the rest of the floor sort of comes up at you like a wave. I got to laughing so at the way the floor acted that I had to sit down. I kept on the line, though, as I proved to Steve afterward by showing

him the chalk mark right across the seat of my trousers.

There is quite a crowd in this place now. Almost everybody seems to be under the influence of liquor except me. In myself I cannot notice the slightest deviation from the normal. I must hurry or I'll never get any data for my article. Why did I inherit such an iron constitution from my grandfather? If it were not for my firm determination to keep at it I might begin to doubt my ability to win that prize.

10:86.—Steve says he ought to go home, but I tell him that eighty-six minutes past ten is the mere shank of the evening, and he has to stay and help me collect data. I suspect he is a quitter, and at first I thought he was the best friend I ever had. Any gentleman who refuses to help another gentleman get a scientific reaction for an article on rum is no gentleman. So there.

Later.—Steve has decided to stay. Good old scout. When I cried he had to give in. We are now facing a new problem. The gentleman behind the bar says we have drunk up my stopwatch and still owe him for the last drink. I do not know what to do. Here I haven't the least sign of reaction and the experiment bids fair to be a total failure for the lack of funds. Science has always been handicapped that way.

Record No.	4
Time	10
Number of Drinks Previous	4
Number of Drinks This Time	3 or 4
Total Number of Drinks	11
Temperature	
Pulse	
Respiration	
Signature of Witness	Hiram Murphy
Witness' Remarks:	This guy is a fast fast. Bartender.

I offered the man my stethoscope, but he would not take it because he hasn't an automobile, anyway.

Later.—It's all right. It's all right.

We have just received assistance from an unexpected quarter. About ten minutes ago two well-dressed old gentlemen came in. Imagine my surprise when I looked at them closely to discover that they were my grandfather and his twin brother. No one had ever told me about his twin brother, so I was doubly surprised. They look so much alike I can hardly tell which one of them is my grandfather. It would be easier if they wouldn't stand so close together.

Well, my grandfather and his brother both seemed startled at seeing me there. At first I tried to greet them very coldly, but I remembered that after all they were my grandfather, and I had to relent. I decided to let bygones be bygones. A man has only got a few grandfathers at best nowadays.

So I shook hands with my grandfathers and introduced them to Steve and his brother, who had also come in when I was not noticing.

We all stepped up to the bar and had some refreshment to celebrate our meeting. I tried to pay for it, but the bartender refused to extend my credit. This was very humiliating and I had to

explain to my grandfathers and Steve's brother all about this article and everything.

My grandfathers are a brick. They said they should pay up my bill and re-establish my credit if I would go home with them now.

I thanked them and told them that I couldn't leave until I got enough rum to give some sort of an effect. They looked at me in some surprise and asked me what sort of an effect I expected to get. I told them I wanted to know what it was like to stagger the way they were doing. They all said they were not staggering, but I know better. They staggered so much I could hardly keep my eye on them.

Just now they have left me here writing up my notes and all of them are having a consultation with a couple of cab-drivers off the street. They can go home if they want, but I'm going to stay until something happens.

Note: My grandson seemed so worried about this manuscript that I sent it on to you, although it is unfinished. It does not really matter whether he wins the prize or not, as I shall supply his needs in the future. For the present you may address him in care of St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, Illinois.

Yours truly,
COL. JEREMIAH SEAVER.

"UNDER THEIR SKINS"

By George Allan England

CHARACTERS

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

NOVELIST

CYNIC

MISSIONARY

BELL-HOP

SCENE—*A handsomely furnished bachelor apartment in a New York hotel. At left, door and piano. At rear, bookcases and door giving glimpse of bathroom. At right, leather couch and window. In center, table with magazines, smoking materials, bottles, siphon, etc. On a stand, electric fan buzzing.*

TIME: *The present. Ten-thirty of a hot June evening.*

Curtain discovers Cynic at bookcase, choosing a volume; Novelist lying on couch, puffing a calabash; Missionary, in clerical garb, leaning back in morris-chair, finger-tips joined, gazing at ceiling; Man-about-Town, in bath-robe and slippers, squirting soda from siphon into a tall glass with ice and three fingers of Scotch, on center-table.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

No objection, Dominie? A night like this, you know— (*Stirs ice in glass.*)

MISSIONARY

Under the circumstances, no. I'm not my brother's keep—er—I mean, I have no wish to be intolerant. Personally, of course, I never—

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Of course not!

MISSIONARY

But if you require a little medicinal stimulant—

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

I do, imperatively! (*Drains glass.*)

Have another, Bobs? A little more medicinal stimulant, eh?

NOVELIST

Don't care if I do, Hal. (*Rises from couch and comes toward table.*) My system demands it. Regular solar system I've got, tonight, all centering in a blaze. Hot? Whew! (*Swabs forehead.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN (*Mixing drink*)
Say when.

NOVELIST

There, that'll do. (*Drinks.*) Ah! Oh, you ambrosia!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Stimulant, Andy? Very medicinal.

CYNIC (*Turning from Bookcase*)

Not for mine, Hal. Intellectual stimulants are the only kind I use. Wine, woman, song—begging the Dominie's pardon, I'm sure—nothing doing, for me! The only sphere worth living in is the purely spiritual, the esthetic, the moral; that is, assuming that any such really exist. Nietzsche says—

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Who's he? On the Pirates or the Giants?

CYNIC

In "Beyond Good and Evil," he says—

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Oh, hang Nietzsche!

CYNIC

Can't do it, you know. He's been dead fourteen years.

MISSIONARY (*Rising*)

H'm! I—I really must be going, Mr. Carsten. I merely called, at the suggestion of Mr. Burley, your uncle, to see about a contribution to the Mission League, you know. Now that you've been so kind as to donate your check for a hundred— (*Reaches for hat.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN (*Aside*)

I'd like to see myself refusing Uncle! With his will in my favor, and T. B. in his spinal marrow! (*To Missionary*) Don't mention it, I beg of you. (*Raises deprecatory hand.*) A mere trifle—a nothing—

MISSIONARY

Extremely good of you, I'm sure. Your name will appear in our next annual report, as a member of the Sustaining Committee.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Thanks, awfully! (*Aside*) I'll have a copy bound in full levant, for Uncle! (*To Missionary*) Always glad to help any worthy cause. In fact, I never refuse anybody. Only last week I con-

tributed five hundred to the Saloon League, and—

MISSIONARY

Eh? What?

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Anti-Saloon League, yes sir! Five thousand. Sit down, Mr. Luke; don't hurry off. We'll have some music presently. Mr. Gresham, here (*motioning at Novelist*) executes Mendelssohn with great precision. Don't you, Bobs?

NOVELIST

Oh, yes, I'm a regular firing-squad when it comes to execution.

MISSIONARY (*Nods and smiles fatuously, glancing about*)

Charming, I'm sure. Quite a little culture-oasis you have here, in the heart of Babylon. Ideals are not yet quite dead, in New York, I see. Delightful quarters; positively ideal! (*Takes up magazine from table and glances at it.*) *Le Rire*, eh? You're a linguist as well as a philanthrope?

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN (*Deftly takes it from him and hands him another*)

What do you think of this *New Ethical Review*?

MISSIONARY

Excellent! Splendid! I must really congratulate you on the—er—

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Thank you. There's only one drawback here, Dominie.

MISSIONARY

And that is?

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

I blush to tell you. (*Lights cigarette, and winks at Cynic.*) I'm afraid it's—ah—quite improper, you know.

MISSIONARY (*A bit eagerly*)

Indeed? Not obtrusively so, I hope?

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

I'm afraid it is, at times; just a trifle. (*Cynic grimaces. Novelist forgets to*

smoke.) You see, Mr. Luke, right across the courtyard there (*gesturing at a window*) a couple of young women have their apartment.

MISSIONARY

Ladies, I hope?

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Perfect ladies, of course. Perfect, at any rate.

CYNIC (*Picks up pair of opera-glasses from table*)

Is that the *raison d'être* of these?

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

And the distance is very short. In fact, the courtyard is only about fifteen feet wide, unfortunately.

CYNIC

Un-fortunately!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

And I'm sorry to say that once in a while, of a warm evening—

NOVELIST (*Glancing at window*)

Of a warm evening? (*Looks at thermometer.*) It's eighty-six here, this minute!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Of a warm evening, at this hour, they fail to draw down their shade when they—

(*Missionary looks quickly through window, then away.*)

NOVELIST

Local color, eh, Hal?

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

I suppose you might call it that. Of course, when any such deplorable oversight occurs—

CYNIC

At their oversight, you sight over? (*Holds up the opera-glasses.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

I immediately pull down *my* shade, but—

CYNIC

That's against human nature!

NOVELIST (*Laughing stridently*)
Virtue is its own reward!

CYNIC

The lack of it is, you mean, eh?

MISSIONARY (*With another look at window*)

Well, gentlemen, I—er—really must be going. Let me thank you again for your check, Mr. Carsten. If everybody proved as liberal as you—

CYNIC (*Aside*)

The heathen would all be converted, P.D.Q., and then the Missionaries' Union would join the Out-o'-Works, what?

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Liberal? Not at all! I'm sure it was a pleasure. All I regret is that you feel you must hurry away. Why not stop a few moments? Doesn't the prospect—of music—tempt you? (*Glances at window.*)

MISSIONARY (*Glances at window*)

Why—er—I *might* stay a few minutes, I suppose. I'm *very* fond of—

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Of course you are! So are we all. Sit down here by the window, Dominie—so. You don't feel any draught, there, do you? Don't want the shade lowered?

MISSIONARY

No, no—fresh air—most agreeable, I assure you.

(*Novelist mixes himself another drink.*)

NOVELIST

So stimulating!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

By the way, Mr. Luke, you haven't told me where your particular interests lie.

MISSIONARY

My particular interests? (*Peeps out of window.*)

"UNDER THEIR SKINS"

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

I mean your special field. Ujiji? Demerara?

MISSIONARY

No. Namaqualand. Among the Hereros. Most depraved persons, you know. Absolutely shameless. A vineyard ripe for the threshers—the gleaners—er—the ploughmen, I mean. Dead ripe to be shaken, sir! Couldn't be riper. (*Glances at window.*) Splendid outlook, sir. Fascinating prospect, I assure you!

CYNIC

By the way, that reminds me.

NOVELIST

Shhhh! (*Glances out window.*)

CYNIC

No, I don't mean what you mean, Bobs. No, this foreign mission business reminds me of—

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Can it, Andy! Can it!

CYNIC

I can't!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Can't can it? If you *can* can—

CYNIC

No, this can't be canned. Rich old chap, millionaire and all that—dying—says to his lawyer: "See here, Mr. Tape! Make my will brief. Arrange it so that not one cent of my money shall ever leave the United States. Not one penny, you understand?"

NOVELIST

Well?

CYNIC

Lawyer says: "Nothing easier, my dear sir. Leave it all to foreign missions."

(*Awkward pause. Novelist, to break it, sits down at piano and begins the Spring Song.*)

NOVELIST

Here's where I execute Mendelssohn.

CYNIC

It can't be done. He's dead already, like Nietzsche.

MISSIONARY (*Hums air*)

How soulful! (*Glances at window.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

So inspiring, eh? Seems to breathe the real essence of spring, and life, and love!

CYNIC (*Peering through window*)

Bosh! Merely an emotional inspiration—meretricious, very! Of no pragmatic value whatsoever. The essential psychological *motif*, the intellectual appeal to right action—this alone possesses value for the analytic mind. Schopenhauer says—

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Shhhh! (*Hums air*) Pure, isn't it? The very breath of virginal what's-it's-name. So chaste! I tell you, Dominie, nothing can equal music as an ennobling and uplifting force.

MISSIONARY

Nothing but Faith! Ah, charming—exquisite! (*Peeks through window.*) A true inspiration to the nobler, better self. What can equal the culture-products of the Christian mind?

CYNIC

Incidentally, Mr. Luke, Mendelssohn was a Jew.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Drop it, you big boob, and be duly inspired!

(*All keep silent a moment, while Novelist plays.*)

MISSIONARY

Truly, a prayer in melody! (*Glances at window again; starts, blinks and turns away; then once more steals a glimpse.*)

NOVELIST

It *does* turn one's thoughts to higher, purer things. Music, I've always held, as a form of ideal beauty, is a greater moralizing force even than religion—

MISSIONARY

My dear sir!

NOVELIST (*Still playing*)

It is religion, in its subtlest essence. Now, listen to this air, will you?

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Some air!

CYNIC

As air, I prefer this! (*Stands in front of electric fan. Looks through window, and also starts and shows emotion, like the Missionary.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The ethical appeal of the harmonic, you-know-what—the chiaroscuro of the nuance, I mean—can't be overestimated. Now, a melody like this, for instance, fills me with the loftiest emotions. I seem to be all spirit. (*Reaches for the decanter.*) All altruism.

CYNIC

Altruism, eh? Love of others? Not those two—er—perfect—? (*Points through window.*)

MISSIONARY

Goodness, gracious! (*Blinks through window, makes show of moving his chair away, but in reality only shifts it to a more advantageous view-point.*)

NOVELIST

Eh? What? (*Also peers 'round at window. Breaks off his music short, and stands up. Approaches window. Man-about-Town and Cynic also move toward it.*)

CYNIC

Talk about your eternal feminine that draws us upward! This seems to be drawing us window-ward! Turn that light off, Hal! Quick, for Heaven's sake! They'll see us!

(*Man-about-Town turns off electric light, leaving the room half in gloom, with only a shaft of illumination entering at the window, as though from the opposite window across the courtyard.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Beg pardon, Dominie. Emergency measure.

MISSIONARY

Don't mention it! Don't mind me!

CYNIC

Here you, Bobs! Stop crowding; You're on my corns!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Shhh! Quiet, here! I say, Andy, not even a sash-curtain tonight. My word, I fear for the worst!

CYNIC

So do I—awfully!

NOVELIST

A peach—the little one! Ah! Cigarette, eh? Handles it as though it were no novelty!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

It isn't. She always smokes one, just before—ah—disrobing.

MISSIONARY

How *very* distressing, to be sure! And not even a sash-curtain.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

That won't be all that'll be missing, in about three minutes. Ah! Crème de menthe? Sultry night, *very*. They obviously want to get every breath that's stirring.

CYNIC

I've got none to offer them. Mine's baited. Why not set the electric fan in the window, Hal, to waft them our best wishes for a speedy—

NOVELIST

Shhh! There go the hairpins! Some crowning glory, gentlemen! Auburn, eh? And talk about your arm!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

That's nothing compared to—
(*Cynic reaches for curtain, to pull it down. General protest arises.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Drop it, Andy! No, no!

NOVELIST (*Seizes him by the arm*)
Hold on, there! Local color—
mustn't miss it!

MISSIONARY

It—er—would really be quite intolerably warm in here, Mr. Carsten, with the shade lowered. (*Arises from chair, mops forehead and presses close to window. Novelist sits down in the chair, puts feet on sill and lights cigar.*)

NOVELIST

A seat in the Stock Exchange costs fifty thousand. I wouldn't take a hundred thousand for *this*!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

That's where you're wrong, Bobs. There's a much better view from the bathroom window.

CYNIC

This is good enough for *me*! I'm taking no chances! Ah? Good-bye, petticoat! What next?

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Another drink, I reckon, speaking for myself. Holy cats, but it's warm!

NOVELIST

Not half as warm as it'll be in about a minute and a half, if this keeps on! (*Missionary retreats from the window. Nobody pays any attention to him.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN (*At table*)

Anybody have a drink? (No answer.)

CYNIC

Here, Bobs! You keep out o' my way! Get back, I tell you! They're liable to see you, if you crowd in that way. Down in front!

(*Man-about-Town presses siphon, which merely fizzes feebly.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Empty! Damn! (*Goes to telephone. Missionary, taking advantage of this opportunity, picks up opera-glasses and steals into bathroom, closing door behind him.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN (*At telephone*)

Hello, there! Say! Send up another Thermos siphon. Number 458. P.D.Q.! (*He returns toward window.*) How are things coming on, boys?

NOVELIST

Not coming on at all—all coming off! Some shape that, eh? The big one!

CYNIC

Get out! That's mine! I thought you were strong for the little one!

NOVELIST

So I was, but I've changed my mind. That was before I was in a position to judge. No, sir, the little blonde isn't in it. The auburn beauty for mine. The more I see of her, the better I like her. She—she kind of grows on one, with acquaintance; don't you think so? (*Silence, a minute.*)

CYNIC

Jee-rusalem!

NOVELIST

Get out o' my way!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Cook and Peary had nothing on those two dames, in the matter of awful exposure! (*Another pause.*)

CYNIC

Yes, and it's getting awfuller, every second! I think we ought to send out a relief expedition, eh? Talk about your white bears—

NOVELIST

Two bares—but no ice. If this keeps on— (*A knock at the door. All start violently.*)

CYNIC

Hell! Shhh! Nobody at home!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Don't worry—it's only the bell-hop with my siphon! (*Crosses to door and opens it.*)

BELL-HOP

Here you are, sir.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

All right. Thanks. (*Takes siphon.*)

BELL-HOP (*Observing situation*)

Gee! (*Whistles.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Here! What's the matter with you?

BELL-HOP

Nothin' the matter with *me*. That ain't no novelty in a hotel. (*Jerks thumb at window.*) Chestnuts! But it looks like there was somethin' the matter with—

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Get out!

BELL-HOP

Ain't you forgettin' somethin', sir? (*Man-about-Town thrusts him out into hall, and slams the door.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Some nerve! That whelp dares to talk back to me, and then expects a tip! I'll report him, that's what! (*Goes to table, mixes drink and drains it.*) The idea!

(*A moment's silence. Man-about-Town approaches window again.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Vulgar hound!

CYNIC (*Starting*)

What's that?

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Eh?

CYNIC

How dare you insult me?

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Insult you? What d'you mean? I'm not insulting you! I meant the bell-hop! He had the audacity to say— (*Sound of a telephone-bell is heard, faintly, as though coming from the apartment across the courtyard.*)

NOVELIST

The devil! Somebody's calling 'em! There goes the big one to answer it!

CYNIC

Shhh!

NOVELIST

What's up, now?

November, 1914—8

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN (*Pointing*)

Their curtain—

NOVELIST

But, damn it! It *isn't*! They've—

CYNIC

Pulled it down! (*Groans.*)

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Just when—

NOVELIST

Psychological moment! (*Groans.*)

CYNIC

Oh, Hell!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Just when we were going to see more of them! Curses! (*Groans.*)

NOVELIST

My luck, all right. Jonah, that's me! Damn!

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

That infernal bell-hop! He's wised 'em, over the 'phone! (*Turns up light. All three men, indignant, face each other.*) Stung!

CYNIC

Hello! Where's our friend?

NOVELIST

The Missionary!

CYNIC (*Goes to bathroom door and throws it open*)

How's the view, Mr. Luke?

(*Missionary appears in door, opera-glasses in hand, stammering and abashed.*)

MISSIONARY

I—er—I—really, gentlemen—you misunderstand—

CYNIC (*Slapping him on the shoulder*)

Not at all, old chap! We get you, Steve. As Nietzsche says: "Human, all too Human!"

(*Novelist, laughing, sits down at piano and begins to play "Judy O'Grady." Sings:*

"The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters—under their skins!")

CYNIC (*Bowing low to all, especially to Missionary*)

Brothers!

CURTAIN

THE INEVITABLE HOUR

By Elsbeth Murphy

THE longest part of the night was yet to come; those long hours of darkness, when the world seems alike forsaken by God and man; those hours when loneliness creeps as a living thing over the body and feeds on the soul.

She turned out the light and sat staring into the darkness. Weird, fantastical forms appeared in space and danced. They mocked her in her silent grief. Long, lean, bony hands gripped the air and slowly and painfully opened, to greedily close on nothing. Heads with bulgy eyes and ragged hair grinned toothless grins in the blackness. Slimy things curled about the thin necks that appeared on the heads. She closed her eyes, but the things crept up under the lids into her brain and whirled dizzily on.

She lay down, but leaped from the hot covers of the cot madly. Her hair came down over her ears and irritated the burning skin. Beads of perspiration stood out all over her like tiny white drops of dew. A burst of heat ran over her body, followed by a deadly coldness. A ripple slid up her spine and her shoulder blades tightened. She turned on the light, but turned it out with a vicious hand. She raised the window. Outside all was still. The stars shone in peaceful solitude and not a breeze stirred. The thin crescent of a new moon hung low behind the myriad of leafless boughs of the poplars, silhouetted against the deep blue sky. For hours she knelt with her head on her arm, gazing out over the scene. Dry-eyed and outwardly calm she was, but her soul writhed in torment.

Then the first gray light dimmed the brightness of the crescent and deadened the stars. It stole softly over the world and made the moss on the housetops visible. At five Sister Charity came in. Tenderly she lifted the woman. She felt like a dead person against the black gown and for endless moments, while the pale dawn ripened into day, stood resting, in body.

Sister Charity led her to the cot and then moved softly from the room. When she returned Sister Faith came with her. The woman sat rigid. Her eyes stared glassily at the wall. Every muscle was tense and her drawn mouth was a mere gash across the chalky face. The cords of her soft, young neck were like bands of steel. Her knuckles were white as she clutched her breast.

"If she could only weep or speak!" Sister Charity sighed.

"If she could only scream or rant!" Sister Charity sighed. "This awful silence is killing her. She cannot last many more hours. She no longer hears us when we speak to her."

"Ah, it was such a pity! He was so young and hasty! Perhaps he might have been better had they married. She might have saved him, body and soul."

The clock on the mantel broke the stillness. It was a cheap little clock and it had a silly little strike. One, two, three, four, five, six it tinned foolishly.

The woman moved her eyes till they rested on the cheap little clock.

Then she threw her arms above her head and screamed one despairing cry of anger, grief, wild and frantic anguish. Her soul was crushed, and torn in shreds. Her heart was broken.

The hanging was at six.

DAWN*

By Percival L. Wilde

With acknowledgments to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

CHARACTERS

THE DOCTOR

THE WOMAN

THE MAN

A CHILD

TIME: *A winter morning, just before dawn.*

PLACE: *A mining district.*

SCENE—*A rough shack, one story in height. At the rear is the main door, bolted. To the left of the door is a window, through which falling snow can be seen. Another door, at the right, leads into a sleeping room. A stove against the right wall and a cupboard below it are the principal objects of interest. There are two or three rickety chairs, and a deal table covered with a soiled red cloth. A scrap of dilapidated carpet conceals part of the floor. This and a cheap chromo on the left wall are the only attempts at ornamentation.*

The WOMAN, MOLLY, is discovered, sitting at the window. There is very little light outside, and she has a burning kerosene lamp next to her. She is under thirty, and shabbily dressed. Suddenly she starts, rises. Then a knock at the door.

DOCTOR (*outside*)

Let me in.

WOMAN (*with great nervousness*)

Why did you come here, Doctor? I told you not to come here.

DOCTOR

Let me in, Molly.

WOMAN

You must go away. Please go away, Doctor!

DOCTOR (*interrupting: a quiet, commanding voice*)

Open the door, Molly. Quick—it's cold out here.

WOMAN (*opening the door*)

I told you not to come here, Doctor.

DOCTOR (*about thirty-five; heavily, but well clothed*)

Don't talk about that. I'm half frozen.

WOMAN (*crossing to the stove*)

I'll stir up the fire a little.

DOCTOR (*following, warming his hands*)

Thanks.

WOMAN

I asked you not to come here, Doctor. You don't know what a risk you're running. If he saw you here now, he—
he might kill you.

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DOCTOR

That makes it interesting.

WOMAN

I'm serious, Doctor. He was talking about you only the other night; he hates you.

DOCTOR

Yes. It's a nice husband you've got.

WOMAN

You're in danger—in real danger.

DOCTOR

I've been in danger before.

WOMAN (*shaking her head, unable to continue; she puts her hands on his coat, weeping*)

Doctor! Doctor!

DOCTOR

It's all right, Molly. It's all right. I'm not going to let him hurt you.

WOMAN

I'm not thinking of myself.

DOCTOR

I know that. But *I* am. (*Noticing her arm*) What's this here?

WOMAN (*trying to pull her arm away*)

Nothing. Nothing at all.

DOCTOR

Nothing? (*Pushing up the sleeve, looking at her. She drops her eyes.*) Nothing?

WOMAN

It's a burn.

DOCTOR

So I see. Dick has been up to his old tricks again.

WOMAN

He had a little too much to drink, Doctor.

DOCTOR

How did it happen?

WOMAN

He didn't know what he was doing.

DOCTOR

Let *me* judge, won't you? How did it happen?

WOMAN

Well, it was Tuesday night—

DOCTOR

After I had left?

WOMAN

Yes. He came in a little later. He had been drinking—and he was angry. You know drink excites him terribly. And he told me to pull off his boots—and—and I suppose I was slow about it, so—so—

DOCTOR

So?

WOMAN

Oh, what's the use? It's over now.

DOCTOR

He took the poker, I should say, and he heated it—

WOMAN

Not very hot.

DOCTOR

As you say. He heated the poker, not *very* hot, and then he beat you with it, to make you a little quicker next time, eh?

WOMAN

He didn't hit me hard.

DOCTOR

No. I could see that. (*Crossing to her, and roughly passing his hand along her back.*)

WOMAN

Oh!

(*She gives an involuntary cry of pain.*)

DOCTOR

Clever beast! Where it wouldn't show!

WOMAN

It's over now, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Yes. Then, when the poker was cold, I suppose he kicked you. Did he?

WOMAN
Yes.
DOCTOR
Where?
WOMAN (*indicating her abdomen*)
Here.
DOCTOR (*nodding*)
Nice, thoughtful fellow—your husband.
WOMAN (*breaking into sobs*)
He—he doesn't want me to—to have any more children, Doctor.
DOCTOR (*slowly*)
Yes. (*A pause*) Is he home? (*The WOMAN shakes her head.*) When did he go?
WOMAN
Last night.
DOCTOR
With Conolly?
WOMAN
Yes.
DOCTOR
And Holzman?
WOMAN
Yes. He had something to attend to.
DOCTOR
Something to attend to?
WOMAN
Yes. The three of them went together.
DOCTOR
He didn't by any chance mention the Esmeralda?
WOMAN
The Esmeralda?
DOCTOR
The Esmeralda mine.
WOMAN
He said it needed fixing.
DOCTOR
I thought so.
WOMAN
Why, what do you mean, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Nothing.
WOMAN (*alarmed*)
What do you mean?
DOCTOR
Would you be very much surprised if I told you that the Esmeralda was blown up at midnight?
WOMAN
Good God!
DOCTOR
There were four men killed.
MOLLY
And Dick!
DOCTOR
Oh, Dick wasn't touched. He took precious good care of his skin!
WOMAN
Dick escaped!
DOCTOR
Escaped nothing! He was the man who blew up the mine!
(*The WOMAN utters a long-drawn "Oh!" of horror.*)
DOCTOR
He ran no risk. There was clockwork, and he was a mile away when it blew up.
WOMAN
But Dick—that Dick should do such a thing! I don't believe he did it, Doctor! I don't believe it! You don't think so, do you? (*The Doctor slowly pulls an object from his pocket.*) What's that?
DOCTOR
That is part of a dry battery.
WOMAN
Well?
DOCTOR
The number is still on the bottom. Wainwright is pretty sure the manufacturers can identify it.
WOMAN
Wainwright?

DOCTOR

We roused him up. He thinks he sold it to Dick a week ago.

WOMAN (*breathlessly*)

Well?

DOCTOR

It's funny that I found it at the Esmeralda!

WOMAN

At the Esmeralda!

DOCTOR (*nodding*)

Just after the explosion.

WOMAN (*breaking into sobs, and burying her head on the DOCTOR's lap*)

Doctor, don't tell me any more! I don't want to know! I don't want to know!

DOCTOR (*stroking her head, and replacing the fragment in his pocket*)

It was bad enough without this, wasn't it? And you've stuck to him through it all! You women! (*Pause*) Even after he killed Maggie!

WOMAN

Don't say that, Doctor.

DOCTOR

It wasn't legal murder—he didn't do it all at once. It took him more than a year. A child can't stand what a grown woman can. (*He pauses.*) How old was she?

WOMAN

She would have been ten this month. (*The DOCTOR shakes his head in silent sympathy.*) She was such a pretty child. See! (*She pulls a cheap locket from her bosom, and opens it. There is a pause.*)

DOCTOR

He beat her, too.

WOMAN

Yes.

DOCTOR

With the poker? (*The WOMAN nods.*) Heated—not very hot?

WOMAN

Oh, I tried to stop him, Doctor, but I couldn't do anything.

DOCTOR

I know that. (*He rises.*) And this brute, this devil, is the man you are living with!

WOMAN

Doctor!

DOCTOR

Yes, you're right. Words don't do any good.

WOMAN

He won't do it again. I'm sure.

DOCTOR

So am I!

WOMAN

What do you mean?

DOCTOR (*wheeling abruptly*)

Get your things, Molly.

WOMAN

My things?

DOCTOR

Your wraps—plenty of them—it's cold outside.

WOMAN

But I'm not going out.

DOCTOR

You're coming with me.

WOMAN (*frightened*)

Doctor!

DOCTOR

I couldn't stop him from killing Maggie, but he won't lay a hand on you again!

WOMAN

Doctor! I can't do it!

DOCTOR

You're not safe here.

WOMAN

Doctor! He's my husband!

DOCTOR

I don't care who he is! You're coming with me! (*He half leads, half pulls her toward the next room, talking. The*

WOMAN *continues to resist.*) I'm going to put you to bed for a week, and I'm going to make a well woman out of you. And then we'll find some work you can do—some light, easy work, and you won't know yourself— *(There is a heavy thump at the door.)*

WOMAN

There's Dick! Doctor, if he finds you here!

MAN *(outside)*

Lemme in!

DOCTOR

Dick?

WOMAN

I expected him back before this.

MAN

Open up! Open up!

WOMAN

For heaven's sake!

DOCTOR *(quietly drawing a revolver)*

Open the door.

(He goes to one side. The WOMAN opens the door. The MAN pushes in so suddenly that he almost upsets her.)

MAN *(huge, uncouth, brutal)*

Waitin' up fer me?

WOMAN

Yes, Dick.

MAN

Like a kin', d'voted wife, eh? *(Crossing to the stove.)* Glad ter see me, ain't ye?

WOMAN

Yes, Dick.

MAN

Ye better be. *(He flings off his coat, sits, sticks out his feet. She does not see.)* Well! Git a move on! *(She runs over, and tries to remove his boots.)* Come on! Come on! God, you're clumsy! *(Pushing her away, trying to remove his boots himself.)* I'll have ter learn ye—like last time. I'll learn ye all right! I'll learn ye! *(He catches sight of the DOCTOR, and springs up furiously.)* You? What are you doin' here? *(The DOCTOR does not answer.)* Don't stand there

gapin' like a fool! What are ye doin' here?

DOCTOR

Looking around.

MAN

Lookin' around?

DOCTOR

Yes.

MAN

Well, see anything ye like.

DOCTOR

Thanks.

MAN

An' get out.

DOCTOR

I'm going to.

MAN *(impatiently)*

Well?

DOCTOR

I'm going to take Molly with me.

MAN

Yer goin' ter take Molly with ye? Oh, ho! That's rich! *(He pauses suddenly.)* In love with her?

DOCTOR

No.

MAN

Well?

DOCTOR

She doesn't belong here.

MAN

Don't belong here? Goin' ter take her with ye? Goin' to come between man an' wife, till death do us part? An' what'll I be doin'?

DOCTOR

I don't care.

MAN

But I do! *(Throwing an arm roughly around the WOMAN's waist)* She stays here! See?

DOCTOR

You needn't argue.

MAN

I ain't goin' ter. *(Approaching the DOCTOR)* But I'm goin' ter give ye the

worst lickin' ye ever had before ye get out o' here! (*Seizing the poker*) I'm goin' ter mess up that pretty face o' yours fer ye!

DOCTOR (*leveling his revolver*)
Stop!

MAN
Eh? He's got his artillery with him?

DOCTOR
Yes. I knew where I was going.

MAN
Well, shoot an' be damned ter ye!
Garn! Shoot! Shoot an unarmed man!

DOCTOR
Sit down.

MAN
Eh?

DOCTOR
Sit down.

MAN
Oh, ho! Orderin' me around in my own—

DOCTOR (*interrupting furiously*)
I've heard just about enough from you. Now sit down! (*Dick slouches to a chair and sits. During the following dialogue he rocks the chair back and forth, gradually moving it to the extreme right, next to the cupboard.*) I'm not going to call you names. There's nothing in the English language bad enough for you: and you wouldn't care what I called you. But I'm going to tell you what I'm going to do to you.

MAN (*leaning back, drawling*)
Yes?

DOCTOR
You killed your daughter.

WOMAN (*interrupting*)
Doctor!

DOCTOR (*silencing her with a gesture*)
If I'd had my way, they'd 'a' hung you for it! But I got here too late: I couldn't prove that she died as a result of what—of what you did to her. And we've got to give even such curs as you the benefit of the doubt.

MAN
She was always sickly.

DOCTOR
So you helped her by beating her with a poker—red hot!

MAN
Well, Maggie was *my* daughter!

DOCTOR
God rest her soul!

WOMAN
Amen!

DOCTOR
Your wife is sickly, too, I suppose?

MAN
Runs in the family.

DOCTOR
So you are treating her in the same way you treated Maggie?

MAN
Is it any of *your* business how I treat her?

DOCTOR
Yes, it is.

MAN
Well, I say it isn't!

DOCTOR (*leveling the revolver again*)
And I say it is!

MAN
Oh!

DOCTOR
That is why I'm going to take Molly away with me.

MAN
That all ye got to say?

DOCTOR
No, it isn't.

MAN
Well, go on. I'm listenin'.

DOCTOR
There was an explosion in the King Edward mine three months ago.

MAN
Yes?

DOCTOR
Nobody was hurt.

MAN (*sarcastically*)
Lord be praised!

DOCTOR
There was another explosion in the same mine a few weeks later. That time a dozen men were blown to pieces.

MAN
What's this? A sermon?
(*By this time he has reached the cupboard; he bends slowly, and unobserved takes from it a milk bottle half full of liquid.*)

DOCTOR
There were a good many more explosions after that. Then, last night—

MAN (*watching the DOCTOR from the corner of his eye, and speaking casually*)
Last night?

DOCTOR
The Esmeralda was blown up.

MAN (*balancing the bottle on his knees*)
Ye don't mean it!

WOMAN
You didn't have anything to do with it, Dick, did you?
(*DICK pushes her away.*)

DOCTOR
Conolly has been arrested already.

MAN
Yes?

DOCTOR
His body is hanging from a tree down the road.

MAN
Without a trial?

DOCTOR
There was no time for any. Now they're after Holzman. He left town early, but they'll get him. They've telegraphed ahead. (*A pause*) And I've got you!

WOMAN
Dick, Dick, say you didn't do it!

MAN
Ah, go way. What's the evidence, Doc?

DOCTOR (*showing the fragment of the battery*)

This.

MAN
What is it?

DOCTOR
Part of the battery you bought at Wainwright's.

MAN
Did he identify it?

DOCTOR
Not positively. He doesn't keep a record of the numbers. He's writing to the factory.

MAN
That all the evidence against me?

DOCTOR
Yes. It's a little thing, Dick, but it's enough to hang you.

MAN
The number on the bottom of the battery?

DOCTOR
Yes.

MAN (*rising lazily*)
Well, scratch it off.

DOCTOR
Eh?

MAN
Scratch it off, I said.

DOCTOR
Do you think I'm crazy?

MAN
Do you think I'm crazy?
(*He moves toward the center.*)

DOCTOR (*with the revolver*)
Stay where you are!

MAN (*raising the milk bottle*)
Don't make me laugh! (*Pause*) D'ye see this? (*Waving the bottle*) Half a quart of nitro-glycerine! Half a quart!

DOCTOR

What?

WOMAN (*going toward him*)

Dick!

MAN (*turning on her brutally*)

Keep away from me! (*He turns to the DOCTOR*) If ye shoot, I'll drop this—an it's mighty pertikler where it lands. Or if ye don't shoot, mebbe I'll drop it anyhow. It took only this much to fix the Esmeralda.

DOCTOR

So you *did* it!

WOMAN

Dick, you!

MAN

Of course. (*As the DOCTOR approaches*) Go easy! I'm not lookin' fer company!

DOCTOR

Ah, you're bluffing!

MAN

Bluffin', eh?

DOCTOR

I've heard of that trick before! You've got water in there!

MAN

Water, eh? Well, you're a doctor—(*Taking a knife from the table and dipping it into the bottle*)—taste it! (*He hands the knife to the DOCTOR.*) Well? (*The DOCTOR tastes; then silently puts away his revolver.*) Ah!

DOCTOR

Think of your wife, man!

MAN

Cut it! Cut it! Now, let's talk. (*He sits.*) You're a religious man, ain't ye, Doc?

DOCTOR

Yes, I am.

MAN

Go to church on Sunday?

DOCTOR

Yes.

MAN

You'd keep an oath?

DOCTOR

What do you mean?

MAN

You're going to swear to do what I want before ye get out of here—alive.

DOCTOR

I'll do nothing of the kind.

MAN

Then ye won't get out—alive. (*Pause*) The number on that battery is all the evidence they've got against me. You're going to scrape that off. You're going to tell 'em I'm innocent—you've talked to me, an' you're sure of it. They'll believe *you*.

DOCTOR (*quietly*)

I won't do it.

MAN

Oh, there's no hurry! Think it over. (*Pause*) If ye do, I won't touch ye—an' if ye don't, ye'll be sprinkled all over the county in a minute.

WOMAN

Doctor, he means what he says. I know him. For God's sake—

DOCTOR (*interrupting*)

Do you think I'm afraid of death? If I were I wouldn't be a doctor! I ran more risk when the yellow fever broke out in Havana than I do now.

WOMAN

But, Doctor, you are young! Your life is valuable! You don't care about him. Do what he asks!

DOCTOR (*pushing her away*)

I am not a coward.

MAN

Well, Doc, I ain't a coward any more than you. What have ye got to say? Quick!

DOCTOR (*rapidly*)

Molly, if—if anything happens to me, you will find that I have left you enough

to live on. I want you to go East—to my sister. She knows about you. She'll take care of you.

MAN (*interrupting*)
Come on! Come on!

DOCTOR (*disregarding him*)
You understand, Molly?

WOMAN
But, Doctor—

DOCTOR
You understand?

WOMAN
Yes.

DOCTOR (*turning on DICK*)
As for you, you think you're going to get away?

MAN
Mebbe.

DOCTOR
You won't. (*Drawing his revolver*) If it's the last thing I do, I'll shoot you. And if I don't get you, they'll get you outside.

MAN (*excited*)
What do you mean?

DOCTOR
I didn't come alone. I brought a dozen men with me. Look for yourself.

MAN
Where?

DOCTOR
Anywhere. Outside.

(*The MAN goes toward the door. The DOCTOR creeps toward him. The MAN begins to open the door; the DOCTOR leaps. The MAN dodges, jumps back, raises the bottle with a snarl, and throws it, as the DOCTOR fires. There is a terrific explosion. The lights go out, and dawn, an instant later, begins to break through a*

thin smoke which is rapidly drifting away on the fresh morning breeze.

The rear and left walls of the shack are blown out, and the hillside is dimly visible. The left of the stage is encumbered with debris, and a body appears to be under it. The right is practically untouched, and the MAN, standing there, with his hands over his eyes, is moaning in agony. MOLLY, uninjured but screaming hysterically, is feverishly searching the ruins. And the DOCTOR, also unhurt, stands down at the left with a child—a child in the garments of the working class—at his side.)

DOCTOR
What a smash! What a terrific smash!

WOMAN (*searching*)
Doctor! Doctor! Where are you?

DOCTOR
Here I am!

WOMAN (*appearing not to hear*)
Where are you, Doctor? Are you hurt?

DOCTOR
No, I'm not hurt.

WOMAN (*falling to her knees at the side of a body sobbing*)
Doctor! Oh, Doctor!

THE CHILD (*touching the DOCTOR's sleeve*)
Doctor!

DOCTOR
Eh? How do you come here? (*Thunderstruck, staggering back, almost fainting*) You—who are you?

THE CHILD (*with a winsome smile*)
Why, I'm Maggie.

DOCTOR
M-Maggie! But you—you are dead!

THE CHILD (*smiling gently*)
So are you.

THE CURTAIN FALLS SLOWLY



FIFTH AVENUE

By Adriana Spadoni

SHE is tall and slim with cool eyes and straight brown hair. She has never loved or hated, known passion or despair. There is no danger in her. She is poised and calm, the traveled, polished daughter of her burgher forebears.

Like the hostess of a successful reception you can feel her, standing a little aside, polite, smiling quietly, watching her guests. She enjoys their gowns, their jewels, their well-kept bodies. She listens to their endless chatter with the quiet pleasure that enjoys, that may criticise, but is not superior. More intellectual guests would bore her. Radicals would frighten her. But these, her own people, she respects. She appreciates their well-made clothes. She understands and sympathizes with them in their fatiguing futilities.

She has never worked an hour in her life. The expensive necessities of her days she takes as a matter of course. Early in her twenties she married Lower Broadway and he cheerfully supplies her useless needs. He requires no pity. He likes to do it. He knows no ideal beyond. The aim of his own ambition, the mark of his success are these possessions. If he did not spend on her he would elsewhere in the garish demands of the upper Thirties, perhaps even sink to Sixth Avenue. He is content. If in a moment of youthful madness he had married Washington Square he would not have known what to do with her. If he had married Riverside Drive he would always have been a little afraid, not just secure in the impression he was making. He would always have felt that Riverside Drive had married him solely for his

money. With Fifth Avenue he is very happy.

In the evening Lower Broadway puts on his dress clothes and Fifth Avenue swathes her long fine body in fashion's latest command and off they go together. Their home is left to darkness. Its well-lightened length is still. The mistress is away. There is no confusion, no advantage taken in her absence. She leaves behind a spirit that controls. Like a ghost of her ghostly self it holds sway.

If Lower Broadway should die tomorrow, Fifth Avenue would wear becoming black and after a proper time remarry. It is quite impossible to imagine her without the background of a man's support, the legal, well-ordered protection of a husband. She could never be a spinster any more than she could be a mistress.

Nor by the wildest stretch of imagination could one picture Fifth Avenue with a baby. Not that she is specially hard or selfish, not nearly so selfish as Central Park West but—it is quite inconceivable. She wouldn't know what to do with it. She could neither wheel it about in a white perambulator like Washington Heights, nor put it out on the fire-escape like Harlem while she did her housework, nor play with it like the Bronx. No, it is altogether inconceivable. I can see Fifth Avenue with nothing younger than a daughter sixteen, on no account a son, a slim, tall girl, cool and properly pale like her mother. She would go to an expensive private school and in the vacations her mother would devote the mornings to her. They would go shopping together. Together they would have innumerable

things sent home on approval and the next day return them for innumerable reasons. Sometimes Fifth Avenue thinks of this daughter, but not often.

Just as she sometimes thinks that it would be nice to stay in New York through the summer. She has heard that it is hot and dusty, that life swelters close to the surface, that you meet people on a different basis. That married men, revelling in bachelor freedom, look you harder in the eyes, hold your hand a little longer, ask you out to eat in queer Bohemian places. She would like to feel it, this life that wells up from somewhere underneath, hotter, more fervid than is exactly well bred. She has never seen it, this uncovered life of the summer.

Once or twice, in a very wild moment, she has thought of staying, just to see how Sixth Avenue and Greenwich Village and the East Side live when the sun blisters the pavements and men sleep all night in the parks. But she has never stayed. Once she mentioned it to Lower Broadway. He laughed indulgently and then he frowned. It reminded him dangerously of a little episode he had had long ago with West Tenth Street, when he was very young. He frowned and dabbled his well-kept fingers in the crystal fingerbowl and said:

"Don't be silly, my dear. You have absolutely no idea what New York is like in summer."

And so she went away as usual.



SAYS GEORGE STERLING

WHEN woman yawns the Devil becomes alert.

FREE will: an egg saying: "Now I lay me."

HAPPINESS is the missing link between hope and experience.

ROAST: that which we sometimes eat and always read.

LIFE is a readjustment of adjectives.



PURLINGS OF THE PLATITUDINARIANS

LIKE many another saying, "art for art's sake" has been misunderstood.
—Joyce Kilmer.

SATAN is still on the job.—*Dr. Richard C. Cabot.*

WE ought to guard, by every means in our power, against needless death.
—*The Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.*

THE BATHERS

By Jack McKinney

SHE was fair—divinely fair, I think, is the phrase. Some would have said her hair was golden. Sex constitutes one's capacities in such classifications. One terms her fair. As a mere male one aims not at such finer distinctions. She was fair. Her locks fell in ravishing ripples. They danced, and skipped, and flirted with the breeze. (Thrice envied breeze!)

Her eyes were large and wondrous. They were deep pools of innocence. 'Twere sacred delight to search their depths.

She unloosed her kimono. One had not hitherto defined "grace" with accuracy. The garment fell from her—sank, supplicating, to her feet. One almost pitied it. But rapturous joy swamped the lesser emotion.

One has termed her fair. Can one go further? Merely to call her a fair vision—extending, of course, the significance of the word. (Ah, humble word! What glory is thine! She sanctifies!)

Knows she of eyes that feast close by? Eyes that eagerly gather charms, as one gathers luscious fruits; eyes that race from slender ankle to fair crown (one has called it fair. Perchance it was golden), eyes that linger o'er delicious curves of form—and sink an instant, self-rebuked for audacity—and return again, ungovernable. Knows she of these? I know not, though I do not deny.

The wavelets grow timorous. They kiss the beach to gain heart. They doubt the evident. But they are rejoiced. She enters the water, garmented, decorously, to the knee.

We must leave her an instant. Our

Art imposes it. One, however fair, supplies not a situation.

He—can we linger o'er him? Impatience precludes it. Enough. He is tall, sun-bronzed, limbed for gladiatorial encounters, a sea man. His were the eyes.

He takes the water in her wake. The wavelets smack the face of the beach. They fain would check his feet. Ah, jealousy! One refrains from philosophy.

You sense my theme? Partly?

Gazing had startled, rejoiced. Proximity thrills, intoxicates. He murmurs a word. His lips, abashed, stifle it. She speaks not. He knows not further speech. Eloquent orbs supply the deficiency. A smile (ah, wretched word! the theme has discovered thy inadequacy) o'erthrows the tottering equilibrium of his senses. He is captive.

"The water," she murmurs—pools of innocence are lowered, shyness holds sway—"Do you not love it?"

Sweet syllables. The air treasures them. They lock the padlock on his captivity. She seeks no answer. He is content. He shrinks from shattering those delicious air-waves.

They plunge. The water enclasps her. He envied the water.

He takes heart.

"You swim?"

Is it a query? Rather a pretext to meet eye with eye. She takes it otherwise—discretion's dictate.

"No." Lips part, a jewel case unclasps, disclosing pure ivory. (Nature disclaims assistance.) Tumult breaks out within him. He knows ecstasy.

He proffers instruction. She yields

to his strength. She is unafraid. Femininity admires the protective.

Did one speak of grace? One had not seen her afloat. The sea is a happy medium. One turns to Webster, Roget. Neither avails. Imagination must bear the responsibility.

He congratulates. She counters with obligation—which is denied, decisively. Enthusiasm supplies a further charm—no, impossible—accentuates the charms. They essay again the aquatic art.

Suddenly excitement supervenes. He warns hurriedly—expresses fear of the gliding monsters of the sea (abhorred creatures! One refrains from designating them).

His arms enfold her. (He had envied the waves.) Hers is complete abandon, abandon to the protective. He carries her to safer shallows. His burden strains not his rhews. The heart alone is severely tested. He had previously touched ecstasy. Webster and Roget again fail one.

The sharks—? Was it artifice? Was she deceived? Pools of innocence bias a verdict. But—. I assert not. I merely chronicle.

"Enough?" she queries.

He would prolong. He protests. She smiles. Protest, overburdening speech, grows dumb. She gains the sands. The kimono, languishing, dejected, is returned to grace. It guards its treasure, jealous even of chance charms that dainty strides present.

She leaves the beach. A haze envelops the sun. The sea is ruffled, uninviting. A breeze chills the air. He dons garments and departs.

He dines in silence. Uxoriousness

cannot be charged to him. His thoughts were elsewhere. Were not one cognizant one might wonder. The wife is not unattractive.

She pours tea. It is not merely an act, it is an art. She displays other wifely accomplishments. They arouse no response. She is tremulous. Her mind frames a hundred queries. Love is self-accusing.

"George." (Sacrilege! She has shattered sweetest reverie.) "Was the sea pleasant?"

"Divine."

Is her query answered? We, who know the facts, may ask.

She leans forward. Soft fingers caress his hair. He is aware that she is pleasing.

"George." Her lips fondle his name. "I will learn to swim. The new maid has promised. She will teach me. She swims in contests. We will bathe together, you and I."

The response is inadequate to the momentous announcement. George has not yet left the beach.

She feels rebuffed, afraid.

The door swings open. The new maid enters, burdened with dessert. George glances up. (Did one say she was fair? His wife has said she is golden.) Pools of innocence greet him. Tumult is unloosed again within him. A different tumult this. One fails to define it. It is mental melange.

He hesitates, bewildered. He speaks suddenly.

"Dear, you rejoice me. We will swim together."

He leans towards her. She is surprised, exhilarated. His kiss has dispelled her doubts.



THE Fashion of sneering at the merely clever is most popular among those who are merely mere.

A WORD to the wise is sufficient, which may explain why a lawyer will talk to a jury for half a day.

BLOOD will tell, but a pedigree won't keep a dog from having tin cans tied to its tail.

EXPERT INSTRUCTION

SOME LETTERS FROM THE PRESENT-HOUR CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM OF A PUPIL

By Hayden Carruth

DEAR MR. COMINGFAKER:

Your first lesson-paper has been received and carefully examined. We find much to criticize, of course, but also much of promise. In your imaginary interview you quote your man thus: "I wish to say"—wrong. "I wish to state"—correct. "He stated." "He prepared a statement." "They were stating." The word "say" is used only in conversation, magazines and books. In your suicide, you neglect to close with, "No cause was assigned for the rash act." This shows carelessness. We like the way you refer to the departed as "the unfortunate man," however. We enclose lesson No. 2. Look out for the practical work.

Yours truly,

A. OLDHAND.

DEAR MR. COMINGFAKER:

Your second lesson-paper shows improvement. But a paragraph containing nothing out of the ordinary you should always begin, "Oddly enough—" In the third line there is an excellent chance to use the word "fad," which you missed. In regard to your imaginary murder: "Blunt instrument," good; "foul play is suspected," very good; "police are reticent," excellent, though you should have added, "But they are believed to be in possession of important clues." You should also state that "bad blood" existed between the victim and somebody. Your diagram of the man's henhouse

is only so-so. You neglected to put in the tracks of the chickens.

Your practical interview with the servant-girl of your neighbor lacks spiciness. When she refused to answer some of your questions you should have tried what a couple of dollars would do. If she still refused, you should have put the answers you wanted in your report, anyhow. Enclosed find third lesson.

Yours truly,

A. OLDHAND.

DEAR MR. COMINGFAKER:

Your anecdote is readable. The scene is laid in the South, however, and we do not anywhere find the phrase "befo' de wah." This is very bad. You should not have given up on your shooting affair—it is easy. Shots always "ring out," and "startle the inmates of the building." The other man "returns the shots," or "seeks safety in flight." The chief point to be remembered, however, is the calibre of the revolver; always get this, even if you miss the names of the men. Your imaginary interview is rather good, but in the man's statement you make him use language which is much too natural. Make your descriptions colloquial, if you care to, but remember, in quoting a person, to be bookish and stately. Study the dictionary for uncommon words. Read Dr. Samuel Johnson. N. B.—Important exception: When quoting an elderly, dignified and edu-

cated man—say, a college president—make him use the latest slang. It adds very much.

Glad to know from your report on practical work that the lump on your head where the door-knob struck it is getting better. In doing keyhole work, the journalist has to be very wary. The door is liable to be opened at any moment. Send herewith third lesson.

Yours truly,

A. OLDHAND.

DEAR MR. COMINGFAKER:

We are sorry to see that you under-value details. A paragraph about a stormy Winter day is a small matter, but it betrays the amateur not to speak of it as a "veritable blizzard." Your despatch from the agricultural regions after the rain is very bad. You do not say, "The farmers are jubilant." In regard to the other storm, you should have stated that it "reached the proportions of a cloudburst." We have marked you 100 on your runaway. "Frightened animal dashed wildly"—very good. "Serious accident was narrowly averted"—capital. Try to become accustomed to using the words "quiet" and "quietly"; as, "a quiet wedding," "he was dressed quietly," etc. In your imaginary interview, where the man commences his statement by expressing ignorance of the subject in hand, you make him begin, "I don't know"—bad. "I cannot say"—no better. "I have no information on the subject"—still worse. "That I cannot state"—correct. Should be used invariably.

You complain because, in your practical interview with the stranger you met on the street, he kicked you into the gutter when you asked him if there was anything to conceal about his wife's past. You will not make an up-to-date journalist if you stick at little things like this. Suppose your legs did slip down the sewer opening, you should have shouted another good stiff question at him. We send the

next lesson. You will notice that it is chiefly political.

Yours truly,

A. OLDHAND.

DEAR MR. COMINGFAKER:

Take this lesson again. You have evidently worked hard, but there is much that you fail to grasp. You are right in interviewing "a prominent citizen" and a "leader high in the councils of the party," but you strangely neglect the "well-known Western senator who does not wish to be quoted." The senator and the leader should be "stopping at a prominent up-town hotel." You seem hopelessly entangled as to what constitutes a "statesman" and a "politician." A statesman belongs to your party—a politician to the opposite party. The supporters of a statesman are "earnest workers for the cause of good government," but the followers of the politician are "henchmen." Henchmen obey the "behest of their party boss." Local henchmen are "heelers," and henchmen in the aggregate at convention time are "cohorts." You are right in saying that the speaker of your party "scores" the opposition, but you fail utterly when interviewing the seceder from the opposition. In causing him to refer to his former friends, you should make him "very bitter."

In your practical work-paper, you make a much better showing. Glad to see that you promptly put your foot in the front door when they tried to slam it shut in your face. Sorry your foot was so badly crushed, but pleased to note that you do not complain. If your foot has to be amputated, notify us, and we will forward cork foot. State size of shoe worn.

Please try this lesson again next week, using properly the expressions, "much chagrined," and, "hints of bribery are rife." When you have mastered this lesson, we shall send you our special society-function paper.

Yours truly,

A. OLDHAND.

THE RETURN OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

By Ronald V. Cross

BEFORE a huge audience composed of famous American medical men, dentists and Elbert Hubbard, I explained today my amazing new collaborative scheme for the eradication of appendicitis. What with the stupendous increase in the number of operations recently, the danger of those operations and the great expense to poor people who must undergo them, my discovery must come as a boon to mankind. It was hailed by the vast assemblage with shrill bravos, reverberating yells of acclaim and welling tears of gratitude.

To put my remedy into practise, it is only necessary that a physician, a dentist and Elbert Hubbard work on a case together. When a patient feels the appendicitis pain getting particularly busy on his right side, Elbert Hubbard immediately takes hold of the case and talks it into the sufferer that he only imagines he has a pain in his appendix, whereas, in reality, the pain is in his chest. Mr. Hubbard, who is a great little prover of everything, explains at length how reflex action causes the patient to *think* the pain is in his appendix, when really it is higher up and isn't of much consequence anyway, being merely a slight congestion in the lungs that will quickly pass off. In a short time the patient, being tired out anyway, will thus be convinced that his pain is in his chest, that it doesn't amount to much and that his appendix is all right.

At this juncture, the medical man takes up the case. Being apprised of what Mr. Hubbard has accomplished, he visits the patient, who is now thoroughly satisfied that what pain there is

is in his chest. The doctor pretends to examine the patient's chest and after a while shakes his head with a smile and tells the patient there is absolutely no sign of any trouble in his chest, and that what the patient believes to be a pain in his chest is nothing more in itself than a reflex pain from a partly decayed tooth. The patient takes several deep breaths and convinces himself that the doctor is right.

The moment the doctor leaves, the dentist comes in and asks the patient how he is. The patient complains that he has a bad pain in his tooth. He knows it because the doctor told him so. "No more pain in the appendix or the chest?" asks the dentist. "No, only in the tooth," answers the patient. The dentist then pulls his small dentist's mirror out of his pocket, hands it to the patient and bids him take a look at his teeth and see for himself that there isn't a decayed one in the lot. The patient looks. His teeth are all in elegant shape. "You see," says the dentist, "it was all imagination! First you thought you had a pain in your appendix; then consultation showed that the pain reflected from your chest was really from your teeth; and now we learn that your teeth are in fine condition. So, you see, there's absolutely nothing the matter with you." And the patient, by this clever co-operation on the part of the trio, is convinced he is all to the good and immediately calls up 121 Main and makes a date to take Gladys to the moving pictures that night.

It's a fine scheme because it's impressive and because nobody knows what reflex action is anyway.

IN THE CASE OF LOU TERRY

By Thyra Samter Winslow

THE sexes seem to have changed places since the day of the first man. At the time of Adam and Eve the Bible rather hints at the fact that Eve, who was too much of a feminist ever to adopt the title of Mrs. Adam, tempted Adam, with the known and expected results. Nowadays, people doubt at the tempting of man. He stands adamant, cold. He does not yield, he starts things. He is not tempted, he tempts. He picks on the poor working girl, hounds her, even drugs her, if necessary. Later, brute that he is, he gloats over his victim, standing, with folded arms, threatening to disclose her pitiful secret, casting over her life the shadow of their guilt.

That is the way things work out, according to those who are on the track of the White Slave and who wish to protect the working girl, though she needs so many things more. The case of Lou Terry may be a reversion to the time of Eve. It may be one of a countless number of cases that reformers, in their inquisitive search, have neglected.

Lou Terry was a chorus girl and not a very good one. Her name was Lou Winters then. The "good" refers to her work on the stage and not to her morals. Morally, as chorus girls count morals, Lou was "good," that is, she prided herself on knowing the limit; knew three dozen ways of petty grafting and could say, "Sir, how dare you" so you'd know she meant it. Lou received eighteen dollars each week and was proud of the fact that she, a girl from a small Iowa town, was able to land a job with a city show. She spoke of a stage career but she hated the work and only did it because she found, after

having tried teaching a country school and clerking in a department store, it was the easiest way to make money that she cared to try. Lou had no talent but she had enough good looks and grace and love of music and knowledge of sex—her business associates were always men—to hold her job. She couldn't sing a note.

Lou was bored the night she met Horace Arnold. There was no man whom she was interested in, and to Lou life was a succession of interesting men, each of whom she imagined herself in love with. There had to be a man in her scheme of things, someone to flatter her, to appreciate her cynical and flip-pant remarks that passed for wit, to take her places, to spend money. Lou was one of the curious products of America, a combination of French, German and Jew and she had inherited traits of all of them. She was thrifty, daring, loving of bodily comforts, neat, scheming, sentimental. She had intensity and a love of adventure and of living and a streak of dreaminess. Her eyes were long and gray, her skin olive, her hair dull brown and waved. Her cheekbones were too high for beauty, her mouth too wide but her nose turned up and she had a friendly smile.

She met Arnold at an after-theater supper. It was given by six men; three sold automobiles, one was just out of college, the sixth sold pictures. Three of the girls were chorus girls and it had been through Della Marr, a rather fat and stupid show girl, that Lou had been invited. One girl was a free-lance writer who did bits for the papers, the sixth was a well-dressed girl who seemed to have no occupation, though

no one inquired about her. There was champagne—and good things to eat. The men were rather young, neither rich nor brilliant, and Lou didn't care for them. They were rather afraid of her sarcasm and preferred the purrs of the other women to her scratches.

Half way through the dinner Horace Arnold came into the restaurant. The man who sold pictures knew him and called him over to the table and asked him to "join the crowd." Lou was interested in him because he was a new man. Horace Arnold was slight and blond. He was rather a worried little fellow who had a baby and an extravagant and rather cold wife to support. He kept a smart shop where he sold antiques and works of art. Each of the other girls had picked out an admirer and was devoting herself to him so Arnold was left to Lou. It was an informal party, of course, so, ignoring the man at her right, Lou had the waiter make room for Arnold beside her. To Lou he seemed clever, cultured. She had been raised in a small town where she had had to fight for knowledge about art and literature. She always wanted to learn. She liked Arnold's type, the quiet little man who knew all about books and pictures and the drama. Lou said a few rather brilliant things and Arnold laughed at them. They were her stock-in-trade epigrams, part of them picked from the shows she had played in, but Arnold didn't know that. Arnold liked things a bit Bohemian, though he scarcely ever had a chance at them. The only reason he happened to be down town so late at night was because he had been working over the restoration of an Elizabethan chest. He was the sort of man who is known as a good provider. He lived well and had some money. His dissipations consisted of a visit to his lodge or to his one club, with an occasional theater or dinner down-town. He and his wife belonged to a small, self-satisfied little set that played bridge and talked book and pictures. Most of the members owned small motor cars and kept one maid.

Lou recognized Arnold's type and played up to it. She let him tell her about himself. He was not used to talking to women, except in an impersonal, married sort of way and the conversation almost thrilled him.

Arnold had always looked upon a chorus girl as rather an ignorant, impudent piece. Here was a girl, clever, young, wise and innocent at the same time.

For Lou was clever. She had been graduated from high school back in Iowa and had gone away for a year to a rather forlorn little college. She read the newspapers and magazines and had had a couple of years of travel, though the travel had been limited to one-night stands with a second-class musical comedy. But even that is educating if it teaches nothing more than how to converse with forward traveling men and hotel clerks.

Lou explained that she was not used to midnight suppers, and told him all about being a poor little working girl, all alone in the big city.

"But this is better than a graham wafer and a glass of milk at home," she told him. "That's the usual reward of respectability. When a man invites a chorus girl out to dinner it's a sort of a 'Little Tommy Tucker.' We have to sing for our supper by being pretty and bubbly and flattering, a sort of a continuous vaudeville between courses. Some even want more than that." She became sadder and opened her big eyes appealingly. "We've got to have some pleasure, you know. The lights and the music and the gayety, it's living—that sort of thing. Wearing Paris gowns and singing 'A Society Girl Am I' may be an education in how to look the part, but it's rather wearing on the morals of the girl who has to put on a fifteen-dollar ready-made every night after the curtain's down. I've never had any—pretty things."

Arnold felt a big wave of pity for the little working girl. None of his women friends had ever worked. Lou was appealing, almost frightened at the big world. After dinner, the hosts sug-

gested getting taxis and going to a rather more questionable café. Lou clapped her hands with delight. In the taxi Arnold sat next to her. As they neared the café, Arnold suggested that the others alight first. When they were alone, he said:

"You don't mind if I say something, do you, Miss Winters? I'm so much older than you are," Arnold was thirty-two, then. "I don't believe you know the sort of bunch you're with nor the kinds of places they frequent. I know what you want, the experience, the sparkle of it, but you don't mind, do you, if I say that you'd better let me take you home?"

Lou laid a hand on his arm. "You—dear," she said. "It's hard being alone and trying—to be good. I don't have many pleasures or go places or things. Being a chorus girl is something like a masquerade. It's mighty good of you—to take such good care of me."

On the way home, Lou, though rather put out at missing the café, where she might have met some interesting men, snuggled quite close to Arnold, who was beginning to feel quite a cavalier, a brave protector. When they arrived at the cheap rooming house where Lou lived, the good-by was almost touching. "Poor little, brave little girl," said Arnold, as he shook hands. She stifled the smallest sort of a sigh and smiled at him.

"It's meeting people like you, who understand, that proves the struggle is worth while," said Lou. She squeezed his hand a trifle to show she knew he understood. "He'll look me up in a day or two," thought Lou, as she fell asleep.

But Arnold was too gentlemanly, too gentle, too honorable, to ask the girl if he might see her again, though he was attracted by her and thought of her many times. So Lou waited three days. Then she resorted to one of the oldest tricks she knew. "If he's as easy as he looks, he'll fall for it, if not, he's too wise for me, anyhow," said Lou.

This is the trick. This is not an exposé of the chorus girl as a grafter,

she has been exposed too many times, already. Her tricks are as old as the centuries and as new. You find a man whom you wish to see again, without seeming too forward. You ring him up, a couple of days after you've seen him. "Did I leave a pair of gloves" (or a purse, choose some one easily lost article) "in the carriage the other night?" The man has seen no gloves or purse. But if the trick is done cleverly and the "John" is not too wise and wants to keep up the acquaintance he will ask to call or will send a new pair of gloves to replace the ones that were lost.

Lou looked Arnold up in the telephone book. A girl answered the phone. "That's good," thought Lou, "he's pretty well off, for the business is in his own name and he has a telephone girl. She doesn't ask who it is that wants him, either."

Arnold, at the wire, was surprised. No, he had seen no gloves in the taxi, but then, he hadn't looked. What a shame that they were lost. He didn't offer to send other gloves nor make an engagement. "How are you?" he asked.

"I'm tired," said Lou, with the smallest catch in her voice. "A rehearsal this morning and then another one in a little while and it won't be over until almost five o'clock. They're putting on a new number." And then, rather a deep sigh. "I'll have to go way out to where I board and have supper and get back by seven thirty."

Arnold did some rapid thinking. Then "Oh, Miss Winters, if it isn't too forward of me, couldn't you meet me down town, when you've finished your rehearsal and have—tea with me." Arnold had some work to do that night and would have to stay down town anyway. "It's unconventional, I know, but it will rest you a bit, I think."

Miss Winters was surprised, but she accepted, hesitatingly, timidly, graciously.

"Goodness, but that was a hard engagement to make," she thought as she left the phone. There were no rehear-

sals that day of "The Blue Butterfly" and she did not take her meals at her rooming house, anyhow. She prepared her breakfast in her room, grafting her other meals when she could, when she couldn't, eating at a little fifty-cent Italian place with a group of other chorus girls or with men who belonged to the company. Lou thought that the truth bordered on indiscretion.

She put on her simplest frock to meet Arnold. It was black, as nearly all of her things were, and had a bit of white at the throat, which was cut a trifle too low. She brushed her heavy coat, added a new pink muslin rose to her little fur cap and pinned some two-day-old violets to her worn-out muff. She looked younger than on the night of the dinner for she was more rested. She was twenty-three, though she said she was twenty, if rudely questioned.

She met Arnold, by appointment, in the parlor of one of the quieter hotels. He had never seen Lou in daylight and he was rather afraid of a painted, garishly dressed person. He hated notoriety or attention. The quiet, neatly clad little girl, with bright gray eyes who greeted him might have been almost anyone. He felt that none would suspect that she belonged to the chorus.

"You'll be sorry you didn't wait until a day when I wasn't so hungry," laughed Lou. "I've danced until I'm simply starved. Have you seen the show? It's terribly stupid but it pays better than if it were good, you know. The songs are awful but we have nine changes of costume, four of them in tights, so no wonder it's making money."

Arnold knew how to order a dinner. He ordered one he had ordered the last time his wife and he ate down town, a substantial, simple meal for two. Lou, across the table, the pink shaded candles making her quite pretty, ate daintily but with a splendid appetite.

"Isn't this cozy—us two?" she asked. "Somehow, two people who seem to understand each other—in a big city like this—" And Arnold, before he knew how it happened, was telling

her all about himself and his hopes and his plans. He had been married six years. He had met his wife at a summer resort and for a whole summer had seen her every day. She was a striking brunette and her family was good and had money. Arnold, rather poor then, was a bit of a snob, too. If he found her rather cold now, and if she was not as interested in him as this little chorus girl seemed to be, it may have been because she was bored with him because she knew him too well.

Lou was interested. Each little thing he told her, it seemed to him, she thought marvelous, wonderful. She thought it lovely because he knew all of the books that she wanted to read. As a matter of fact, Lou didn't like to read very much. She knew who the new authors were, read about them in the magazines and could quote, inaccurately, from Shaw, Wells and Bennett. She had only a veneer of knowledge, but her veneer was so smooth and polished that Arnold, accustomed to associating with slow, deep thinkers, found her lightness and frothiness excellent.

At seven fifteen, just as Arnold wondered if he'd have to take Lou to the theater, she asked the time.

"I'll leave you right here," she said, "and run on to the theater, it's just a step. If you knew what it meant to me, this dinner, with peace and quiet—and you. Somehow, you have a wonderful effect of happiness on me. I seem to grow quiet, content. Usually I am restless, dissatisfied."

His dinner, the lights, the music, the flattery had left Arnold feeling that way, too. He was shocked at the coincidence. Before she left, Lou had made an engagement for lunch, at one, for the day after the next one, Friday.

On Friday, Arnold, waiting for Lou at the same place, was paged. He was wanted at the telephone. It was Lou. She was ill and at home. Nothing serious, he shouldn't worry. Just nerves and she couldn't go out. "I'm down at the phone, wrapped in a big, woolly blue bath robe," she told him, "wishing, wishing I was there. But it's a

treat, just thinking of the little luncheon, you and I." Arnold almost had to wipe his eyes, he was so affected by her quiet little voice. "I want to see you soon, though, tomorrow."

Lou's real bath robe was red. She had just seen a blue woolly one in a window. She had telephoned, not from her rooming house but from a telephone booth not two blocks away from where Arnold waited. She had met a man from New York and he had a friend with him and he suggested that she and Del Marr have lunch with the two of them. He would be in town only a day. It was better to keep Arnold guessing, anyhow. So the four of them had lunch together, with candy and flowers as accompaniments and supper after the show and each of the men insisted on the girls accepting a crisp bill. "We know that you girls are all right, perfectly square, and straight," they said, "but we can charge this up to expense account, you know. If we weren't old friends, it would be different." And the girls, who had accepted gifts before, when there were no immediate strings attached to them, thanked the kind gentlemen, let themselves be kissed good-by in the taxicab on the way home and never let it enter their heads that they had done anything the least bit unusual. Then Della Marr bought a jingly purse of brilliant gilt and Lou bought a black lace waist, with cream lace on it and some new perfume.

"I don't see why I can't borrow some money from Arnold by next week," thought she.

Soon, Lou was meeting Arnold two or three times each week for dinner or tea. She could not let him call on her for she knew he would be uncomfortable in the ugly living room with the other roomers passing in and out. Besides, she never had callers. If anyone wished to be nice to her he took her to cafés.

Arnold was beginning to feel that the girl had some strange attraction for him. He had told her all about himself many times and, under her sympathetic guidance, he had unfolded far enough

to conclude that he was unhappily married. Gertie, until then a most dutiful wife, seemed even colder than she had always seemed. Lou had dwelt upon the fact that a woman who has a maid and only one child is really a parasite, that Arnold was misunderstood and that his wife was unsympathetic and unfeeling. Arnold, like most men, was a child when it came to sympathy. He drank in every word, thirstily longing for more, spending money all the while. He did not dare offer Lou money, though he wished that he might when he noticed her carefully darned gloves, her simple hat, her poor worn muff.

One night, a month after they left, she told him that her birthday would soon arrive. He wanted to buy a present for her, but never knew that Lou decided upon the present even when she decided upon the birthday. She was born in April but she needed furs right away.

They picked out the furs together. Arnold was rather timid about being seen with the little chorus girl and Lou, who understood his feelings, having noticed the same thing in others, who knew that he was prudish, conventional and a bit of a snob, arranged for him to meet her, as if by accident, in a fashionable shop, and then to give her the money and have the furs sent C. O. D. The furs were \$85. He gave her the money for them. Lou had them sent back when they were delivered, went to a cheaper shop the next day and picked out a set almost identically like them for \$70, buying some other things she needed with the fifteen dollars.

Arnold had never before given a present to anyone besides his wife. He was not especially generous, either, except in food, which he, himself, could enjoy. Lou cleverly stayed out of his way a whole week after her "birthday" for fear he would believe that she was "working" him. Arnold, waiting for her to call him up over the telephone, grew impatient, cross and finally anxious. He rang her up three times, but she was not at home. Then, one night, he waited at the stage door, something

he had never done, even as a boy, shrinking far back into the shadows, so as not to be seen. Lou, fortunately, had no engagement. She came out with a group of girls. He followed. She had on her new furs. The girls all went to a little lunch room, nearby, and sat upon high stools and munched bread and milk. "Poor little girl," he thought, "how could I have doubted her."

The next day there was a note from Lou. He didn't know that she had seen him and that it had been written at night, after she had returned home.

"DEAR BOY," it ran, "are you angry at me? I rang you up but there was a big bear voice who told me that you were out, always out. I want to see you a lot. I'm nice and warm, these days, in booful furs, from somebody who is good to me. Lou."

That note decided Arnold. He had been a selfish thing. She was a dear little girl who was working her way up, all alone. The weeks that followed were full of little dinners for two. Sometimes Della Marr was asked, and Della, very properly, as befitting of one's best girl friend, spent her time telling what a dear little innocent babe-in-the-woods Lou was and how some day she would rise in the profession. Del didn't mind a lie now and then when each lie meant a good meal.

One day Lou had bad news for Arnold. The show was going on the road. It was early March, then, and impossible to get in a show in town. As she had to work, she might as well go on the road. She spoke about the long rides, the weariness, the hardships. If Arnold had been more of a man of the world, Lou might not have gone on the trip.

The show stayed out until May. Lou sent notes every few days, notes telling about the hotels and the other horrors of one-night stands. She came back thinner, more quiet. She had had a rather desperate love affair with the stage manager, who, driven to his last resource, had actually proposed matrimony, as much to his own astonish-

ment as to Lou's. He was rather an ugly man with a jealous eye and no chance of ever being more than stage manager of a road show, so Lou refused him. Besides, she rather liked Arnold.

Arnold had missed Lou. He had missed her gay little jokes, her repartee, her flattery. He felt young, ambitious, happy, in her presence. He felt more and more that his wife misunderstood him. He knew she cared only for the money he gave her each week. Now that Lou was back, all would be well. Lou had saved nothing on the trip. She borrowed money from Arnold, saying that she had to have it to pay back some debts that she had made while she was ill on the road. He, forgetting his suspicions about chorus girls, lent it to her and she bought some neat summer clothes. In June Mrs. Arnold went to a cottage on the lakes for the summer.

Arnold had been frightened as to what Gertie would say if she found that he was spending money on a chorus girl. He felt that she didn't suspect him but with Gertie in the country he felt free, almost reckless.

"I wouldn't say even the smallest thing about—your wife," Lou said one evening at dinner, "but if I were married to the most thoughtful, kindest, dearest man in the world, I wouldn't desert him in summer and go away to a cool resort while he slaved for me in the hot, noisy city." There were tears in her eyes when she said it.

Arnold no longer knew discretion. Under Lou's tuition he felt himself quite a gay dog, a man about town. His friends saw him with Lou, but, smarting under Gertie's selfishness, though she had gone away ever since their marriage and he had never called it selfish before, he became rather eager to show off his pretty young companion.

Now up to this time Lou had been rather careful, too. She was not a bad woman, an adventuress. But she had an inordinate curiosity, a desire to feel, to try every new experiment. She was not in love with Arnold. She had never really been in love with anyone. She wanted new emotions and sensations.

She liked planning and scheming. Besides, she was mercenary enough to hate to see Arnold spending money at his club while she was staying in one room at her rooming house. Morally, Lou was undeveloped. She knew good from bad, but three years in a chorus had blunted what she did know, instinctively. Sometimes, when with other, "wiser" girls, she was even ashamed of her virtue. She knew she didn't have enough ability to be a success on the stage. She wanted something to happen.

The result was that Arnold, proud of his wickedness, was made to take a suite of furnished rooms, far up town, with Lou as the mistress of them. He thought it was all his own suggestion.

"You're mine, forever, now, little girl," he told her. "I shall try to be very good to you, always."

Lou couldn't cook and made no attempt to learn. They took their meals at restaurants. Lou acquired a lot of pretty clothes and some jewelry. She ate more nourishing food than she had in years. Altogether, though she knew it wouldn't last, it was a pleasant summer.

Toward the end of August, Arnold grew restless. Maybe his sins made his conscience hurt. Maybe he grew a bit tired of restaurant food and Lou's attractions. He found that women were much alike at close range. His wife came back in September and he welcomed her with more joy than he had in years. After all, Arnold was a quiet, neat little snob and the title of gay dog did not fit him very well.

Lou went out with the "Pink Umbrella" and because her clothes were good and she looked plump and prosperous, she got a small speaking part. In January, the show came back for a city run. Lou, interested, rather impersonally, in half a dozen youths, forgot all about Arnold. She smiled when she thought what a hard time she had had leading him on, but wiped the episode from her mind except as an experiment. She had wanted to know things—and had found out, that was all.

Then the show closed. It was winter and cold. There were no more shows opening, no road shows starting out. Lou sold the jewelry and started putting off the landlady.

After the affair with Arnold, there is no telling what the next step might have been, Della Marr had already disappeared into the unknown, when Ted Terry proposed. The proposal almost frightened Lou but not too much for her to accept it. Ted Terry was an office man in a large manufacturing company. He was young, Irish, good-looking and poor. He fell in love with Lou because he thought she was the prettiest, purest, jolliest little pal he had ever met. And Lou, contradicting none of his impressions, told him she loved him, which she did in her own way, and they were married by a Justice of the Peace and went to housekeeping.

Lou was awfully grateful to Ted and felt loyal to him and humble. They bought the furniture for the flat on the instalment plan and because, instinctively, Lou had pretty good taste, the flat looked well and Lou liked to think it was really and truly her own and took to spending much spare time in it. They had little money to spend at restaurants. Lou hated cheap food because she had had so much of it, so she began to learn to cook, aided by a good-natured neighbor. She became quite a good housewife. Lou had few friends in town, for Ted was jealous of the men she had known and the girls were mostly on the road. So she called on a few middle-class neighbors and learned to sew a little and even learned to like to read.

Ted was an orphan and had spent years in cheap boarding houses and he was enthusiastic about Lou because he was in love with her and because she made his home all he thought a home could be. He had rather a slow mind but he managed to get a couple of raises which pleased Lou a great deal. She started a joint bank account with the second.

For two years Lou was quite content. Then, one day she felt dreadfully bored.

She wanted something to happen. Maybe it was because she knew her new hat and suit were becoming and because she wanted someone besides Ted to appreciate them. He appreciated everything she had, or did. She thought of all the men she knew. She thought of Arnold. Why not stop in at the antique shop? To be sure, it might be a bit embarrassing to him—but it would be—different. He was really the only bad blot on the fair page of her past, she told herself.

Arnold seemed glad to see her, a bit embarrassed, as she had anticipated, a bit afraid.

"He looks," thought Lou, "like the poor heroine in the third act, when the horrid villain has come to betray her." And that simple thought put the plot in her mind. Why not? He was the coward, the snob, the shrinking one, not she.

So, smiling, suave, almost purring, she told Arnold about her marriage, and about the little flat and her two years of peace and happiness.

"... though they never will compare, never, with the romance, the color of the memories of those first mad days with you."

Arnold stood on one foot and flushed into his pale hair, which was beginning to recede from his forehead. He was rather expecting Mrs. Arnold to come into his shop and there were always chance customers.

"Yes," he said, hurriedly, "I remember, they were pleasant. I've often thought of them."

"And me," said Lou. "I was young then. I didn't understand the world, nor men. You were so, so overpowering. I believe you hypnotized me. The days now, though pleasant are—well, it's hard to be poor, you know. And just the other day I lost my purse. My month's allowance was in it, sixty dollars. I'm afraid to tell Ted. He couldn't pay me back, even if he knew. He gives me all he can, now. So I've come to you, my generous, dear friend."

Maybe Arnold scented a plot. Maybe he was "easy." Maybe he was anx-

ious for her to leave. For he knew that he was a man of affairs, a man with a family, a solid business man with a reputation and that she was just a little ex-chorus girl. He could not tell what she would do. He must protect his own spotless reputation. So Lou left with the cash, not a check, in her pocketbook.

Lou calls, oh, every month or so, at the antique shop. Arnold is not glad to see her, but he doesn't try to avoid her when she calls. Sometimes her conscience hurts her and she doesn't call as frequently now as she used to, just when she feels restless or bored. Arnold makes no attempts to stop the calls or the little amounts she "borrows" from him. Maybe he doesn't mind it—the blackmailing—though neither of them calls it that, even in their minds. He doesn't dare protest or say that he will tell her husband. He has seen Ted Terry and Ted is six feet tall and correspondingly broad, and he is only five feet nine. And Arnold is a snob and loves respectability and peace and he is afraid of a scandal and of his wife, too.

Some of the money Lou puts into the growing bank account. Some of it she spends for clothes or for things for the flat. Ted doesn't know the value of things but thinks she is a wonderful manager. He has had a couple of raises more and is starting to get a double chin. He is very happy.

Lou is most settled and respectable and has joined a bridge club and is a bit interested in suffrage and feminism. She says if she ever has a daughter she will keep her away from the stage for the influences are not of the best.

"I was on the stage for just a little while, when I was a girl," she said at a recent vice discussion, "of course, it was different with me for I was from a good family and home training will tell, but it isn't safe for any girl." Lou is getting a bit stout, too, and has started to diet.

The only two who know about Lou are an ex-member of the chorus and an ex-stage manager, now with the

movies. They argue about her quite strenuously when they meet. The ex-stage manager says that he'd like to bet that Lou confessed the whole thing to Ted and that Ted winks at the calls on Arnold because they don't do Lou any harm and they help the bank account. The ex-chorus girl says that Ted and Lou are dreadfully in love and happy and that Ted thinks her a pure white

flower. She says that Lou visits the antique shop because her temperament demands that she does something a bit unusual.

They'll never settle the argument, because Lou, when she meets them, is cold and distant. She is getting in with quite a nice little set now, and doesn't care about keeping up her old acquaintances of the stage.



LAST NIGHT

By Ethel Duffy Turner

AH, but last night my love was fair!
 She stood beside the portal, dressed
 In filmy stuff that angels wear;
 Blue opals flamed upon her breast;
 Green opals smoldered on her hair.

I dared not move; I gave no sign;
 Afar, flutes played an elfish tune;
 Like some pale Juliet, half divine,
 She gazed up at the young white moon,
 And breathed—another name than mine.

She did not see me hidden there;
 My heart's wild sob she never guessed!
 Ah, but my love was witching fair!
 Blue opals flamed upon her breast;
 Green opals smoldered on her hair!



YOU are not really an old maid until you begin to pity the girl who married the man you tried to get.

PHILOSOPHY—a substitute for success.

FEW people would ever dare to submit a friendship to the test they unhesitatingly impose upon love.

THE girl of eighteen boasts that she is old enough to take care of herself—the girl of twenty-eight knows she never will be.

AFFECTATION is the genius of the commonplace.

MAY LOVE PERISH?

By Richard Lee

OF old customs nothing has been written, but handed down along with circlets and nets and words, so that I do not know if aught is left untold now. Old Morag, by the fire, spoke strange things whiles, that no man has seen, but isle-folk have the old faith in them, and do not doubt what the old ones say. Why should they? There are strange things in the sea we see vaguely and not understanding; on the heath there is a tremor in the grass; among the rocks a whisper and a whining. What is it makes the sheep stop to stare at nothing? Why should the dog growl and tremble? I do not know. There is much worldly turning among the isle-folk in these times. The old ones had seen much and knew much. Great wisdom is lost these days. I do not know. I hold that nothing dies, but is forever. For why should a thing be born if but to die?

Is there no more of the rose the young Druid cast into the sea at Hallow-mass consecrated? Spirit of the deep, symbol of that which changeth and is constant only in cruelty and destruction and waste, I do not hold that your might has destroyed the frail flower you engulfed. Truly in that frailty and loveliness is a symbol greater than thine own; of a beauty that abideth forever, of a sadness, of a great passion, a great mystery, of a great faith which outlives races.

Morag sat by the peat-fire in summertime, for the winter of life had come to her. I can see her, with whitened hair and wrinkled, kindly face. Often she spoke of Aileen, and, once, when a big white bird flapped past the

door and cast a shade, she said it was Alasdair.

Once when the wind howled and the sea beat itself to pieces on the rocks, and no boat could live, she told me of a woman and a man she had looked upon. The woman was Aileen, and it was long ago.

I call them Alasdair and Aileen only as names. It was mankind of whom Morag spoke; of a bronzed man who was Heaven and earth, and of the lovely woman who was beauty and mystery and passion.

Morag used a lot of old words which I did not know, and which are forgotten now. But words are only words. She spoke low and in awe whiles, and it was in old times I saw she was living again; times older than her mother's mother, old as the strange stones at Monna, and the angry sea flinging itself at the door, and the wind which brightened the peats.

Once on one of the isles which the ebb-tide leaves last, lived Alasdair, a comely young man, and his family. For a living they did as others on that isle. After awhile a strange woman came from a neighboring isle to visit, as was custom then. Her beauty was known everywhere. The man of the isle, this same Alasdair, saw her and looked in her eyes, and he read there what no man speaketh or would. And Alasdair loved her as woman is seldom loved, but he said no word for he was bound and could not speak.

After awhile Aileen, the beautiful woman, left for the isle of her own kin. From a cave in the rocks Alasdair saw her sail away; moaning he saw the ebb carry them out, and the sail was shot

with fire of the setting sun. Her he never saw more.

Alasdair, the man, grew restless and morose. He cared neither to fish, as becomes a man, or to play the pipes. He wasted away and there was no longer any pride for comeliness. Yet he would say no word.

The man, not long after, one day found upon the beach a strange bulb or tuber. It had come out with the ebb from that other isle where his hope and heart were centered. Stealthily he carried the bulb to his garden and planted it carefully, and tended it. Once when he returned from fishing it lay torn up. Mayhap the dog did it. The man said no word in his deep wrath, but he carried the bulb away and replanted it in a sheltered nook secretly. In due time for bulbs to grow, a plant appeared, and he noted its growth each day as he tended it and longed for it to bloom. Another would have forgotten or neglected it. Another would have known there was no beauty in it. For anyway what is a brown bulb drifted in by the sea? I do not know, but the man had the old faith.

One morning while the man prayed by the plant, a flower burst. Unfolding slowly came the fairest flower ever seen in that isle. It was blue, and its beauty brought a cry of joy and that which was not merely joy, but that other strange companion of joy which makes us weep when we are not sad. Alasdair wept, full of joyful sorrow. When the time came for his going, he broke off the blue flower and placed it next his heart. It was a token. He knew now that it

was the woman who at ebb had consecrated it with her love and cast it into the sea. That day the man went fishing for herring and never came back, but the wherry drifted in.

Old Morag, who is dead now, says that on the breast of the wild bird is a splash of blue. I have not seen it but the old ones saw things we cannot see.

Since the telling Morag is silent, and I wonder of these things. Why should a married man, a good fisherman, leave his nets, and watch always the ebbtide, and the isle whose gray top barely rose from the gray sea? Why should a man look to the sea for aught of beauty or good? Why should a man carry a blue flower inside his shirt? Days and days have passed. I do not know. I have dreamed whiles of that woman.

Beauty endures forever. What the man read in the woman's eye was love which comes and goes we know not how; and longing which ever attends comeliness, and a spirit which is wisdom. I have seen whiles the white bird Morag pointed. It bears on its breast a blue splash, though I could not see it. It is a restless bird.

Who has seen the fire in the heart of a ruby; who has heard the forest murmur; who has communed with the spirits of air? These are the things we do not understand; these are as the things the man read in the woman's eyes, but what was there to be said? Seas break at the door, green, grayish seas; there are mists still twirling above, and the restless white bird with the blue splash on its breast flaps somewhere out there. Mists, twirling mists.



NIPP—He is having a good time lately.

Batt—Yes; he's got in bad company.

COMPLACENCY is the compliment mediocrity pays to itself.

IN her first love a woman demands faithfulness—in all others, fervency.

IN love affairs the man who desires greatly is often more successful than a deserving rival.

TESTAMENT

By Sara Teasdale

I SAID: "I will take my life
And throw it away;
I who was fire and song
Will turn to clay.

"I will lie no more in the night
With shaken breath,
I will toss my heart in the air
To be caught by Death."

But out of the night I heard,
Like the inland sound of the sea,
The hushed and terrible sob
Of all humanity.

Then I said: "Oh, who am I
To scorn God to His face?
I will bow my head and stay
And suffer with my race."



A SPRING* SONG

By Arthur Stringer

THERE'S a robin proclaiming there's surely a way,
There's a birch that is dancing all silver and gray,
There's a wind flower reëchoes the thrush on the wing,
And bids us with April be part of the Spring.

And a way there must stand, if that way we could find,
Could we leave but the follies of Wisdom behind,
Could we fathom the call of the thrush that we heard,
And shake out our souls like the wings of a bird.

Oh, let us be one with earth's April again,
For the voice of the bird is untouched of our pain;
Unknown to her fields is our foolish unrest,
And Love, in the Spring, but Love seems best!

* Only six months away.

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME SPINE

By George Jean Nathan

ON such occasions when one of my old boyhood friends comes to visit with me or when I discover myself becoming much interested in some new girl or when I am invited out to dine—in other words, when misfortune seizes me—I find I may always rely on the attitude of our middle class (which is to say our theatergoers) toward the transient mummer drama to provide me with an antiseptic horse-laugh.

Some weeks ago, there came to us out of Germany a ridiculous vaudevillian, one Schaffer—in his home land a mere entertainer of small children—who was promptly hailed by our local critical Solomons as “the most versatile genius in the world.” Thus the jaunty superlative, the dripping of the spectacular saliva. As a matter of record, this fellow is no more the genius than Marceline, plain clown, no more versatile than any number of men one is able quickly to summon to mind. I myself (an unaccomplished person) am able to do everything this absurd Schaffer does with the exception of rolling a cigarette with one hand and balancing a papier-maché chariot, which two feats I happen never to have tried. As against the latter, however, I venture a contract for six or seven exploits that would simply stagger the poor fellow. I have somehow always regarded versatility, though, as a word intended to dignify something a bit more elevated than performing the trick of pulling ribbons out of a person’s mouth (a “trick” one may buy for fifty cents in any “magic outfit” establishment) and daubing a nice clean canvas with a barber-shop

landscape and a red-orange sunset.

I project Schaffer merely as an illustration of the viewpoint of the local connoisseurs, our *landsturm* of art and letters. And I proceed a bit more pertinently to a play called “Under Cover.” Here the specimen of melodrama that one inevitably comes to read of the next morning as “thrilling.” What is this “thrilling” of which we so regularly hear? This devastating siege of the native spine, this vertebral-shivering *sdruciolamento*? Let us see. Is it a sensation imparted by the audition or spectacle of something mentally rousing? Something stimulating to an adult neither soft-witted nor drunk? Certainly not. The native spine, as the theatrically experienced Mr. George M. Cohan and I once in collaboration sought to point out, is tickled into a condition of trembling awe only by the sudden switching out of a chandelier, the shooting off of a blank cartridge and the sight of a twenty-dollar-a-week actor in a policeman’s uniform. That spine, on the other hand, which hopes in the American theater to be thrilled by the delicate humor of a Schnitzler, the quick satire of a Thoma or Fulda, the fancy of a Rittner or Ettlinger, the sharp wit of a Rip and Bousquet, the laughing thought of a Molnar, is a spine destined to a lonely and a hopeless, a forlorn and a disappointed dream.

When, in this melodrama of Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue’s, the Secret Service hero suddenly grabs a gun away from the villain and turns the tables on the latter, my spine somehow experiences a thrill of not one-thousandth the mag-

nitude it receives from such a simple dialogic line as "Life is a prison, without bars," spoken by Lord George in that melodious short play of Beer-bohm's. When Mr. Megrue's heroine is trapped by the scoundrel of a customs chief, my spine somehow doesn't respond one two-thousandths as much as it seems to when Shaw's Cæsar speaks, "Come, Cleopatra: forgive me and bid me farewell; and I will send you a man, Roman from head to heel and Roman of the noblest; not old and ripe for the knife, not lean in the arms and cold in the heart, not hiding a bald head under his conqueror's laurels, not stooped with the weight of the world on his shoulders, but brisk and fresh, strong and young, hoping in the morning, fighting in the day, and revelling in the evening. Will you take such an one in exchange for Cæsar?" And when Mr. Megrue's pretty hero breaks the glass of the burglar-alarm box in the dark and the clangor brings the household to his aid, my cheap spine somehow does not tingle nearly so much as when the palpitating wisp of a queen bids of Cæsar the Roman's name and Cæsar lightly returns, "Shall it be Mark Antony?" Ah, but then—I am a queer and an outlandish fellow. And the things I like, few others do like. And what need for Mr. Megrue to care what pleases lonely me so long as his play thrills the proletariat by the gallon?

The simple business is this: the mob is and can be thrilled in the theater only by the display of antique and hence familiar stratagems—which stratagems, however, the playwright must exercise great caution to render less valid and effective than were they in their original incarnations. This process results in plays which the mob calls "novel." Thus, the "big" scene in "Under Cover," wherein the handsome hero locks all the doors of his boudoir and informs the heroine-in-a-night-dress that he is going to keep her there *all night* unless she tells him who, why, et cetera is our old friend the "big" scene between Pinero's gay Lord Quex

and Sophy Fullgarney. Thus the "surprise" at the end of the play wherein the supposed smuggler turns out to be a detective is of the same "surprise" cast as brought a curtain down on Richard Harding Davis' "Ranson's Folly" (produced some twelve years ago) and as was presented to us in a play by Maurice Baring. Thus the missing Jack-in-the-box necklace device harks back to distant Sardou's "Scrap of Paper." Thus the girl-in-the-secret-service set by the powers against the man-she-has-come-to-love is out of Helen Ware's play of three years ago, "The Deserters," and out of a round dozen before it. Thus the sudden-dark-scene-and-escape-with-popping-in-at-other-door is "Officer 666," "Stop Thief," u. s. w. And so it goes.

Being a large financial success, it follows that "Under Cover" is from first to last perfectly artificial. And another testimonial to the theory which I have frequently advanced: that our public, when it speaks of dramatic action, habitually confounds such action with mere motion. In a word, the public imagines that whenever it beholds a number of actors scampering around the stage it is coincidentally beholding a play of action.

This season Mr. Douglas Fairbanks stands on his head on the running-board of an automobile. It is called "He Comes Up Smiling" and is a dramatization of the Sherman novel of the same title, by Messrs. Ongley and Nyitray. Save for an original touch to this year's middle act—Mr. Fairbanks does not singlehanded whip a regiment of villains and then leap headlong from the top of the buffet out of the window—the play is a very usual specimen of the "sweet" school. You have attended this school long enough to know that the young Ne'er-do-well catches sight in Act I of the Girl, becomes properly "inspired," proceeds to "make good" along about Act III and shows up in a dinner jacket around eleven o'clock to face the Girl's stern father and claim the fair maiden's hand. As I have heretofore observed, this

Fairbanks is in several critical quarters not regarded as a good actor on the two important grounds that he does not "characterize" the rôles he plays and does not wear spats. To me, the trouble with most actors rests in their obscene habit of arbitrarily "characterizing" every rôle to which they are assigned. This utterly absurd custom, having its genesis either in the consuming vanity of the actors themselves (the desire to "show off") or in their compulsory compliance with the orders of some directing ignoramus, not only ruins many of the rôles but many of the plays containing the rôles. Granting a moderate sum of discernment in the casting of a play—and so allowing for a due and vital regard for all-essential "types"—it must become clear that a great deal of the work of characterization is removed from the hands of the actor and given into the hands of the directing producer. The latter does—or should do—most of the "characterizing" in advance; and this simply by selecting the appropriate figure for each of the different rôles. There is probably no larger piece of nonsense in our local theatrical gabble than this nonsense concerning characterization. There are, patently, fine exceptions to my meaning; but, in the main current, I really believe that if the American stage knew more actors like Fairbanks—actors who realized that effective cabotinage consists less of personal *tours de force* in false whiskers and grease paint than of what is stupidly known as "merely plays himself"—the American stage would be vastly better off than it is.

It is the habitual custom of the native newspaper reviewer, when writing of a play in which Mrs. Thomas Whiffen acts, to refer to that aged lady as *dear* Mrs. Whiffen. Never simply Mrs. Whiffen, but always *dear* Mrs. Whiffen. I have caused my man to go over the New York critiques of "The Beautiful Adventure," in which this lady is at present performing, and he reports to me that in them Mrs. Whiffen has been called "dear" exactly forty-seven times and "dear old" exactly twenty-

nine—a total affectionate demonstration of seventy-six. Now, just why Mrs. Whiffen should be called "dear" by the boys and Julia Sanderson made to go without the teeniest-weeniest bit of affection I cannot understand. It isn't fair—or *even half-way discerning*. Accordingly, ever with a lance poised in joust for fair play, I shall in the future make to counteract this rank favoritism toward and partiality for Mrs. Whiffen by referring, on every possible occasion, to Miss Sanderson as "dear Julia Sanderson," "dear young Miss Julia Sanderson" and even, if the competition of the Whiffen allies becomes too strong, as "tootsie-wootsie Julia." Since the French comedy in which Mrs. Whiffen is appearing has been adapted for English-speaking, which is to say kindergarten, audiences, I deem it only equitable to its original authors, Messrs. De Flers and Caillavet, to refrain from criticizing it in its local form.

As anti-toxin against such Harlem theatrical morality and as a yellow flag against the cheap, sentimental drivel that passes on the native stage for "a study of human nature," Mr. Paul Armstrong, erstwhile impresario of horse pistols and Police Headquarters' vernacular, has divulged a play called "The Bludgeon," the most serious and respectable work he has given to the theater. With "The Escape," Armstrong, though he went wild after his introductory act, began first to challenge notice as an American playwright with his ear to the ground, an American playwright of notions rather than mere motions. In "The Bludgeon" he now reveals himself as the author of as searching a pathological female analysis as is contained in the native drama. True, a separative calm is still lacking in the Armstrong approach; the loud odors of melodrama cling still to his nostrils, but to him is nonetheless the large credit for an attempt—and a considerably successful attempt—to look honestly and without cowardice upon human beings as God, rather than Klaw and Erlanger, made them.

Irene Evendorr, Armstrong's central figure, is out of Ibsen and Strindberg. It is a common belief among our local play-building hacks that all women are sentimental creatures. Armstrong denies it. It is a further belief that "mother love" is an impenetrable and holy fortress. Armstrong denies it. It is a still further conviction that women are of finer fibre than men, more loving, truer, of more decent thoughts and instincts. Armstrong denies it. Nor does he deny blindly, to achieve a mere smart-aleck sensationalism, to capitalize the opposite side. Gleaming from out his sporadically crude treatment, his slashings and slammings, his over-use of the wind instruments of dramaturgy, are qualities the like of which only too seldom are to be discovered in Anglo-Saxon stage stuffs. This man has cut his way into the blood and bone of his characters where his fellow-American playwrights are content to stop at their underclothes. He has done a real service to the local drama, with its Paquin in place of passion, its Lucile in place of lucidity. And, whether his play tickles the box-office or not—it is altogether too much to hope that it will; it isn't that kind of dog—it is to Mr. Armstrong's greater glory that he has not compromised one inch with the molasses-spewing idiots who, at two dollars a head, support the art, the traditions and the ideals of the theater of our country.

Patriotism—the theory that it is less noble to venerate humanity than real estate. There are many brands, all nuisances. In George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester's "Corde-lia Blossom" we had the Vohginia-Kahnfedrut-States-ahv-Am'eicah brand. Its name was Cönell Wattahson Blossom and when it was not boasting of the jayntelmen o' th' So'th, sah, and God blessing the ladies, it was busy as a beaver endorsing th' spi'it o' th' old So'th thet will nevva die, sah, and the general unapproachable grandeur of all the country south of Baltimore. There is not much else for me to say about the play. Many of you are familiar

with its content from a reading of the periodical fictions whence the play was derived. There were one or two—not more—amusing moments in the stage traffick and the idea of the fool patriot who runs for office and by his campaign activities adds more and more votes to the ticket of the rival candidate, who remains inactive and subtly permits his adversary to alienate the voters of his party, was not without its comic potentiality; but the play was, on the whole, cheap, uncouth and obvious. Most of the actors played their parts with eyes glued to the "fourth wall," for all the world as if they had friends sitting out front who had invited them to supper—and were fearful lest they were going to get away.

Do you know the feeling that comes over one as one stands alone in a railroad station at night waiting for one's train,—then do you know the feeling that generally steals over one at a John Drew play. A feeling it is, as near as it is to be described in words, of a vague loneliness mixed with a sort of introspective melancholy, of a vague dejection. A John Drew play is usually a particularly bad play that saddens but somehow does not irritate, that consistently bores, yet somehow contrives to keep one in one's seat. I have sought the explanation in vain. Probably the whole thing has become something of a tradition and we follow it rebelliously but helplessly, a ridiculous tradition like leading off dinner with a half of cante-loupe. The current Drew play is a confused something called "The Prodigal Husband," by Dario Niccodemi and Michael Morton, perfectly well-mannered and proportionally witless, which has to do with a coterie of characters whose lack of human sense the playwrights have sought slyly to conceal by making them drunk through the major portion of the play's motion. The central character has been given a jag by the authors throughout the whole of Act One, the devil in the machine (a low character who claims the heroine for his daughter) a jag throughout his appearance in the second

act, and the constant companion of the central character a jag throughout the entire three acts. Probably I view these Drew plays altogether too seriously. I doubt it not in the least. From what I read in the papers, a Drew première is evidently not intended to be the presentation of a play at all. All the newspaper reviewers annually go to the Drew première and then, the next morning, with much flourish describe their presence there as a "social" event. This practise has been now fostered and encouraged by Mr. Drew's management for more than twenty years, so maybe when the management invites me to a seat it expects me not to criticize the play but the audience. The whole business is very confusing. Another thing that has long perplexed me is the persistence of the queer superstition that the theatrical season does not "really" open until Mr. Drew appears in his new play. Just why the season should not be permitted officially to open with an interesting play like "On Trial" instead of having to wait arbitrarily for one of Mr. Drew's uninteresting plays, is beyond me. When Mr. Drew presents himself in a moderately amusing play like Sutro's "Perplexed Husband" I am perfectly willing to let him "open the season" if he so chooses. But when Mr. Drew presents himself in so ancient a convocation of the elements of the theatrical yesterday as "The Prodigal Husband"—a typical "Much o' Drew About Nothing"—I am loth to grant him an iota of première favor over even "Apartment 12 K." Two of the ladies of Mr. Drew's company adhere to the local ritual by pronouncing "mademoiselle" as if it were an insane species of Zeltinger, to-wit, mad Moselle.

Miss Julia Sanderson—oh I forgot—*dear young* Miss Julia Sanderson—is the plot, music, lyrics and scenery, particularly the scenery, of "The Girl from Utah." Without *dear* Julia—but, under the circumstances, let me confine myself to *dear* Julia. Critically, I mean. This *dear young* Julia provides one with

an ocular stimulus infrequently to be enjoyed in the theater. In my dozen years of bloody service in the interests of drama, the rewards of such stimuli have been, alas, only too uncommon. I can number them by the fingers of the hand—once in Vienna at the Hofoperntheater, by name Herma Prach (to see Herma was as if the eye had drunk champagne); once in Paris at the Nouvel Ambigu, by name Jane Sabrier (ah, Jane, Jane!); once in Berlin at Monti's, by name Dessa Haldrun (to see Dessa was as if the burgomaster had presented the senses with the key to the municipal brewery); twice in London, at the Lyric and at the Adelphi, by names respectively, Gladys Gaynor and Phyllis Relph (what a pair of spectacles was here!)—and the lady in point at New York's Knickerbocker. Alas, and again alas, that the eye is ever the widow of the soul!

With the visit of the plays "On Trial" and "Innocent," spacious words have been discharged in the markets as to the priority of the idea of the play written, or rather told, backwards. On the playbill of the latter piece, as if to emphasize its earlier birth over the former, note is made that it was originally presented several years ago in Budapest. The author of the other piece has, on his side, made newspaper statement that he got wind of the idea in a critique which I lodged in these pages some time ago against a play by Mr. Augustus Thomas, a critique in which I pointed out that a play like this might be vastly improved were it to be written from the end toward the beginning. (The author of "On Trial" was somehow seized with the low notion that my colleague, Mr. Clayton Hamilton, had written this criticism—but never mind.) The reviewers, a bit paralyzed, have settled the case by announcing that "On Trial" must have been an outgrowth of a moving picture scenario, while "Innocent," after all, was like Sheldon's "Romance." Which is a sweet decision. Therefore, let it be recorded that Gerhart Hauptmann hit upon the idea in 1904 and promulgated

it in a play the following year. It was this play, as I have pointed out once or twice in the past, which Mr. Sheldon's piece pursued in form and thematic direction, and the form of which the Hungarian play under discussion similarly follows.

Whatever may hereinafter be said against the Arpad Pasztor play locally called "Innocent," it remains that Mr. George Broadhurst has made of it as sincere, as respectable and as frank an adaptation as George Egerton has made a prudish and so, tedious patchwork of "The Beautiful Adventure." Mr. Broadhurst has resisted every temptation to reduce the original to the common Broadway standard of slang, snort and sentimentality, and the result is a Continental play that remains Continental in place of the usual adapted Continental play that becomes Upper West Side.

The play's theme is of a girl of poisonous antecedents who turns harlot and of the man with whom she comes into contact and whom ultimately she propels toward suicide. Here the ancient "vampire" alarm prettied up with theories about "heredity." An old, old tale, this tale of the evil *fräulein* who saps men of strength, pride and honor, but done here with infinitely more grace than in such previous familiar tilts with the fable as "A Fool There Was." By all odds the best modern handling of the theme of "Innocent" is to be found in Wedekind's "Earth Spirit" with its figure of Lulu (continued in "The Box of Pandora"), the Lulu who brought from the late Percival Pollard the query: "Do you know the appalling picture by Felicien Rops wherein Woman and all she typified to that most ironical artist is shown naked, save for a bandage on her eyes, and guided by a gross and vile pig? From that conception of the dominantly physical in the female human animal Wedekind's conception of Lulu differs only in that he does not even bandage her eyes." The Hungarian play beats with a passion and color that are apart from the usual Anglo-Saxon approach

of such a thesis, a color that is instrumental in confusing the lay or careless spectator and leading his senses from an acute appraisal of the stuff of the panorama. Denuded of its trappings, this discloses itself to be, as I have remarked, perfectly commonplace and, so far as its "heredity" direction of theme goes, wholly ridiculous. If the impulse toward sexual intercourse in a grown woman lounging in a life of warm and drowsy luxury with a set of attractive men—if this impulse be charged alone (and with much headshaking) against a baleful hereditary influence, then there remains little for me to do but emit an impolite guffaw.

So much for the play as a specimen of drama. As box-office bait, it doubtless has more ample values. Our theater patrons, given to the habit of thinking with their bodies rather than with the organ customarily employed for purposes of cogitation, must be duly and deeply impressed by the spectacle. Wherefore, a play like this succeeds and a play like "The Bludgeon," with a not altogether dissimilar theme, fails. Thus, when the harlot of "Innocent," cannily cast by the astute Mr. A. H. Woods in the person of the ornamental Miss Pauline Frederick, stands in front of a grate-fire in a transparent nightie (thus holding the mirror up to nature) and pouts plaintively of Monte Carlo under the lazy purple tropic skies and Vienna under the pulsing summer moon or something to that Cosmopolitan magazine effect—with the mid-Leslie Carter period allusion to "loving pretty things"—it follows that our audiences begin teething more succulently than when the harlot of "The Bludgeon," less sagaciously cast in the person of a thoroughly competent but unornamental actress, permits a display of sound logic and sense to assume first importance over a display of her shape. Let it not be imagined for an instant, however, that I object artistically, or otherwise, to an exposition of the *physique féminine* such as is revealed in the Pasztor-Broadhurst play. Not at all. I like it! But I am still somewhat too young to con-

fuse a lady's figure, however tormenting, with significant drama. Effective drama, maybe, but scarcely significant. The always interesting Alfred Henry Lewis, in a recent paper, observed that in his contemplation of the passing human show, he thought neither with his mind nor with his heart, but with his stomach. As to a New York theatrical audience's particular instrument of thought, I give Mr. Lewis one more guess.

As already noted, Mr. Broadhurst has with tact and taste preserved much of the music of the play's language—and consequently the play has been called "artificial" by such of the reviewers as have in other days been taught to believe by Mr. Broadhurst that a play is not artificial only when it is written in the Broadway vulgate. Thus has his bread come back to him upon the waters. But this need trouble him little. The man who tries to do something worth while in the local theater has always aligned against him the dum-dum bullets of preposterous tradition and darkness. Mr. Broadhurst *has* tried to do something better and we who have in the past sat up by night and prayed for the redemption of his soul from the low panel-cracking, grammar-busting drama, salute him. If from his work with this play out of Hungary, a work of adaptation at once enlightened and gentlemanly, he has learned his lesson, if he has forsworn his erstwhile profound philosophies on telephone girls' marriages and the Yiddish view of Fifth Avenue and set his eye and hand to the cultivated in logic, language and life, however humble, then both he and the theater for which he works are the gainers. Mr. Broadhurst has frequently, so I have been informed by my charwoman, mounted the guillotine and urged the *sansculottes* against me as a foe to the Republic on the ground that I did not entirely agree with him that he was the greatest of American dramatists and his play "Bought and Paid For" the greatest play of the century. Sydney Grundy, twelve years ago, did the same thing to Bernard Shaw and look

what happened to *him*. Several weeks ago, HE DIED!

In atonement for the unconscious comicality of "Under Cover," with its naïve bosom heaving and its "you brute!" "you coward!" "you—*cad!*!" Mr. Megrue (with the co-operation of Mr. Walter Hackett) has done a consciously comical and really first-rate piece of farcical writing which he calls "It Pays to Advertise." A thoroughly native product, this, as American as Paris in June, conceived with a fine sense of burlesque, and generally suggestive of the contortions of O. Henry and the touch of the clairvoyant Mr. Cohan. Against the criticism that the piece at bottom is the entirely conventional one of the young Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Eddinger or John Barrymore who is always viewed as a good-for-nothing by the pater and who, galvanized by the blonde leading lady, always proceeds to work and amass a fortune, to the large surprise of both the pater and himself, is to be advanced the note that this very conventionality has been humorously employed for purposes of burlesque *à la* Jerome K. Jerome. Against the criticism that the piece is frequently forced to the limit of spuriousness in order to effect so-called "twists," or surprises, in its movement, may be brought forward the defense that the burlesque intent has been so barefacedly and magnetically made visible that what otherwise would be faults here become virtues.

The title of the farce suggests clearly its content. Advertising, argues the central character, if done on a sufficiently melodramatic scale, can accomplish anything. The immediate business, therefore, is to buy up several carloads of three-cent cakes of soap, promulgate the latter as "the most expensive soap on earth," thus ensnare the universal snob, sell it for a dollar a cake and forever after take life easy. The fable is narrated in an engaging and laughful manner; and it carries with it a quality rare to farce, a quality of humor based upon sound logic rather than sound alone.

CRITICS OF MORE OR LESS BADNESS

By H. L. Mencken

REGARDING that small and shrinking minority of writers who are worth reading at all, it may be said that some of them improve the mind by giving away information and others charm it by giving away themselves. To the first class belong the authors of "Who's Who in America," the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "The Origin of Species," "Greenleaf on Evidence," "Every Man His Own Bartender" and the *Book of Genesis*. To the second class belong the authors of "Science and Health," "Three Weeks," the *Book of Revelation* and "L'Evolution Creatrice," the contributors to the *Nation* and the *Congressional Record*, and such expansive fellows as Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Benvenuto Cellini, Dr. Orison Swett Marden, Samuel Pepys, James Boswell, J. Gordon Cooglar and Richard Harding Davis. Now add to this second class, and not far behind Benvenuto, Lord Alfred Douglas, author of "OSCAR WILDE AND MYSELF" (*Duffield*).

Douglas, I daresay, knew Wilde better than any other member of that queer bodyguard which slobbered over him and buzzed around him in his days as a London celebrity—certainly better than Frank Harris, or Robert Sherard, or Lionel Johnson, or Walter Pater, or Gomez Carillo, or André Gide, or even Robert Ross. The two men were together almost daily for at least three years on end; they lunched together, they dined together, they went visiting together, they had what was virtually a common purse. Douglas was Wilde's favorite feeder and *claqueur*; he knew when to laugh at a Wilde epigram, and, what is more important, when *not* to laugh at a Wilde apothegm; his rank

filled Wilde with a subtle and grateful sense of social importance; he was on good terms with all the lords and ladies that Wilde yearned to know; he had nothing to do all day but play the disciple, flatterer and sedulous ape. No man ever had a better chance to get at the truth about another, to see things not perceptible to the general public, to come away with a report full of novelty and veracity. But does he make that report in his book? Does he offer us anything important that is new, or anything trivial that is interesting? He does not. The one fact he brings forth that hasn't been a commonplace for years is this: that Wilde had bad teeth and they were "the sorrow of his life." This, and nothing more!

But when I say nothing more, I mean, of course, nothing more about Wilde. As a Wilde book, the volume is a complete failure. The paper on which it is printed might have been used far more profitably to stuff hotel pillows. But as a Douglas book it is an enormous success. It draws Douglas sharply, vividly, mercilessly. It lets a bright and tell-tale light into his mind. It exposes him as one of the most amusing low comedians of literary history: a pious and sniveling obfuscator, a shifty and wholly unconscionable special pleader, a crafty beggar of questions, a master of innuendo and denial, a veritable prince of Pecksniffs. One grows fascinated after a while by the whole-hearted malice of the fellow. It seems to be his sworn purpose to depict Wilde as the worst scoundrel that ever lived, and not only as the worst scoundrel, but also as the hollowest fraud. His thesis, reduced to a few words, is a sweeping denial that

his old idol had any virtue or merit whatever, either as literary artist or as man. Wilde's waistcoats and his plays are alike damned and torn to tatters. His epigrams are denounced as but one degree better than his morals and his teeth. His style is ridiculed, flouted, denied. His estheticism is sneered at as a thing of rags and patches, a senseless compound of misunderstood borrowings. He is branded a plagiarist, a snob, a glutton, a sycophant, a liar, a trickster, a deadbeat, a common rogue. Even his family is laid upon the block and treated to the ax: his father, it appears, was once "prosecuted for insulting a lady patient," and "heaven alone knows who his grandfather was."

In all this debauch of denunciation there is one discordant note, one solitary interlude of praise. Its mark and beneficiary is "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"—"a sustained poem of sublimated actuality and of a breadth and sweep and poignancy such as had never before been attained in this line." This single poem, we are told, "will last"; on it alone "his reputation among posterity will stand." And why? Turn to page 124 and you will find the reason. It is because *Douglas helped Wilde to write it!* Nay; not merely *helped* him: even *wrote* a good part of it—and that, no doubt, the best part! "There are passages, we are told, "which he lifted holus-bolus from a poem of my own." What poem? The name is not given—but be sure that it existed and exists. Douglas, it appears, was a specialist in the ballad form, whereas Wilde "knew next to nothing of its possibilities." And so, upon the framework of "Eugene Aram," with occasional bows to "The Ancient Mariner," "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" was made, with Wilde supplying the jail life and Douglas the balladry! . . .

I go no further into this most amazingly impudent and unpleasantly amusing book. It deserves a first-hand inspection; it is one of the really curious volumes of the year. Let it be said in passing that behind all of Douglas' affectation of Baracca Class virtue and

behind all of his imbecile denial of any virtue whatever in Wilde, there is at least the excuse (if not the justification) of a couple of sound grievances. On the one hand, it is an undoubted fact that Wilde put some nasty things about him into "De Profundis," written in prison, and then accepted money from him later on, concealing the fact of the manuscript's slanderous character. And on the other hand, it is an undoubted fact that the donkeyish British courts played a sorry trick upon him when they refused him permission to quote from that manuscript in his defense (it has never been published in full), while allowing opposing attorneys to read from it in open court in the course of his various recent lawsuits. But these grievances, though they may explain his rage, by no means explain away his pious cannibalism upon the Wildean cadaver, his wholesale revilings, his show of injured innocence. The book remains a brilliant and pitiless character study, no less vivid because it is unconscious. It is a full-length portrait of a virtuoso of bucombe, a brummagem martyr, a master pettifogger and Tarruffe.

Richard Curle's "JOSEPH CONRAD: A STUDY" (*Doubleday-Page*) is of little more value as serious criticism, though its offending, of course, is in a wholly different direction. Curle's method is a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of self-consciousness. He is forever summing up what he has put into past chapters, and outlining what he is to put into coming ones, and every few pages he stops to apologize for some opinion that he has laid down, and to point out the difficulties of his task. Practically his whole first chapter is devoted to an argument that Conrad is "positively misunderstood by many of the people who admire him most," and yet we are never told how they misunderstand him, and what they say or think about him that is not true. Nor does the problem become any clearer as we proceed into the book. Curle seldom says anything about Conrad that stands in intelligible opposition to what is commonly said; it is never

possible to detect the "misunderstanding" of the earlier critics by ranging their familiar ideas alongside the superior *dicta* of this new and super-sapient critic. As a matter of fact, everything that he has to say about Conrad, at least in the way of critical generalizations, has been said before, and usually better said. His one novel contribution to the discussion is the theory that "Nostromo" is "by far Conrad's greatest achievement." "To read this book with understanding," he says, "is to reach the highest pinnacle of his art—not perhaps the most perfect, but the highest, the most dazzling." And after it, he puts "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and then "The Secret Agent," and then "Chance." Of "Lord Jim," that stupendous masterpiece, he seems to have a low opinion, nor does he show much enthusiasm over "Almayer's Folly" and "An Outcast of the Island." The trouble with "Lord Jim," he says, is that "it raises a fierce moral issue." Nothing could be more ridiculous. "Lord Jim" no more raises a moral issue than "Nostromo" raises one, or "The Nigger of the Narcissus." It deals, like both of these books, with the effects of a certain moral theory upon certain persons, but the validity of that theory is neither attacked nor affirmed. Imagine Conrad, the agnostic *par excellence*, as a moralist!

As a biographer Curle is even worse than as a critic. The facts that he gives are tantalizingly fragmentary and reticent. For example, he prints a list of the ships that Conrad sailed in as mate and master, but we have to deduce their ports and courses from the vaguest hints. The first (and only) reference we have to that service in the Congo Free State which gave the world "Heart of Darkness" is in these words: "He had never fully recovered from a severe fever that had invalidated him from the Congo, and his health was now more or less broken." In other words, we hear of him coming home from the Congo without ever having heard of him going there. As for his service on the Bornean coast—the inspiration of "The

End of the Tether" and all the Malay books—it is not so much as mentioned. One new fact I dredge up, and only one: it was Edward Garnett, then a reader for T. Fisher Unwin, the English publisher, who discovered "Almayer's Folly," and Conrad with it. Let Garnett be remembered for that fruitful pioneering! But Conrad was really "made," as the saying is, by two other men, the one being the late W. E. Henley, who welcomed him to the *New Review*, and the other being Sir Hugh Clifford, who first raised a public outcry for him.

Clifford, like Henley, is an author himself, and one of his books has just been published in this country. It is called "MALAYAN MONOCHROMES" (*Doubleday-Page*), and it consists of a dozen sketches and short stories, chiefly of Malay life. Here Clifford is thoroughly at home. He went out to the Straits Settlement in 1883 and remained there, first as an up-country agent and finally as British resident, for twenty years. His book is full of what may be called the raw material of Conrad's Malay stories. He writes, of course, a good deal less skilfully than Conrad, but what his book thus lacks in literary value it makes up in first-hand vividness and verisimilitude. The first of his sketches, "Mat Arif the Elemental," is a truly excellent piece of color. Here, indeed, we get closer to the authentic Malay than even Conrad can take us. And we meet him again in "The Familiar Spirit," a story that suggests "Almayer's Folly" in a score of places. Many of these tales are obviously compounded of personal experiences. Clifford, in his day, probably knew more about the Malays than any other English official in the East, and his dictionary of their language is still a standard work. Admirers of Conrad will find him interesting and illuminating. He explains many things.

A very clever woman was fed to the yellow journals and so stripped of all dignity and influence when Emma Goldman took to cart-tail oratory and jail-life. Hearing of her constantly as in

flight from the gendarmes along with this or that beery bomb-thrower or this or that low-comedy hunger-striker, the public quite pardonably assumes that she is nothing but a blatant virago herself, and as empty of sense as a Progressive "statesman" or a militant suffragette. But, as a matter of fact, Emma is a woman of alert intelligence and considerable culture, and when she seizes her pen in hand she writes English that is both graceful and vigorous. If you don't believe it, take a look at her "Anarchism and Other Essays," or, better still, at her new volume on "THE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MODERN DRAMA" (*Badger*), a collection of critical studies of such fellows as Henrik Ibsen, August Strindberg, Gerhart Hauptmann, Eugène Brieux and George Bernard Shaw, not to mention the Russians and the neo-Celts.

It goes without saying, of course, that she makes all of these dance to her own tune a bit too docilely—that she is not above helping them, when they balk, with a discreet yank. Ibsen the woman worshipper is thus yoked with Strindberg the woman hater, and Shaw the parlor Socialist with Wedekind the anarchist, and Brieux the apostle of platitudes with Andreyev the smasher thereof. But even so, the performance is by no means a mere grotesque, for all of these men have at least one thing in common, and that is a profound conviction that the present constitution of society is seriously defective, and that it ought to be repaired, and that the persons who oppose that necessary business deserve to be knocked in the head. It is only when they come to prescribing the exact nature and extent of the repairs that they differ—in which difference, as we know, they are on all fours with their brethren of physis and divinity. On the principle that something must be done they agree unanimously. Civilization, as they see it, is a sort of general repeal of the law of natural selection, whereby the fittest are condemned to fetch and carry for the unfittest. This principle is the neutral ground of all reformers and up-

lifters, honest and fraudulent. Here they may meet and exchange the gossip of their gloomy craft.

The Goldman makes the sound point that the Tories and standpatters of the world underestimate the menace of the revolutionary artist. Let a few drunken iron-workers march down Broadway flying the red flag, and the whole nation begins yelling for the police, but a man such as Ibsen may go on spreading his poisons for years without attracting more than the most casual notice. The ordinary "right-thinking" citizen dismisses him as a dismal old bore, a dealer in puzzles, a pet of the half-witted, a pathetic joke. And yet this scorned artist, putting words to paper in some far place, may be a thousand times more destructive to the existing order than all the Reds that have ever fought the cops. Ibsen himself, a dapper little man in mutton-chops, was a fire-brand of the worst sort. His first great social drama, "A Doll's House," put the feminist movement on its feet. His second, "Ghosts," gave the old-fashioned, dog-like wife and mother such a wallop that she has never looked the same since. What is worse, the police of Christendom, representing virtuous conservatism and the customs of the fathers, could do nothing against him: they were helpless to dam back his devastating heresies. What is still more, they scarcely made the effort. And yet these same police get into a sweat and a panic every time some crazy old maid smashes a window with a hammer, or sets fire to an empty church, or performs some other such act of childish and ridiculous spite. Ibsen demoralized the whole race—and went unscathed. The suffragette clouts a stray politician—and is rushed off to jail as if she were a new Attila.

Somewhere among the paradoxes of Oscar Wilde you will find one of his blunderings upon the truth: to wit, in his saying that life imitates art. The proofs of it are on all hands. The Declaration of Independence, a piece of platitudinous poetry comparable to

"The Psalm of Life" or Hamlet's soliloquy, has seized such a powerful hold upon the imagination of the world's largest civilized nation that it corrupts and conditions the whole of the national thinking. No political theory can get any serious discussion in the United States which does not accept it as a premiss; no law stands any chance of general approval which goes counter to it. True enough, the people have often had to forget it for a convenient moment or two in sheer self-defense, just as they have had to forget the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes. For example, they have had to forget it in some of the Southern States long enough to disfranchise the blackamoor, and in the Pacific States long enough to bar out the Mongol. But these forgettings have always been furtive, huggermugger, apologetic. In every case the forgetters have been taken to task by the rest of the country; in every case they have sought to justify their treason by Pecksniffian casuistry. So potent among us is a mere string of sonorous phrases, a piece of windy flapdoodle, a rhapsody almost empty of intelligible meaning, and probably composed under the influence of ethyl alcohol. And yet, as I say, it is more powerful than a million swords. It looms larger than the massive fact of Gettysburg. It is worth more than the whole Civil War. The man who loosed it upon posterity has left a vaster and more pervasive heritage than the man who invented baseball.

The Goldman bases her book upon this doctrine, that the vision of the artist is of far greater horse-power than the *attentat* of the actual revolutionist. In the drama, she says, the proofs are numerous. The repertoire of plays with intellectual dynamite in them grows larger year by year. As yet, of course, the United States has contributed very few to the store, but it has at least given ear to a number of importations. She mentions "The Easiest Way" as a native work of "encouraging promise," perhaps mistaking its undoubted effectiveness as a stage-play for revolution-

ary content, of which, in truth, it has little. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would have been a better example: it was crude and even idiotic, but it had the punch, it got under the national hide. In our own time several pieces of potential puissance have been robbed of their chance by external defects and accidents. I offer Paul Armstrong's "The Escape" in evidence, a play doubly damaged by its predecessors from the same pen, for on the one hand those predecessors made the public see "The Escape" as a mere melodrama of crime, and on the other hand they seduced the author into writing it in such manner as to give color to the error. But "The Escape," at bottom, was really an attempt at serious social criticism, and as revolutionary in its thesis as "A Doll's House." What it designed to show was this: that the woman who has sold her virtue for money is anything but an essentially tragic figure, that she is often far better off than if she had kept it, or given it away for love. In other words, it was a head-on attack upon the fundamental premiss of all the uplifters and vice crusaders—the premiss, to wit, that the prostitute begs to be saved, that she is willing to be saved, that it would do her any good to be saved. Armstrong here had an interesting idea, and moreover, one that was probably true. But his technique was not suited to the working out of it. It was as if Sardou had tried to write a new "Rosmersholm," as if A. Conan Doyle had attempted something in the manner of Henry James.

"SOCIALISM: PROMISE OR MENACE?" is a debate between Morris Hillquit, a Socialist lawyer, and the Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., a Catholic priest (*Macmillan*). Such books are not few: Hilaire Belloc wrote a famous one with James M. Macdonald, a Socialist member of Parliament, and I myself once achieved one in association with Robert Rives La Monte, of the *International Socialist Review*. (How are you, La Monte, old top? What has become of you?) But that they do any good is yet to be proved. The Socialist doesn't

want to read the evidence against his cure-all, no matter how vigorously it may be mauled by his spokesman; and the man who is not a Socialist is usually profoundly (and perhaps justly) convinced that the whole discussion is flat, stale and unprofitable. In the present instance, Dr. Ryan has the better case, but Mr. Hillquit makes the better argument. The learned doctor seems very fearful that Socialism is dangerous to Christianity, and particularly to the church he represents, and it is upon this fear that he grounds his chief objection to it. But the question before the house is not whether Christianity, as we know it today, shall survive or perish, but whether Socialism is true or false. If it is true, then it deserves to prevail, and the church, as the guardian of truth, must needs be eager to approve it. And if it is false, then it can do the guardian of truth no permanent damage.

I can find nothing very startling in the philosophy that John D. Barry sets forth in his "OUTLINES" (*Elder*), a series of "brief studies in fiction, representing an effort to give an imaginative interpretation to familiar human experiences"; but there is no denying the charm of them, or, at any rate, of most of them. Part of that charm, of course, lies in their mere brevity: they are such easy reading, they go down so quickly! It is like eating peanuts! But more of it is to be credited to the genuine skill of the author. He knows how to go straight to the inner significance of the commonplace, and how to make it take on dignity and portentousness. He has a fine hand for hinting at generalizations—not bawling them crassly, but leading up to them gently and so letting the reader discover them for himself. These "Outlines," as I say, deal with everyday matters. In one we look behind the scenes of a strike: the whole tragedy of the unintelligent masses is put into a few bald words. In another we get a searching glimpse into the secret soul of a "hater of evil," a Puritan, a vice crusader, a snouter into other men's morals—and see its reeking

dung-piles. In a third we explore "social service," that new cure-all. In a fourth, fifth and sixth we wander through the dark and crooked paths of monogamy. And in a seventh or eighth we see a man hanged. There are no marvels in these simple tales, and the author makes little pretension to the subtler tricks of style, but I have found a good deal of civilized pleasure in his forthright writing.

Barry, I take it, is an Irishman; after all, what one feels most in him is the Irish sadness, the eternal keening of the Gael. Another scrivening son of Erin is Michael Monahan, who comes forward with two books, "AT THE SIGN OF THE VAN" and "NOVA HIBERNIA" (*Kennerley*), the first made up of a large number of brief essays and the latter devoted to compositions of a larger sort. The *Nova Hibernia* of Mr. Monahan is not, in point of fact, very new. He says a few pleasant and conventional things about Yeats and Synge, and then passes on to Sheridan, Dr. Maginn, Father Prout and Tom Moore, leaving out such fellows as Colum, Robinson and Dunsany altogether. But Prout, at least, has a certain newness: the world forgot him long ago. Who the deuce was he? A Cork man; by name Francis Sylvester Mahony; a secularized but not unfrocked Jesuit priest; a Latinist soaked in Horace and the ethylic juices; a friend to Dickens and Thackeray; author of "The Bells of Shandon"; "a combination of Teian lyre and Irish bagpipe"; a famous figure in the Paris of the Empire; a journalist, theologian, wit, traveller and controversialist. Prout belonged to the light cavalry; he was not one of the heavy artillerists of literature; his "remains," as the Victorians used to say, are not of weight enough to make him much talked about. But as Monahan draws him, there is an abundant fascination about the man, whatever the deficiencies of his books. His office and pulpit was a table in a boulevard café, but for all his delight in Paris and for all his copious draughts of cognac and lemon juice, he

yet remained a faithful son of the Church, reading his breviary every day and engaging in impassioned and endless defenses of his order. He died nearly 50 years ago, and quickly dropped out of mind. His "Reliques," says Monahan, is still a popular book, and even advances in favor. Maybe there will yet be a Prout revival.

In "At the Sign of the Van" Monahan undertakes, among other things, to blame the Jews for the recent effervescence of sex in the theater. Myself far from a venerator of the traits which separate the average Jew from the average Christian, real or pseudo, I am still unconvinced that the sons of Zion are more fleshly than the rest of us. If they gave smutty plays in their playhouses, it was only because the dear public demanded that sort of entertainment—and they had the playhouses on their hands, and had to fill them or go broke. The Jews are blamed for all the frailties and depravities of our stage—its shoddiness, its superficiality, its cheap mountebankery, its depressing communion with shopkeeping. But what their critics constantly forget is this: that the Jews tend to move, not downward, but upward; that you will find vastly more of them among the fifty best managers of the country than among the fifty worst managers. And I do not mean only commercially best, but also artistically best. Time and again the Jews of our theaters have risked their money upon bold artistic adventures. If they always return anon to that puerility which is safely profitable, then certainly the blame is the public's more than their own. They must have money; they must get on; they are thorough Jews. But you will seldom find them getting that money in frankly filthy ways. Go into the twilight zone where the theater fades imperceptibly into the brothel, among the kooch shows, the fifth-rate summer parks, and so on—and you will have to hunt hard for a clam-shell nose. In such regions the Christian is to the fore. It is he, and not the Jew, who does the genuinely dirty work.

But though I am thus unable to follow Mr. Monahan in his *pogrom*, he at least deserves full faith and credit for honesty of purpose, and for courage no less.

The chief trouble with the Jew in this country is that he is not sufficiently lambasted, that he suffers a degenerating immunity from harsh criticism. The reason lies in his clannishness and his commercial consequence. There are so many rich and influential Jews among us, and they are so sensitive to the slightest aspersion upon their race, that they have set up a sort of wall around it. A newspaper editor feels himself perfectly free to denounce the Germans to his heart's content, or even to tell bitter truths about the Russians, the English or the French, but the moment he says anything about the Jews that is not of a sickening flattery all compact he has a horde of advertisers down upon him, and insurance upon his job advances to 99 guineas per cent. In more than one American city this teamwork by the Jews has taken grotesquely extravagant forms. Here and there, for example, they have actually demanded the very name of Jew be dropped, and that they be called Hebrews instead, as if the former were a term of opprobrium. Only the Irish have gone to like lengths. Mr. Monahan should be supported in his plain speaking—provided he is willing to allow others to turn it against his own people. The Jews, I daresay, will pass out of their stage of extreme tenderness. It is a symptom of upward striving; it proves that their position is still insecure. As they begin to feel firmer ground under their feet they will show a greater tolerance of free criticism. Meanwhile, that writer who boldly tackles them despite their yells is one who does them a service. They are not perfect: one can easily imagine improving them. And the way races are improved is by hearkening wisely to the words of those who do not like them. . . .

Novels? Alas, I have quite forgotten them! Next month, God willing, I'll tell you about them.

IN THE SHOPS OF THE SMART SET

By Marion A. Rubincam

THE SMART SET SHOPPING DEPARTMENT, now re-inaugurated, will be glad to answer questions regarding shopping and the New York shops. Readers of THE SMART SET inquiring where articles described are purchasable should enclose a stamp for reply, and state page and month. Purchasing done free of charge. Address: "EDITOR, SMART SET SHOPPING DEPARTMENT."

THREE pretty women sat around a table in one of the most "adorable" of the many tearooms that dot the Fifth Avenue shopping district. A fourth woman entered, passed, and took a table at the other end of the room. She wore one of the most extreme types of the "basque"—so tight in the waist one suspected her of lacing, made with a series of crosswise tucks that extended, ladder-like, from shoulder to the hem of the wide tunic, each tuck growing wider as its position became lower. She had somewhat of the outline of one of those triangular trellises used to support rose bushes—but then, her gown was the most successful model of the fall.

"I wonder," mused one of the group, "just how long we'll wear the basque."

"Oh, forever, I don't doubt," answered the second. "Or at least until Paris grows quiet again, and can settle its mind to the subject of clothes: and goodness knows when that will be."

But the third member of the party was more serious. "I think," she remarked, "that we'll start designing our own clothes over here—I don't see why not. We've depended so long on anything with a French label inside of it that we've grown lame from leaning. And really, the shops are showing some very charming styles that are not basques at all."

Now, this isn't a plea for "American Style Independence." It's only a chat about those wonderful little stores

along Fifth Avenue and near it, and a record of some of the things to be found in them. However unsettled the conditions abroad, there is no lack of new things here. As for style—without doubt the slogan of "American styles for Americans" that so many houses have adopted will herald at least a partial independence for our dress designers. It is still too early to tell. Paris has already given us most of our winter fashions—it will be springtime before we shall see who will lead. And Paris never made lovelier styles than those she did send over before her armies took the field.

The basque is passing—by midwinter it will have entirely gone—but it has left its mark on the winter gowns. Fashion, you know, is evolutionary—never revolutionary, as some of the shops are apt to cry when they have new things to sell. So we have the "corselet" gown, an evolution of the basque, and so we have the lower waistline and the curve at the side of the figure over the hips. All these are new developments.

The "corselet" or the "casaque" gown—choose your own name for it—is rather delightful, judging from the examples I have seen of it. It consists of a fitted bodice, cut round in the neck, short enough in front to show a sash or girdle, long enough in back to come well below the curve of the hips. It is usually heavily beaded or jeweled, and resembles the breastplates of our

knightly forefathers. In fact, the "Moyen Age," or Mediæval influence, is still very strong, the casaque is only one variation of it. The loose, shapeless garment that hangs from the shoulders over the skirt is another example, a copy, perhaps, of the "broidered tunics" the knights wore over their suits of armor. And the tiny hats, with their nodding plumes atop, are not so far removed from helmets.

As for the sleeveless tunic that hangs over the gown, I saw a particularly pretty form of it on an imported blue satin afternoon dress. It was of black net, heavily braided with soutache around the hem; it was very full and straight, and hung almost to the hem of the satin. A braided cord that by no stretch of the imagination might be called a belt circled the hips and was knotted in front somewhere down near the knees. Another of the "casaque" gowns had a fairly short skirt, with a deep fringe of beads in place of an underskirt.

The silhouette is quite voluminous—or will be as the winter passes. The general lines are narrow at the top, widening to the hem.

Wide skirts? O, yes, indeed. The great Paris designers threatened them some time ago, but milady would have none of them, preferring to continue her leisured though somewhat hobbled way through life. Then came Paul Poiret and his Minaret tunic—then the gradual lengthening of this to the "Russian tunic"—the underskirt meantime becoming smaller and narrower and more inconsequential. Now that it has become a fringe of beads, it bids fair to grow discouraged and disappear altogether. So the wide tunic may become the wide skirt by this simple process of evolution.

Yet some of the best of the evening and afternoon gowns show tunics of a sort—but mere wraiths of their former selves. For these are made of silk net or lace, and are often merely an excuse for a band of satin, velvet or fur—depending on which of these three goes most unexpectedly with the gown.

Evening gowns are cut even lower—they are, though I fancy I can hear someone saying that this is impossible. The most extreme of those from Paris have but a band of jewel-studded tulle over the shoulders, the décolletage being cut straight around under the arms. Dance frocks are even filmier—just layers and layers of tulle and the most cobwebby lace, put together with a bit of delicate color. Mere puffs of dresses they are, so frail one might expect them to blow away at a touch. A few obtain materialism and originality at one and the same time by having a jacket or corselet of velvet thrown over their airy lacery. Circular capes for evening wear are good. Those black velvet capes with undervests to hold them in place are particularly becoming to most women, and a good foil for a light dress. Some shops show them at \$20—lined with pale-toned satin.

In tailored suits one sees the growth of the military influence. Handsome frogs and bright metal buttons fasten the coats, the sleeves are tight and set in, the lines are plain and straight. And one stands erect to wear them. Let us give praise for that, at least. Can you imagine the hollow-chested "débutante slouch" and a handsome blue broadcloth suit, suggestive of an army officer's uniform?

Hats were never so varied as this winter—though the snug-fitting shape is about the most prominent. I have seen, though, every imaginable sort—the only point of agreement being black velvet. Nine out of ten are of this. Yet we seem to have approached somewhere near the ideal in millinery—that a hat shall be a frame to set off the beauty of a face, not an excuse for a flower garden or a feathered nest.

Such trimming as is used is to obtain that illusive thing known as "lines." And all trimmings this year are most inconsistent. For a rose is only permitted if made of silver or gold, feathers or fur—never by any chance may it look real. Feathers—plumes—are mostly caricatures of their original selves—apparently Madame Modiste

decided that "what has been must be no more"—so she seized the useful ostrich, burnt it with acid, dipped it in glycerine, stripped away all its feathery flues—even painted it silver or gold—and stood it quite naked and unashamed on top of her latest creation. And the result, be it known, is not bad—it has, at least, the virtue of novelty.

Monkey fur is used in millinery, too—in place of the ostrich bands of the autumn. One quite charming model I saw was a mere skull cap of satin, with a fringe of monkey fur hanging from beneath a satin band-finished on one side by a tailored bow. I judged it to be about \$10, and was quite surprised to find it only half of that. But monkey fur goes on hats that run into the hundreds of dollars.

Blouses are quite different in style this year from any other. I want to describe a few I found in one shop, which seem to me most truly representative of the present modes. White, it seems, is the favored color, and silk the favored material. A particularly lovely one was of white satin over white chiffon, the back a ruffling cape, the front two straps that crossed to form a vest. The whole was edged with narrow bands of black taffeta, and trimmed with tiny black ball buttons. The price was \$10.

The "double frill" blouse is back again—in Georgette crepe or crepe de chine, white or delicate colors. The double frill down the front is daintily pleated—the whole is priced only at \$5, which seemed to me very inexpensive. Another style at this same price was copied from an imported model costing five times as much. This was in white crepe de chine, very plain, the front gathered to a high collar of black velvet. High necks, they tell me, are coming back again—so this, then, is quite advanced in style.

Another blouse was of crepe meteor, over an under-blouse of hemstitched chiffon—the collar was the new stand-up kind, that covered the neck in back, and left a deep V opening in front. A black moire ribbon ran around the neck,

and tied right up under the chin—regardless of the fact that its collar only followed it half way around to the front. This was \$8.75.

A very soft looking blouse was of lace and net over chiffon, with one dominant note brought in—a collar of black velvet, and two velvet straps that crossed in front and disappeared into the belt. A lace cape formed the back—this was \$10.

There is a brand new style of negligee just out, that I thin' will please most women. It is a real basque—and, oh, so different from the eternal Empire. It is formed of white, pink, pale blue or old rose crepe de chine, with lace-edged collar and cuffs of chiffon—\$12.50 was what the price tag read.

The feminine luxury that such silken garments stand for, is inexpensively purchased here. I was shown a crepe de chine robe that was so simple and so charming I wondered at those who paid fancy prices for elaboration. Just a ruffling of white chiffon at sleeves and throat, cut so that it draped at the sides when one slid into it—and priced at \$7.50. It may be had in pink, blue, mauve, maize or snowy white.

Nearby were petticoats with cascade flounces of Roman striped silk at \$3.85, the tops in dark-colored satin. Petticoats, you know, will not be the negligible quantity they were a year ago.

In one shop there were the daintiest garments to wear under "dansant" frocks—just the thing to set the girl who loves dancing into the wildest enthusiasm. One is a slip made of accordion-pleated chiffon—white or flesh pink—held around the waist by an elastic, and around the bust by a smaller elastic. It is just the ideal foundation for a dancing dress—and a necessity these days.

Plain underskirts of accordion-pleated chiffon are \$3.75—and the long bloomers that come to the ankle, where they are held by elastic, are \$4.50 a pair.

Speaking of dancing—here is a dress that might well be called "adorable"

without fear of exaggeration. It is made with a satin "Redingote" tunic over an accordion-pleated chiffon underskirt, which in turn is made over a silk slip slashed at each side for dancing—this carries its own petticoat, you see. The waist is of chiffon, draped over silk lace, there are no sleeves at all. A band of chiffon sewn almost solidly with rhinestones goes about the waist, while two smaller bands of the same material hold the Redingote tunic in place in front. These are about five and ten inches below the belt. One single large rose trims the corsage. The gown comes in several pale tints for evening wear—it is \$37.50—and copied, they say, from an imported model.

A serge dress I saw deserves mention, for it is both little in price and unusually pretty. The serge is made over an accordion-pleated black satin underskirt, both Redingote tunic and jacket waist being trimmed with a double row of braid and highly polished black ball buttons. It has the regulation satin sleeves, and is priced at only \$20.

Feathers are the newest thing to decorate evening slippers. One pair I saw had a "tongue" or "shield" of peacock feathers, set back of a rhinestone buckle. The slippers were of satin, and so trimmed they cost \$13 a pair—but the feather trimmings are only \$4 a pair, and may be bought separately and set with less expensive rhinestone buckles.

Now for some charming little novelties—but only a few, alas, in comparison to the many original things the shops are showing.

For little children, and their first letters, are boxes of writing paper decorated with wee elves and fairyfolk. These are 40c. a box. For such of their mothers as incline towards suffrage, are boxes of "Votes for Women" writing paper. This comes in a box covered with the real suffrage yellow, with the slogan in bold black letters over the outside. The paper is white, and watermarked "Votes for

Women"—at the top is an embossed picture of the capitol at Washington, set in a narrow black ring. It is 35c. a box.

One shop carries those Japanese garden sets for surprisingly little prices. The flat, oblong shaped porcelain trays are \$4.50, and the garden sets are \$1 each. Each set boasts a house, a pier, a gate, a bridge and three tiny tea houses, all very cleverly made. The prongs beneath each piece hold it firmly into the sand and gravel scenery which you must build into the dish—an inch or two of water added and the prettiest bit of Japan is ready for your table. The Japanese grass that gives it the needed touch of life is 10c. a package.

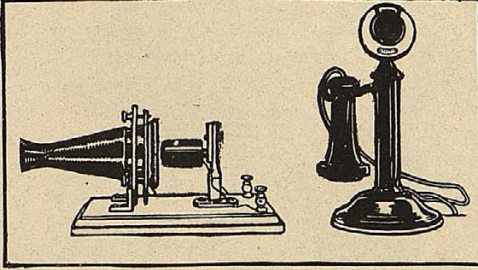
I fancy that the same dining room or hall that shows one of these growing landscapes might boast one or more of the driftwood panels on its walls, with good effect. These rough pieces of wood, silvered and polished by drifting about in the warm seas near Japan, are decorated with fantastic landscapes carved from deer horn—gnarled trees, quaint temples and tiny people, always with a suggestion of Fujiyama looming up in the perspective. These are \$5 and \$6 apiece.

Now to be frivolous again—for I want to tell about the new party and vanity boxes that come in German silver. Outside, they are simply engraved with a paneling of thin lines, and a space for monogram, inside they are quite luxuriously fitted out with a comb, that fulfills its mission in life when it keeps the side curls in place, a diminutive nail file, a lip stick, a powder box, a perfume bottle, a good sized mirror and a purse. There is space besides for handkerchief, bills, and all the other odds and ends a woman must carry about with her these complicated days. This size is \$5—a size smaller, without comb or file, is \$3.

Party boxes in imitation leather, quite well filled, are only \$2 in some shops. They come in a dozen different colors.

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Your present telephone instrument had seventy-two ancestors; it is better and cheaper than any of them.

Time was when a switchboard required a room full of boys to handle the calls of a few hundred subscribers. Today, two or three girls will serve a greater number without confusion and very much more promptly.

A three-inch underground cable now carries as many as eight hundred wires. If strung in the old way, these would require four sets of poles, each with twenty cross arms—a congestion utterly prohibitive in city streets.

These are some of the familiar improvements. They have saved tens of millions of dollars. But those which have had the most radical effect, resulting in the largest economies and putting the telephone within everyone's reach, are too technical to describe here. And their value can no more be estimated than can the value of the invention of the automobile.

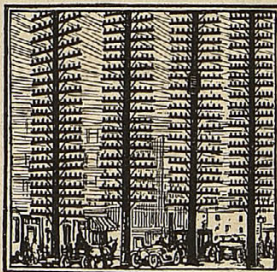
This progress in economy, as well as in service, has given the United States the Bell System with about ten times as many telephones, proportionate to the population, as in all Europe.



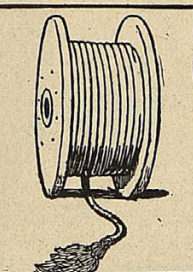
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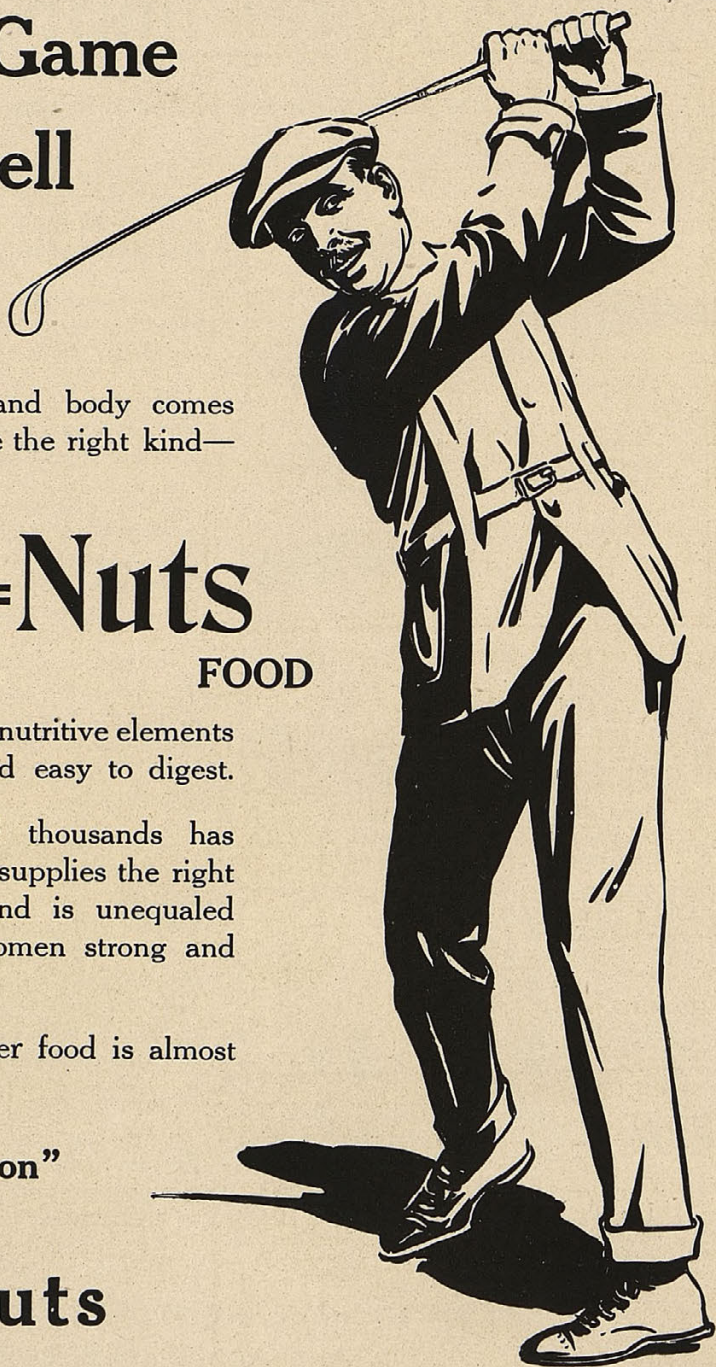
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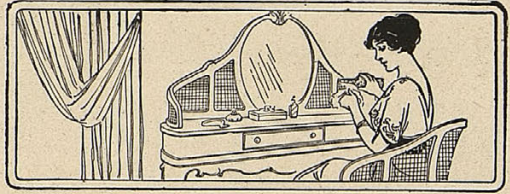
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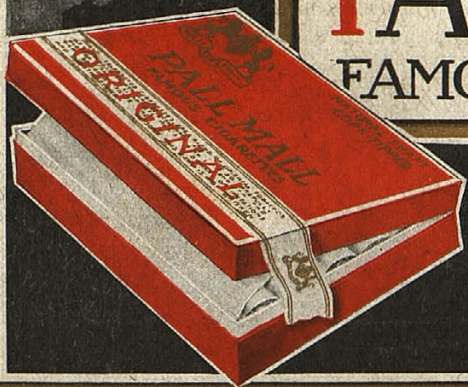
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